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HARPER'S UNITED STATES READERS.

THE
SIXTH READER

OF THE
UNITED STATES SERIES;

EMBRACING, IN BRIEF, THE PRINCIPLES OF
RHETORIC, CRITICISM, ELOQUENCE,
AND ORATORY,

AS APPLIED TO BOTH
PROSE AND POETRY.

THE WHOLE ADAPTED TO
ELOCUTIONARY INSTRUCTION.

By MARCIUS WILLSON,

AUTHOR OF "PRIMARY HISTORY," "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "AMERICAN
HISTORY," AND "OUTLINES OF GENERAL HISTORY."

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P R E F A C E.

THE present work—which is the Sixth in number, and the highest, of the United States Series of Readers—has been prepared with special reference to Rhetorical and Elocutionary Instruction, through the medium of the reading lessons which it embraces.

If we study Nature, the only true guide to a correct elocution, we shall find that all the essentials of good reading and speaking, such as the *time*, the *force*, the *pitch*, the *emphasis*, the *quantity* and *quality* of the tones, and the *inflections*—all, in fine, that go to make up *expression*—vary, in the thousand shades of meaning which they picture forth, according to the *character* of what is read or spoken; for a true elocution is the *natural* expression, in words, of thoughts, sentiments, and feelings.

In *plain* narration and description, and in writings purely didactic, in which emotion bears no part, the principles and rules of expression are few, simple, and easy; but the writings, even in these three departments, are very few into which emotional appeals do not enter; and, when we pass beyond the very plainest kind of prose composition, we find figures of speech and figures of thought, which are intended to give force, expression, ornament, and grace to style, scattered in endless profusion throughout all language. If we know not the *meaning* of such figures, how shall we be certain that we give to them their proper expression? If they are really the chief exponents of the thoughts and feelings designed to be expressed by written language, we may well ask, *what* thoughts and feelings are they intended to express? And as they are all based upon truly philosophical principles in human nature, it becomes those who would use them aright—that is, who would either *read* or *write understandingly*—to know what their fundamental principles are.

In the *Fifth Reader* we were careful to introduce reading lessons that contained numerous examples of the more prominent figures of speech and of thought, such as the Simile, Allegory, Personification, Apostrophe, etc., with such brief explanations of them, and of other principles of figurative language, as we thought adapted to pupils of the class for whom that Reader was intended, designing thus to prepare the way for the present more systematic elucidation of the whole subject. In the present work we have aimed to take up, in their natural order, the leading kinds of composition as they are affected by figurative language. Hence Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic writings are briefly explained, and reading lessons in them are first introduced, inasmuch as these three departments stand in the

same relation to all written language that the four fundamental rules in Arithmetic hold to all Mathematics. The Correct Uses of Words and the "Origin of Figurative Language" are next considered, and the natural outgrowth of figures of speech is shown from inherent principles in language. Then follow, in separate divisions, brief explanations of these figures, with numerous illustrations, and separate reading lessons under each head, embracing Interrogation and Exclamation, as Figures of Thought; Simile; Allusion; Metaphor; Antithesis; Allegory and Fable; Hyperbole; Ridicule, Wit, Satire, and Irony; Personification; Apostrophe; Vision; Dialogue; Repetition, etc. Then follow brief disquisitions upon the Eloquence of Popular Assemblies, the Bar, and the Pulpit, with illustrative reading lessons under each. The principles of Poetical Composition are next explained and illustrated, and Miscellaneous Examples close the volume.

Although the space that could be devoted to these subjects in a Reading Book of the present size is necessarily very limited in proportion to what their importance would demand in any thing like a full exposition of their principles, yet it will probably be thought sufficient for the class of pupils for whom this work is intended, inasmuch as it has been sufficient to enable us to introduce a *very great variety* in the reading lessons. Indeed, the PLAN itself almost necessarily requires a far greater variety of superior selections, illustrative of the scope of our language, than would be likely to gain admission into any other kind of Reading Book. And while our leading purpose has been to give the most appropriate lessons in reading, they are arranged on a basis that will certainly teach *something* of the structure of the language, and at the same time do much to develop its rhetorical and elocutionary principles. In this we have carried out the original design which has characterized all our Readers; which was, while making the subject of *good reading* paramount to all others, to make the reading lessons at the same time the vehicle of as much useful information as possible. In the present work, the subjects introduced, instead of confining that information to lessons upon character, and morals, and duty, and science, and useful knowledge in general, extend it to the principles of RHETORIC, CRITICISM, ELOQUENCE, and ORATORY, as applicable to both prose and poetry, and as illustrated by the best models of English composition.

We have endeavored also to extend the utility of the reading lessons in other respects: first, by such explanatory notes as may be needed to give to each selection a degree of completeness in itself; and, secondly, by continuous selections, when practicable, bearing upon one subject, as may be seen in the divisions entitled "Eloquence of Popular Assemblies," "The Bar," "The Pulpit," etc. In fine, with the principles of *good reading* as the basis, we have endeavored to crowd into the work as much INSTRUCTION as our limited space and the wide range of subjects would allow.

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As the Higher Qualities of Style, embraced in the principles of what is called *Figurative Language*, are fully explained and largely illustrated throughout the present work, we shall wholly omit that subject here, and commence with a brief exposition of those *Minor Qualities* of Style by which individual writers and speakers are more or less distinguished.

I. MINOR QUALITIES OF STYLE.

The style of a writer or speaker may be bold, nervous, stiff, abrupt, weak or feeble, simple, affected, pure or chaste, florid, concise, diffuse, or bombastic, etc.

A **Bold** style is one in which both the thought and the manner are bold and startling, and in which the principles advanced are carried out to their legitimate results.

A **Nervous** or forcible style is one that is characterized by vigor and energy of manner and thought—a style that makes a deep and lasting impression.

A **Stiff** or formal style is one that is harsh, constrained, not natural and easy; corresponding to the stiff and formal in behavior.

An **Abrupt** style is one in which the sentences are short and abrupt, and the thoughts appear to be unconnected—in which there are sudden changes from one subject to another.

A **Weak** or feeble style is one which is commonplace in manner and matter, and that has little power to arrest the attention or excite the feelings.

A **Simple** style is one in which there is little *apparent* labor, and no attempt at any thing but merely to be understood; but it is not puerile and childish. Some of the best descriptions of Irving are notable for their great *simplicity* of style.

A **Pure** or chaste style is one that uses pure and correct English; a style that avoids the use of obsolete words on the one hand, and of newly-coined and foreign words on the other. (See p. 84.)

An **Affected** style—the opposite of a simple style—is one that is given to false show—a *pretentious* style. It is a style that makes great pretensions, with but few corresponding results.

A **Florid** style is one in which there is great profusion of ornament, an over-abundance of figurative language. It shows an obvious desire to produce effect; a fondness for the pomp and parade of language.

A **Concise** style is one in which a writer or speaker expresses his thoughts in few words, without circumlocution, and with little ornament. It is a style which retrenches all superfluities, and marks the distinct and accurate writer. It is *precision in language*.

A **Diffuse** or loose style—which characterizes a prolix writer—is a style that uses many words to express the meaning. It is the opposite of a concise style. One great source of a diffuse style is the injudicious use of those words termed synonyms.

A **Bombastic** style is one in which great swelling words are used to express common thoughts; and it arises out of a serious endeavor to raise a low or familiar subject above its rank. A species of the bombastic is what is sometimes called fustian or rant, such as boisterous, empty declamation—"the rant of fanatics."

Both in style and subject-matter a writer may also be humorous, pathetic, or sublime.

A **Humorous** writer is one who, affecting to be grave and serious, paints his objects in such colors as to excite mirth and laughter. A humorous writer is a *witty* writer; but while *wit* may consist of a single brilliant thought, *humor* is a continuous and pleasing flow of wit. Wit often offends, but humor is always agreeable. (See p. 188.)

The **Pathetic** in writing is that which is calculated to move the feelings, particularly the feelings of pity, sorrow, and grief. It is in the pathetic part of a discourse that eloquence exerts its greatest power.

The **Sublime** in writing—which is adapted to grand and noble objects only—consists of boldness and grandeur in the thoughts, so expressed in language as to fill the mind with lofty conceptions. In the sacred Scriptures are found the highest instances of the sublime. The most noted example is the following: "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." *Bombast* is one species of false sublime.

II. THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Next to the primary requisites of a clear articulation and correct pronunciation, the vocal expression which shall correctly picture forth the varied thoughts, sentiments, and feelings intended to be conveyed by written language, depends upon the following **MODES** of the voice. The voice is varied by different modes and degrees of Quantity, Force, Stress, Time, Pitch, Emphasis, Quality, and Inflection.

QUANTITY relates to the volume or quantity of sound given to syllables. Thus the syllable *pit* is incapable of receiving the same quantity of sound

that can be given to the syllable *rōll*; yet either may be pronounced with greater or less volume or prolongation of sound, without varying the degree of *force*. Quantity is increased both by *Force* and *Time*.

FORCE gives increased loudness to sound, and hence, while the *time* given to the pronunciation of a syllable remains the same, Force increases the *quantity* or *volume* of sound. Although the volume of sound may vary from a soft and short whisper to a vehement and prolonged shout, yet it is sufficient for practical purposes to make only three degrees of it, *soft*, *moderate*, and *loud*.

Soft and gentle tones, with little force, are used to express pathetic and subdued feelings, caution, secrecy, wonder, reverence, awe, pity, tenderness, and love.

Moderate force is used in unimpassioned discourse, and in reading narrative, descriptive, or didactic writings.

Loud force is used in powerful appeals to a multitude, and in expressing all violent passions and vehement emotions, such as anger, command, exultation.

A full medium volume of sound distinguishes manly sentiments from childlike emotions. It is also the expression of noble manhood, as differing both from the light treble of childhood, and the thin voice of old age which "pipes and whistles in its sound."

STRESS. The different degrees of force and quantity may be applied with greater or less *stress* of the voice—*abruptly*, to express command, indignation, anger, defiance, spite, revenge, sudden fear, etc.; or *smoothly* and uniformly, to express animated, joyous, beautiful, noble, and generally all pleasant thoughts and feelings.

TIME. The *time* that should be given to the pronunciation of syllables, to pauses, and, consequently, to the entire reading of a piece, must also depend upon the character of the piece. If the piece be grave or pathetic, it will require *slow* time in the enunciation. If it be a narrative or descriptive piece, it will require *medium* or moderate time—that is, of the standard measure of all unemotional language. If the piece be animated or joyous, humorous and witty, it will require a somewhat *rapid* enunciation. The length, both of the grammatical and elocutionary pauses, will also vary according to the character of the piece.

PITCH OF VOICE. Pitch of voice has reference to its degree of elevation, as being *high* or *low* in tone. The medium of elevation in reading any piece is called the *Key Note*, or governing note, below and above which the voice of a speaker may range from the lowest to the highest clear sound which he can make. The extent of this range is called his *compass of voice*.

The *Middle Pitch* is the governing or key note in common conversation and in unimpassioned thought. Language of little or no emotion admits but a moderate range of voice.

The *Low Pitch* is the key note for the language of sublimity, awe, and reverence. Such language admits less range of voice than the former, approaching, in some cases, almost to *monotone*, or entire sameness of tone.

The *High Pitch* is the natural key note for animated and joyous pieces. Such pieces also admit the greatest range or compass of voice, and the greatest variety in change of tone.

EMPHASIS. Emphasis is a forcible stress of voice upon some word or words in a sentence, on account of their significancy and importance, and is to be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. Sometimes it merely gives *prolonged loudness* to a word; sometimes it is expressed by an intense hissing *whisper*; and generally the various inflections are connected with it. Thus it not only gives additional *force* to language, but the sense often depends upon it.

EXAMPLES.—I did not say he struck *me*; I said he struck *John*.

I did not say he *struck* me; I said he *pushed* me.

I did not say *he* struck me; I said *John* did.

I did not *say* he struck me; but I *wrote* it.

I did not say he struck me; but *John* said he did.

Emphatic words are usually denoted by being printed in *italics*, as in the foregoing examples; but when the emphasis is designed to be very marked, **CAPITALS** are sometimes used, thus: *To Arms!* To **ARMS!** TO **ARMS!** he cried. This is the Emphasis of *Climax*.

QUALITY. *Quality* of voice has reference to the *kind of sound* uttered. Thus the tones of a good voice may be described as *strong, clear, full, deep, mellow, smooth, flexible, sonorous, and natural*; while those of a bad or disagreeable voice may be *feeble, husky, thin, shrill, hard, harsh, inflexible, dull, nasal, or affected*.

The principal qualities of the voice that require special cultivation for the purposes of oratorical expression are the Pure Tone, the Orotund, the Aspirated, and the Guttural.

The *Pure Tone* is the appropriate voice for narrative, descriptive, didactic, or argumentative style, and for the expression of all tranquil and cheerful emotions.

The *Orotund* is the Pure Voice *deepened* and intensified, sonorous, round and full, rich and thrilling. It is adapted to the expression of earnest and vehement feelings, awe, grandeur, vastness, power, deep pathos, fervent love, etc.

The *Aspirated Tone* is a forcible breathing utterance, often approaching nearly to an intensified *whisper*. It is used to express paralyzing fear, awe mingled with fear, amazement, terror, caution, secrecy, etc.

Aspirated Tone · Quick Time · Low Pitch · Abrupt Stress.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?

Aspirated Tone · Slow Time · Low Pitch.

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

The *Guttural Quality* is a deep, but aspirated and *harsh* tone of voice, used to express aversion, hatred, revenge, loathing, disgust, contempt, combined with energy of purpose.

Shylock. He hath *disgraced* me, and hindered me of half a million; *laughed at* my losses, *mocked at* my gains, *scorned* my nation, *thwarted* my bargains, *cooled* my friends, *heated* mine enemies; and what's his *reason*? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew *eyes*? hath not a Jew *hands*, *organs*, *dimensions*, *senses*, *affections*, *passions*?

INFLECTIONS. Inflections are turns or slides of the voice. Intimately connected with emphasis, force, time, and quality, they furnish the most ample and varied lights and shades of emotional expression. (For a description of the inflections, see Third Reader, page vii.) The rising inflection is denoted by the acute accent ('); the falling by the grave accent ('); and the compound or waving inflection by the circumflex (˘) or (^).

MELODY.

The proper variations or modulations of the voice within its natural and easy range or compass, embracing the subjects of quantity, force, time, pitch, quality, and inflections, constitute *melody*, which may be defined "an agreeable succession of sounds." The accented syllables of words are the chief reliance for increasing the melody, while the unaccented syllables form the ladder on which melody glides from tone to tone.

Melody is generally desirable, but not always. The natural expression of the *fury* of passion has as little melody in it as the discordant clash of arms, and the frantic shrieks and yells of a body of madmen. As the object of language is to represent real life, it must picture its discords as well as its harmonies.

III. GENERAL PRINCIPLES WHICH GOVERN THE INFLECTIONS, AND RULES FOR THEIR APPLICATION.

POSITIVE AND COMPLETE IDEAS. Certainty and completeness as to the leading idea in the mind of the speaker or hearer, and thoughts *positive* and fully expressed, incline the voice to the *falling* inflection—the *natural sign* of a completed expression, that is to receive no modification. This principle embraces completion of the sense; positive, full, and complete affirmation and declaration; and all unmodified ideas generally.

RELATIVE AND INCOMPLETE IDEAS. Uncertainty as to the leading idea in the mind of the speaker or hearer, ideas expressed relatively to other ideas, and incomplete thought, incline the voice to the *rising* inflection—the *natural sign* either of uncertainty, or that the idea is not yet fully expressed. This principle includes cases of doubt; the sense incomplete; ideas that are to be modified or explained; and all that are made to *contrast* with positive and complete ideas.

Although these are principles of almost universal application, covering nearly all the important points of inflection, yet they are not always very apparent, owing chiefly to the *inverted* forms in which sentences are now often found; and in minor particulars the desire for *Melody* sometimes sets them aside, as in the case of the rising inflection near the close of a sentence. *Emphasis* also sometimes requires a departure from the principle. We shall therefore give the usual and more definite rules for the inflections, but with such explanations of the illustrative examples as will show the very *general* application of the foregoing principles to the *philosophy of expression*. We shall thereby, while we retain the old rules that are easily comprehended and readily applied, gain the advantage of presenting the *reasons* on which they are founded.

RULE I.—Direct questions, or those that can be answered by yes or no, generally require the rising inflection, and their answers the falling.

EXAMPLES.—Do you think he will come to-day? No; I think he will not.—Was that Henry? No; it was John.—Did you see William? Yes, I did.—Are you going to town to-day? No, I shall go to-morrow.

MODIFICATIONS OF RULE I.

a. **NOTE I.**—Answers that are given in a careless or indifferent manner, or in a tone of slight disrespect, take the rising inflection in all cases.

EXAMPLES.—Did you see William? I did.—What did he say to you? Not much'. See, also, Lesson II., p. 39, of Second Reader.

b. **NOTE II.**—Direct questions, when they have the nature of an appeal, or are spoken in an exclamatory manner, take the *falling* inflection. In these cases the voice often falls *below* the general pitch, contrary to the general rule for the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.—Is not that a beautiful sight?—Will you persist in doing it?—Is it right?—Is it just?

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

c. **NOTE III.**—When a direct question is not understood, and is *repeated* with emphasis, the repeated question takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.—Will you speak to him to-day? If the question is not understood, it is repeated with the falling inflection, thus: "Will you speak to him to-day?—Are you going to Salem? I said, Are you going to Salem?"

Remarks.—d. Here are doubt and uncertainty in the mind of the speaker—not a positive, but a *relative* idea; hence the rising inflection. The answer is *positive*, requiring the *falling* inflection.

e. The leading and controlling idea here is the *positive* one, in the mind of the speaker, that the thing referred to is so manifestly wrong that the individual addressed ought *not* to persist in doing it. This idea is so strong

as to overshadow the doubtful idea whether he will or will not persist in doing it.

f. The controlling idea is the *positive* one, that it is *not* right.

g. Here the speaker merely asserts or declares what his former question was.

RULE II.—The pause of *suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, such as a succession of particulars that are *not emphatic*, cases of direct address, sentences implying condition, the case absolute, etc., generally requires the rising inflection, which varies in *degree* only, according to the sense. It is sometimes but little more than a bare *suspension* of the voice, with scarcely any perceptible *rise*.

EXAMPLES.—John', James', and William', come here.—The great', the good', the honored', the noble', the wealthy', alike pass away.

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears.

Jesus saith unto him, Simon', son of Jonas', lovest thou me' ?

Ye hills', and dales', ye rivers', woods', and plains',

And ye that live and move, fair creatures', tell',

Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus'; how here' ?

a. NOTE I.—For cases in which *emphatic* succession of particulars modifies this rule, see Rule VIII.

b. NOTE II.—Sentences which are *inverted in form* often bring the pause of suspension, and consequently the rising inflection, at the close, thus forming an apparent, but not real exception to the rule. Thus :

Then said Agrippa unto Festus^e, This man might have been set at liberty^f if he had not appealed unto Cæsar^g.

Ingratitude is, therefore, a species of injustice', said Socrates. I should think so', answered Leander'.

If we change the expression to the more natural form, these examples will read :

Then said Agrippa unto Festus^e, If this man had not appealed unto Cæsar^g, he might have been set at liberty^f.

Ingratitude is, therefore, a species of injustice', said Socrates. Leander answered, I should think so'.

Remarks.—*e.* Uncertainty—the thought incomplete—requires the *rising* inflection.

f. This is a positive assertion, and requires the *falling* inflection.

g. This clause, if standing alone, leaves the sense incomplete, or *relative*, and therefore requires the *rising* inflection.

RULE III.—Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by yes or no, generally require the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.—When did you see James' ? Yesterday'.—When will he come again^h ? To-morrow'.

Who say the people that I amⁱ ? They answering, said, John the Baptist'; but some say Elias'; and others say that one of the old prophets' is risen again.

Did you see William^j ? Yes'. Did he say any thing^k ? Yes'. What did he say^l ?

a. NOTE I.—But when the indirect question is one asking a *repetition* of what was not at first understood, it takes the *rising* inflection. “What did he say’?” is an indirect question, with the falling inflection, asking for information. But if I myself *heard* the person speak, and did not fully understand him, and then ask some person to *repeat* what he said, I give my question the *rising* inflection, thus, “What’ did he say’?”

b. NOTE II.—When the name of the person addressed is added to the indirect question, the rising inflection is given to the proper name. Thus, “Where are you going’, William’?” “What did he say’, John’?” This is no deviation from the Rule; but it illustrates both Rules II. and III., inasmuch as the question properly ends before the proper name is spoken.

Remarks.—h. This has the falling inflection, because the controlling idea in the mind of the questioner is the *positive* one, that James *will come again*, and the “when” is an accessory or subordinate idea. If the “when” had been the *leading* idea, the question would have been, “Will he come again’?”

i. Here is uncertainty in the mind of the speaker.

j. The idea conveyed by the answer is a *positive* one.

k. Here is uncertainty again. l. The answer is *positive*.

m. Here the *controlling* idea, made *positive* by the preceding answer, is that William actually *said something*. Hence the falling inflection for the last question.

n. Here, as the “*what*” is made *emphatic*, the controlling idea is, *not* that he *said something*, as in the former case, but the whole force of the mind is directed for the moment as to “*what*” he said. As this is not a *positive*, but a *relative* idea, the question takes the rising inflection.

RULE IV.—A completion of the sense, whether at the close or any other part of the sentence, requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.—He that saw me’ saw you also’, and he who aided me once’ will aid me again’.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void’: and darkness was on the face of the deep’: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters’.

a. NOTE.—But when strong emphasis, with the falling inflection, comes near the close of a sentence, the voice often takes the rising inflection at the close.

EXAMPLES.—If William does not come, I think John’ will be here’.^o—If he *should* come, *what’* would you do’?

CASSIUS. What night is this?

CASCIA. A very pleasing night to *honest’* men’.

Proceed’, I am attentive’.

This is the course rather of our enemies, than of *friends’* of our country’s liberty’.

If the witness does not believe in God, or a future state, you can not *swear’* him’.^p

Remarks.—o. If we change the sentence to its more natural form, it will read, “I think John’ will be here’, even if William does *not’* come’;” which shows that the thought is not fully *completed* with the word “here.”

p. With the falling inflection and emphasis on “*swear’*,” and the rising

inflection on "him'," the idea is changed from that of an independent, positive assertion (which it would be if "him" had *not* the rising inflection) to that of an unfinished or incomplete assertion, as thus expressed: "You can not *swear*¹ him, even if he does not believe in God or a future state¹."

RULE V.—Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive *or*, generally require the rising inflection before the disjunctive, and the falling after it. Where several words are thus connected *in the same clause*, the rising inflection is given to all except the last.

EXAMPLES.—Will you go¹ or stay¹? I will go¹.—Will you go in the buggy¹, or the carriage¹, or the cars¹, or the coach¹? I will go in the cars¹.

He may study law¹, or medicine¹, or divinity¹; *or*¹, he may enter into trade¹.

The baptism of John, was it from heaven¹, or of men¹?

Did he travel for health¹, or for pleasure¹?

Did he resemble his father¹, or his mother¹?

a. NOTE I.—When the disjunctive *or* is made emphatic, with the falling inflection, it is followed by the rising inflection, in accordance with the note to Rule IV.; as, "He *must* have traveled for health, *or*¹ pleasure¹."

EXAMPLES.—He must either *work*¹, or¹ study¹.—He must be a *mechanic*¹, or¹ a lawyer¹.—He must get his living in *one* way, *or*¹ the other¹.

b. NOTE II.—When *or* is used *conjunctively*, as no contrast is denoted by it, it requires the *rising* inflection *after* as well as before it, except when the clause or sentence expresses a *completion* of the sense.

EXAMPLES.—Did he give you money¹, or food¹, or clothing¹? No¹, he gave me nothing¹.

Remarks.—*q.* While the possible alternatives are still in the mind of the speaker, and the idea is not yet positive or complete, the voice keeps to the rising inflection; but when the alternatives are exhausted with the word "coach," the voice falls, and the completed idea is then *positive* that the party addressed must go in *one* of the ways specified. But if the word "coach" had the *rising* inflection, it would show that it was not positive, in the mind of the speaker, that the party addressed would go in *either* of those ways.

r. The true reason for the rising inflection on "pleasure" is, that the idea is not fully completed here. There is a *because* in the mind of the speaker which is not expressed; as if he would have said, "He *must* have traveled for health¹, or¹ pleasure¹; *because* there could have been no other motive to influence him." The same reason applies to another example here:

s. "He *must* be a *mechanic*¹, or¹ a lawyer¹; *because* no other alternative is left to him."

RULE VI.—When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former takes the rising and the latter the falling inflection, in whatever order they occur. Comparison and contrast (antithesis) come under the same head.

EXAMPLES.—I did not *hear* him', I *saw* him'.—I said he was a good soldier', not 'a good citizen'.—He will not come to-day', but to-morrow'.—He did not call me', but you'.—He means dutiful', not undutiful'.—I come to *bury* Cæsar', not to *praise* him'.

This is no time for a tribunal of justice', but for showing mercy'; not for accusation', but for philanthropy'; not for trial', but for pardon'; not for sentence and execution', but for compassion and kindness'.

Comparison and Contrast.—Homer was the greater genius', Virgil the better artist'; in the one we most admire the man', in the other the work'.—There were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad'.

By honor' and dishonor'; by evil report' and good report'; as deceivers', and yet true'; as unknown', and yet well known'; as dying', and behold we live'; as chastened', and not killed'; as sorrowful', yet always rejoicing'; as poor', yet making many rich'; as having nothing', yet possessing all things'.

When our vices leave *us*', we flatter ourselves we leave *them*'.

The prodigal robs his *heir*', the miser robs *himself*'.

a. NOTE I.—Negative sentences which imply a continuance of thought, although they may not be opposed to affirmation, frequently close with the rising inflection; as,

True politeness is not a mere compliance with arbitrary *custom*'. Is it'?

Do not suppose that I would *deceive* you'.

These things do not make your *government*'. Do they'?

This is nearly allied in character to Rule IX.; and such examples as those under Note I. may be considered as expressive of *tender* emotion, in opposition to *strong* emotion. Affirmative sentences similar to the foregoing require the rising inflection, in accordance with Rule IX., when they express *tender* emotion; as,

I trust you will *hear* me'. I am sure you are mistaken'.

But, sir, the poor must not starve'; they must be taken care of'.

b. NOTE II.—When, in contrasted sentences, negation is attended with deep and calm feeling, it requires the falling inflection; and also in *emphatic* negative commands, generally, as in Biblical precepts, where the sentences are not contrasted.

EXAMPLES.—Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard', neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard'; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger'. See Lesson XX.

We are perplexed', but not in despair'; persecuted', but not forsaken'.

REMARKS.—*t*. In antithetic or contrasted clauses, the *natural order* seems to be to place the *most emphatic* of the two clauses last, and to give it the falling inflection, to express a fully completed thought. Then the first clause is incomplete in idea, and has the rising inflection. Thus: "I do not come to *praise* Cæsar', but to *bury* him'."

u. Here the *negative* clause contains the leading, emphatic, and *positive* idea, and has, consequently, the falling inflection. The affirmative clause has the rising inflection, indicating that the sense is not yet complete, and that something more is to follow.

RULE VII.—For the sake of variety and harmony, the last pause but one in a sentence is usually preceded by the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.—The minor longs to be of age'; then to be a man of business'; then to arrive at honors'; then to retire'.

Time taxes our health', our limbs', our faculties', our strength', and our features'.

a. NOTE.—The foregoing rule is sometimes departed from in the case of an emphatic succession of particulars, for which, see Rule VIII.

In the second example above, the rising inflection is given to the words *health, limbs*, etc., both because they are *not* attended with strong emphasis, and because they *are* followed by the pause of suspension.

Remark.—*v.* Here the *melody* of the sentence requires the rising inflection, and we know no other reason to assign for it.

RULE VIII.—*a. A Commencing Series.*

In an *emphatic series of particulars*, where each member of the series does not form complete sense, but the whole is introductory to *some following clause*, every member of the series, *except the last*, should have the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.—Our *disordered hearts*', our *guilty passions*', our *violent prejudices*'^w, and *misplaced desires*', are the instruments of the trouble which we endure.

b. A Concluding Series.

When the series ends the sentence, and each member of the series might form complete sense in itself, every particular in the series, *except the last but one*, should have the falling inflection; and, indeed, *all* should have it, if the closing member of the series is of sufficient length to admit a pause with the rising inflection, before the end.

EXAMPLE.—Charity suffereth long', and is kind'; charity *envieth* not'; charity *vaunteth* not itself'; is not puffed up'; doth not behave itself *unseemly*'; seeketh not her *own*'; is not easily *provoked*'; thinketh no *evil*'.

c. NOTE I.—The degree of emphasis, and often of solemnity, with which the successive particulars are mentioned, decides, in cases of the pause of suspension (see Rule II.), whether the rising or the falling inflection is to be used. Thus a succession of particulars which one reader deems *unimportant*, will be read by him throughout with the rising inflection, while another, feeling more deeply, will use the falling inflection. Thus:

1. The birds sing', the lambs play', the grass grows', the trees are green', and all nature is beautiful'.

2. The blind see'; the lame walk'; the lepers are cleansed'; the deaf hear'; the dead are raised'; and to the poor' the Gospel is preached'.

In this example *all* the particulars have the falling inflection.

The first line in Marc Antony's harangue is read differently by equally good readers; but the difference arises wholly from their different appreciation of the spirit and intention of the speaker. Thus:

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears'!

Friends', Romans', countrymen', lend me your ears'!

If Antony designed to characterize "countrymen" with peculiar emphasis, he gave it the *falling* inflection, otherwise he gave the word no greater prominence than the preceding words "friends" and "Romans."

d. NOTE II.—Generally, *emphatic*, and especially solemn declarations, whether positive or negative, as in Bible commands and precepts, take the falling inflection.

Remark.—*w.* Here each *emphatic clause* requires the falling inflection, although the idea is not yet complete, and no more positive in character than in the clauses of example 1, under the foregoing note.

RULE IX.—Expressions of *tender* emotion, such as grief, pity, kindness, gentle joy, a gentle reproof, gentle appeal, gentle entreaty or expostulation, etc., commonly require a gentle *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.—Mary! Mary! do' not do so'.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead;

Say, wast thou conscious' of the tears' I shed'?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son',

Wretch even then', life's journey just begun'?

I would not live alway'; I ask not to stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way'^s;

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin';

Temptation without, and corruption within';—

Is your *father'* well', the *old man'* of whom ye spake'? Is *he'* yet alive'?

Remark.—*x.* The true reason for the use of the rising inflection in this and similar cases seems to be, that the idea in the mind of the speaker is still incomplete in the expression. The reasons *why* he “would not live alway,” though unexpressed, are in his mind, and lead him to give his voice that kind of elevated suspension which always denotes *continuation* of the idea, and is here expressive, also, of tender emotion.

RULE X.—Expressions of *strong* emotion, such as the language of exclamation (not designed as a question), authority, surprise, distress, denunciation, lamentation, earnest entreaty, command, reproach, terror, anger, hatred, envy, revenge, etc., and strong affirmation, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in action', how like an angel! in apprehension', how like a God!

My lords, I am *amazed'*; yes, my lords, I am *amazed'* at his Grace's speech.

Woe unto you Pharisees! Woe unto you Scribes!

You blocks', you stones', you worse than senseless things!^s

I *dare'* accusation. I *defy'* the honorable gentleman.

I'd rather be a *dog'*, and bay the *moon'*, than *such* a Roman'.

a. NOTE.—When exclamatory sentences become questions, they require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.—*What* are you saying'?—*Where* are you going'?

They planted by *your* care'? No! your oppressions planted them in America'.

Remark.—*y.* This is equivalent to the declaration, “He is noble in reason,” and is expressive of a positive idea, completed in the expression.

z. This is equivalent to “You are blocks! you are stones!” etc., a positive declaration.

THE CIRCUMFLEX OR WAVE.

RULE XI.—Hypothetical expressions, sarcasm, and irony, and sentences *implying* a comparison or contrast that is not fully expressed, often require a union of the two inflections on the same syllable.

EXPLANATION.—In addition to the rising and falling slides or inflections, there is what is called the *circumflex* or *wave*, which is a union of the two on the same syllable. It is a significant twisting or waving of the voice, generally first downward and then upward, but sometimes the reverse, and is attended with a sensible *protraction* of sound on the syllable thus inflected. It is marked thus: (˘˘) as, “I may possibly go to-morrow, though I can not go to-day.” “I did it myself, sir. Surprising! *You* did it!”

The circumflex is significant of *double meaning*, mockery, or insinuation, as distinguished from those *straight* slides of the voice which denote earnestness and sincerity.

EXAMPLES.—I grant you I was dōwn, and out of breath; and so was he.
And but for these vile gūns, he would himself' have been a soldier'.

QUEEN. Hamlet', you have your father much offended.

HAMLET. Madam', *you* have my father much offended.

NOTE.—A nice distinction in sense sometimes depends upon the right use of the inflections.

EXAMPLES.—“I did not give a sixpence'.”

“I did not give a sixpence'.”

The circumflex on *sirpence* implies that I gave more or less than that sum; but the falling inflection on the same word implies that I gave nothing at all.

“A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a drūnkard', is in danger of losing his health and character.”

The rising inflection on the closing syllable of *drunkard* would pervert the meaning wholly, and assert that, in order to preserve health and character, one must become a drunkard.

THE MONOTONE.

RULE XII.—The *monotone*, which is a succession of words on the same key or pitch, is often employed in passages of solemn denunciation, sublime description, or expressing deep reverence and awe. It is marked with the short horizontal dash over the accented vowel.

EXAMPLES.—And one cried unto another, and said, Hōly, hōly, hōly is the Lōrd of hōsts. The whōle eāth is full of his glōry.

Blessing, hōnor, glōry, and pōwer be ūnto hīm that sitteth on the thrōne, and to the Lāmb forēver and evēr.

RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RULE XIII.—The *rhetorical pause* is a pause by which the voice is momentarily suspended where the grammatical con-

struction of the sentence does not require it, or suspended *longer* than the ordinary pauses would require. Thus, in briefly describing two persons or objects by contrast or *contraries* (a figure of speech called *antithesis*, see p. 141), we naturally express the first clause of the contrast in a little higher tone of voice than we apply to the latter, with a pause, more or less prolonged, between them. Thus: "Homer⁻ was the greater genius⁻—Virgil⁻ the better artist[']." "To your faith⁻ add virtue[']; to virtue⁻ knowledge[']; to knowledge⁻ temperance[']; to temperance⁻ patience[']." See, also, the *cæsural pause*, p. 330. Sometimes the rhetorical pause is made without any inflection, and sometimes with one. It is denoted by the short superior dash.

PRINCIPLES OF GENERAL APPLICATION.

The first and most important is, "Be sure you understand what you read, and endeavor to express the sentiments of the author as you would express the same if they were *your own*, and you were *talking*." No one can read well who does not fully adhere to this principle.

In the second place, those who would excel in reading should cultivate every manly and noble virtue; for no one can fully express noble sentiments unless he *feels* them. Counterfeit imitations will be detected. In the language of Dr. Blair: "A true orator" (and, we may add, a correct and effective *reader*) "should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned toward the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally forced to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should at the same time possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and *make their case his own*." (See, also, Divisions XX., XXI., and XXII.)

REFERENCES TO THE RULES.

Throughout the body of the work the references to the Rules are by *figures* corresponding to the number of the Rule; and where the reference is to some *Note*, or *division* under the Rule, such Note or division is denoted by the *letter* which is placed before it. Thus, 1, c, refers to Rule I., division c.

KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

Fäte, füt, fär, cáre, lást, call, what, mäte, müt, thére, térm, prey, pique, pine, pin, bird, nôte, nôt, dôve, prôve, wolf, book, mûte, bût, rôle, full.

Call, chaise, chorus, gentle, has, thine, lon^gger, vi^cious.



LESSON I.

NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION.

[*Analysis*.—1. What is Narration? Description?—2. History? Biography?—3. Further illustrations of narration and description.—4. How the two are often combined.—5. The requisites for each. Genius requisite to excel in narrative.—6. Poetical narration and description.]

1. NARRATION is a relation of the particulars of transactions or events; as of the march of an army, or the details of a siege. DESCRIPTION is an account of objects and scenes¹; as a description of cities, towns, and scenery; of beauties and defects; of characters and attributes.

2. We give a *narrative* of the events that make up national life¹; and this is history⁴. In the form of narrative, also, we relate the travels¹, the adventures¹, the dangers², and the escapes of individuals⁴; and this is biography⁴.

3. We give a *narrative* of that which passes, or of what occurred, as of the events of a journey; and in the same article we may *describe* the scenes presented to our view. Narration¹, when confined to a person¹, is limited to *what he does*¹: description relates to *what he is*. The latter may include whatever distinguishes a man from others¹, either in his mode of thinking¹, or acting¹; in his habits¹, in his manners¹, in his language², or his tastes¹. Both narration and description are employed in fiction¹, as well as in truthful history¹.

4. Furthermore, a narrative is a relation of several connected incidents, in the order in which they occurred; while a description consists in the presentation of several unconnected particulars respecting some common object. Hence,

1, 2, etc. *Note*.—Observe that the superior figures throughout the work refer to the corresponding numbers of the *Elocutionary Rules*. All the marks for the *rising* inflection in this lesson are illustrative of Rule II., and those for the *falling* inflection, of Rule IV. Let the pupils study these Rules, and note their application.

while we give a narrative of events, as they occurred, in the march of an army, or in the life of a nation', we may, in the same connection, describe the particulars of a battle', of a tempest', of a conflagration', or of an earthquake²—picturing forth the scenes to the eye as of something to be viewed. Hence narration and description are often combined; and the one frequently runs into the other.

5. To be clear', distinct', impartial', truthful', concise', and yet lively'², are the qualities chiefly required in narration'⁴; while description requires the same qualities', together with a more vivid painting', to give to the scenes depicted something of the reality of life'. Narrative is the plainest kind of writing', and the easiest understood'; and yet eminent success in it is to be attained only by writers of genius'. There are many writers of annals', and memoirs', and lives', and yet there are but few great historians.

6. But narrative is not confined to prose'; for the epic poet', who recites the incidents of some illustrious enterprise', tells his story *in verse*'; and both the historian and the poet strive to enliven their works with *descriptions* of characters', and objects and scenes of interest'. Shorter narratives in verse are also common; but they also generally introduce more or less of description.

LESSON II.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A LIAR.

True Narrative.—*Bible, 2 Kings, v.*

[Some of the best examples of plain narrative are found in the Bible; but even here they are seldom altogether free from *description*. Thus, in the following narrative, the 1st verse contains a description of Nā'āman; the beginning and close of the 5th verse describe him as being angry; the close of the 6th is descriptive; and the last clause in the lesson—in italics—is purely descriptive also. Observe that the reference figures refer to Elocutionary Rules of corresponding numbers.]

1. Now Nā'āman, captain of the host of the King of Syria², was a great man with his master', and honorable', because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria⁴: he was also a mighty man in valor⁴; but he was a leper⁴. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive, out of the land of Israel, a little maid'; and she

waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

2. And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the King of Syria said, Go to, go; and I will send a letter unto the King of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver', and six thousand pieces of gold', and ten changes of raiment'. And he brought the letter to the King of Israel, saying, Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

3. And it came to pass, when the King of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me, to recover a man of his leprosy'¹? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

4. And it was so, when Elisha, the man of God, had heard that the King of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes'²? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came'³, with his horses and with his chariot'⁴, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha'⁴. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him', saying', Go and wash in the Jordan seven times', and thy flesh shall come again to thee', and thou shalt be clean'.

5. But Naaman was wroth'; and went away', and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Ab'ănā and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel'¹? May I not wash in *them*, and be clean'¹? So he turned, and went away in a rage.

6. And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing', wouldest thou not have done it'¹? how much rather', then', when he saith to thee, Wash', and be clean'? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh

came again like unto the flesh of a little child⁻, and he was clean¹³.

7. And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel; now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.—So he departed from him a little way.

8. But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought; but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

9. So Gehazi followed after Naaman: and when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well¹? And he said, All is well¹. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me, from Mount Ephraim, two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

10. And Naaman said, Be content; take *two* talents. And he urged¹ him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags¹, with two changes of garments¹, and laid them upon two of his servants¹; and they bare them before¹ him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in and stood before his master.

11. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou³, Gehazi²? And he said, Thy servant went no whither^{1,4}. And he said unto him, Went not my heart with thee when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee¹? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants¹? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee.—And he went out from his presence⁻ *a leper⁻ as white as snow¹³*.

LESSON III.

THE DWARF AND THE GIANT.

Fictitious Narrative.—GOLDSMITH.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH, a celebrated poet and voluminous miscellaneous writer, was born in Ireland in 1728; died in 1774.—The pupil should be able to tell what portions are *narrative*, and what *descriptive* in this lesson. Although it is mostly narrative, yet the following portions are descriptive: (1.) The Dwarf and the Giant are described as *friends*, and the Dwarf was *very courageous*; (2.) the Dwarf, after losing his arm, was *in a woful plight*; (3.) the Satyrs were *bloody minded*, and the Dwarf *less fierce* than at first; (4.) The two friends were *very joyful* for their victory; and, finally (5.), the Dwarf had *gained wisdom* by his losses.]



1. A DWARF and a Giant, who were good friends, kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go to seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow.

2. He did but very little injury to the Saracen, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. The latter was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens

dead on the plain; and the Dwarf cut off the man's head out of spite. They then traveled on to another adventure.

3. This was against three bloody-minded Sātyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but, for all that, he struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye: but the Giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one.

4. The two friends were very joyful for this victory; and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now traveled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf came near being killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the Dwarf lost a leg.

5. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which the latter cried out to his little companion, "My little hero, this is glorious sport! Let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor forever." "No," cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, "no; I declare off; I'll fight no more; for I find in every battle that you get all the honor and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

SUBLIME NARRATIVE. Monotone.

And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. vi., 14.

LESSON IV.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

FREEMAN HUNT.

[FREEMAN HUNT, an American author and journalist, born in Quincy, Mass., in 1804; died in New York in 1858. He is well known as the proprietor and conductor of "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine."

This may be either a true or a fictitious narrative, in the *dialogue* style (see p. 223). Let the pupil point out those portions of the lesson which are *descriptive*. Thus, in the 1st verse, one of the persons is *described* as being *in his teens*, and the other as being *a middle-aged gentleman*—as having *a look of surprise*, etc.]

1. "CAN you lend me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man, not yet out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over his ledger in the counting-room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned towards the speaker, and, regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired, "What *security* can you give me', Mr. Strosser'^{3, b.}?"

2. "Nothing but my note," replied the young man, promptly.—"Which I fear would be below par in market," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," said the young man; "but, Mr. Barton'², remember that the boy is not the man'⁴; the time *may* come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other' man'."

3. "True, very true," replied Mr. Barton, mildly; "but you know business men seldom lend money without adequate security; otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became very pale; and, having kept silent for several moments, he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment, "Then you can not accommodate me—can you'?"

4. "Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton; and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk; but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness; and, after having made several sad blunders, he closed the ledger, and

took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant upon Milk Street, he entered the door.

5. "Good morning"⁴, Mr. Hawley²," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning'," replied the merchant, blandly. "Happy to see you. Have a seat¹? Any news'? How's trade³?"

6. Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said, "Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington Street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed¹⁰!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of lending that sum—do you¹?"

7. "I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully; "but I am heartily tired of helping to establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered from such a course¹?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

8. "No¹," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that, if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

9. "Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."

Mr. Barton was silent for several minutes, and then arose to depart. "If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

* * * * *

10. Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk at which he stood when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger is examined, his despair becomes deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaims, "I am ruined—utterly ruined¹⁰!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting-room in season to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

11. "The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perleh, Jackson, & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing for payment of their demands. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible: my creditors are importunate, and I can not much longer keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

12. "What is the extent of your liabilities³?" inquired Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you¹?"

"It would."

13. "Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember that it was from you I received money to establish myself in business."

14. "But that debt was canceled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of *gratitude* that I owe has never been canceled; and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

15. At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy.—Every claim against him was paid as soon as presented, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure: his credit improved, and his business increased, while several others sank

under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this article.

16. "How did you manage to keep above the tide³?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

17. "Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley; "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

18. "The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. Barton with a look of surprise; "but how did you obtain the funds³? As for me, I could not obtain a dollar's credit: the banks refused to take my paper, and even my friends deserted me."

19. "A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment^{10, a. 1}!" echoed Mr. Hawley — "what investment³?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago¹?"

20. "O yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lighted up his countenance; "but what of that¹?"

"He is now one of the largest dry goods dealers in the city; and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share of the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

21. During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and, drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

LESSON V.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Narration and Description.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, a distinguished poet and prose writer, born in Bristol, England, in 1774; died in 1843. In 1813 he was appointed *poet laureate*—an officer whose business it is to compose an ode annually, for the king's birthday, and other suitable occasions.

In the year 1704, during the "War of the Spanish Succession"—a war which arose out of opposing claims to the throne of Spain, the Austrians and the English, led by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough (mawl'brüh), defeated the French and Bavarians at Blen'heim, a small village of Western Bavaria, on the Danube. In the following narrative and descriptive poem, the ignorance of the old peasant as to "what they killed each other for," and "what good came of it at last" (which might be appropriately asked of many other great battles), is a fitting commentary on the glory of "the famous victory." In this lesson, narration and description are so combined—as in most of what is called *narrative* poetry—that it is difficult to tell which is most prominent; and it is sometimes difficult to draw the line between the two.]

1. It was a summer evening',
 Old Kaspar's work was done',
 And he, before his cottage door',
 Was sitting in the sun';
 And by him sported, on the green',
 His little grandchild Wilhelmīne.
2. She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he', beside the rivulet',
 In playing' there', had found';
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.
3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by';
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh—
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull'," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.
4. "I find them in the garden;
 For there's many here about;

And often', when I go to plow',
The plowshare turns them out:
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about',"
Young Peterkin, he cries';
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war',
And what they *killed* each other for."

6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout';—
But what they killed' each other for',
I could not well make out.
But every body said'," quoth he',
"That 'twas a *famous*' victory'.

7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child, he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And newborn baby died;
But things like that', you know', *must* be'
At every *famous*' victory'.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;—
But things like that', you know', *must* be'
After a famous' victory'.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good prince, Eugene."
"Why', 'twas a very *wicked thing*'!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a *famous*' victory'.
11. "And every body praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what *good*' came of it, at last'?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why—that I can not tell," said he,
"But 'twas a *famous*' victory'!"

LESSON VI.

THE KNIGHT, THE HERMIT, AND THE MAN.

T. S. ARTHUR.

[T. S. ARTHUR, born near Newburg, N. Y., in 1809. His writings are mostly works of fiction of a domestic moral character, of which he has published more than fifty volumes, besides numerous tales in a cheap form. In this lesson still more of description is intermingled with the narration than in the preceding lessons. Thus, in the first verse, not only is the character of De Montfort described, but the character of the age also in which he lived. Let the pupil now tell what portions of the lesson are narrative, and what are descriptive. It is very plain what *moral* is intended to be drawn from the lesson.]

I. THE KNIGHT.

1. SIR GUY DE MONTFORT was as brave a knight as ever laid lance in rest, or swung his glittering battle-axe. He possessed many noble and generous qualities; but they were obscured, alas! by the strange thirst for human blood that marked the age in which he lived—an age when "Love your friends and *hate* your enemies" had taken the place of that better precept, "But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

2. Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities, had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this the bright



eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him—fair lips smiled when he appeared, and minstrels sang of his prowess.

3. At a great tournament, given in honor of the marriage of the king's daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat; but, for two days, no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times proclaimed by the herald. On the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with vis'or down, into the lists. His slender form, his carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort—and so it proved. They met—and Sir Guy's lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corselet of the brave young knight and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground, his casque flew off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

4. Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort was a maiden! and none other than the beautiful, high-spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed, but a few months before, in a combat to which he had challenged him. By order of the king the tournament was suspended, and knights and ladies gay went back to their homes, thoughtful, sad, and sorrowing.

5. Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his ancestors

looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glory and fame were forgotten by the knight, for self was forgotten.

6. The question—a strange question for him—“What good’?” arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand—but why’? To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But was this leaf worth its cost—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more—the life-drops from that broken heart’?

7. For the first time the flush of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what the triumph had cost him. Then came a shudder as he thought of the lovely widow who drooped in Arno Castle—of the wild pang that snapped the heart-strings of De Cressy’s bride, when she saw the battle-axe go crashing into her husband’s brain—of the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Marion, now a shrieking maniac—of Agnes St. Bertrand!

8. As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows, upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony. “And what for all this’?” he murmured. “What for all this’? Am I braver or better for such bloody work’?”

9. Through the long night he paced the hall of his castle, but with daydawn he rode forth alone. The sun rose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed; but the knight returned not.

II. THE HERMIT.

10. Far from the busy scenes of life dwelt a pious recluse, who, in prayer, fasting, and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled soul. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit-cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveler who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in pursuit of game, met this lonely man in his deep seclusion. To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life, and of the

wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God: and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man.

11. But they erred. The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed; and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent, though not with age; his long hair whitened, but not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance that peace which passeth all understanding.

12. One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him, and said: "It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-man? Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where is thy work? I see it not. Where are the hungry thou hast fed? the naked thou hast clothed? the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee? They are not here in the wilderness!"



13. The angel departed, and the hermit awoke. "Where is *my* work?" he asked, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches and

rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these—I, gifted with a will, an understanding, and active energies—am doing no work!

14. Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread. And is there no work for *man*, the noblest of all created things? said he.

15. The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? “De Montfort! it is vain!” he exclaimed. “There must be work, as well as penance and prayer.” He arose from his prostrate attitude. When night came, the hermit’s cell was tenantless.

III. THE MAN.

16. A fearful plague raged in a great city. In the narrow streets, where the poor were crowded together, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and the dying to their fate.

17. In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain garments—a stranger—entered the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the peril he was about encountering, but, heeding them not, he took his way with a firm step to the most infected regions.

18. In the first house that he entered he found a young maiden alone, and almost in the agonies of death; and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He placed to her lips a cool draught, of which she drank eagerly; then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and the sufferer slept. Then he lifted her in his arms, and bore her beyond the city walls, where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick.

19. For weeks the plague hovered with its black wings over that devoted city; and during the whole time, this stranger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, supporting a dying head here, giving drink to such as were almost mad with thirst there, and bearing forth in his arms those for whom there was any hope of life. But when “the



pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day" had left the city, he was nowhere to be found.

20. For years the castle of De Montfort was without a lord. At last its knightly owner returned—not on mailed charger, with corselet, casque, and spear'—a boastful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood'—nor as a pious devotee from his cloister'; but as a *man*', from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle and his broad lands once more; not to glory in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better, and happier his fellow-men.

21. He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance. He was no longer a knight-errant, seeking for adventure wherever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life; but he was a *man*, doing valiantly among his fellow-men truly noble deeds—not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

22. There were the bold Knight, the pious Hermit, and the Man; but the MAN⁻ was best and greatest of all.

III. DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

LESSON VII.

PRINCIPLES, AND BEAUTIES OF DESCRIPTION.

[*Analysis.*—1. Extent to which Description is used.—2. The test of what. Extract from BLAIR. How description is treated by a writer of the inferior class.—3. By a writer of genius.—4. Chief beauty of description. Irving as a descriptive prose writer.—5. Where the descriptive faculty is often seen. Extract from HORACE.—6. The poet Thomson.—7. Extract from THOMSON'S *Seasons*.—8. Extract from JOHNSON. The style of description adapted to different scenes and objects. What every complete description requires.—10. What kind of description is most effective, and why. What writers excel in it. Illustrations from the BIBLE.

1. WE have spoken of *description* in connection with *narration*, inasmuch as both are often combined in the same subject. Description, like narration, is seldom employed entirely alone in a composition of any great length, although often found alone in detached pieces: but it enters into all kinds of composition, and, when well executed, is a great ornament to all.

2. Description, whether found in poetry or in prose, is the best test of a writer's imagination. In the language of Dr. Blair, "It always distinguishes an original from a second-rate genius. To a writer of the inferior class, nature, when at any time he attempts to describe it, appears exhausted by those who have gone before him in the same track. He sees nothing new, or peculiar, in the object which he would paint; his conceptions of it are loose and vague; and his expressions, of course, feeble and general. He gives us words rather than ideas; we meet with the language of description, but we apprehend the object described very indistinctly.

3. "A writer of genius, on the contrary, makes us imagine that we see an object before our eyes; he catches the distinguishing features; he gives it the colors of life and reality; he places it in such a light that a painter could copy after him. This happy talent is chiefly owing to a strong imagination, which first receives a lively impression of the

object, and then, by employing a proper selection of circumstances in describing it, transmits that impression in its full force to the imagination of others."

4. One of the chief beauties of description consists in laying hold of such incidents as make a sudden and strong impression upon the mind—something that one can almost see, or hear, or feel, with all the vividness of the reality. Washington Irving excels as a descriptive prose writer; and in his writings are found numerous examples of the kind of beauty here referred to, in which a single well-chosen circumstance often lights up the description, as if a flash of sunlight had fallen upon the scene.*

5. This descriptive faculty, which is a mark of true genius, is often seen in small things, and apparently trifling incidents, just as, in a picture, some one object—and perhaps an accessory one too—arrests the attention, and throws its charm over the whole. Thus, in the following brief description, in which the farmer and the sailor appeal to Fortune to favor them, the last line paints a vivid picture of the sailor, while the farmer, spoken of in general terms only, is thrown entirely into the background:

"Thee⁻¹³, the poor farmer's anxious care
Solicits, that his fields may bear':—
Thee⁻¹³, mistress of the main, the sailor hails,
As his Bithynian bark o'er Cretan billows sails."—HORACE.

6. The poet Thomson, in describing the pestilence that destroyed the English fleet at Carthage, in 1741, under Admiral Vernon, adds greatly to the effect of an already striking picture, by introducing, in the two closing lines, the single circumstance of the Admiral listening to the melancholy sound of dead bodies thrown overboard every night:

7. ————— You, gallant Vernon',² saw
The miserable scene'; you', pitying', saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arms';
Saw the deep racking pang'; the ghastly form';
The lip pale quiv'ring'; and the beamless eye—
No more with ardor bright': you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore';

* Some very striking examples of this kind, in Irving's writings, may be found in the Lesson commencing on page 215 of the *Fifth Reader*.

*Heard nightly plunged', amid the sullen waves',
The frequent corse'.—THOMSON'S Seasons.*

8. With reference to Thomson's vivid powers of description, we quote the following from Dr. Johnson:

"His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gayety of spring', the splendor of summer', the tranquillity of autumn', and the horror of winter', take', in their turn', possession of the mind'. The poet leads us through the appearances of things, as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments."

9. In describing scenes of a gay, smiling, or quiet nature', such as the charms of country life', a diffuse style, with much amplification, is allowable': but in describing solemn or great objects', and also when a sublime or a pathetic impression is intended', it is only the concise manner, that calls up sudden and bold images, that is appropriate. And as life and action are requisite in every good painting', so should every complete description of natural objects—which is but a painting in words—be enlivened by the presence of living beings.

10. Moreover, a description of *particular things* is much more effective than a description of *things in general*; for it is only of particular objects that images can be formed in the mind. Thus a hill, a river, or a lake, engages the attention, and enlists the fancy, far more effectively, when some particular hill, river, or lake is specified, than when the terms are left general. The descriptions in Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and Milton, and Thomson, abound with particulars that may be seen by the eye of fancy: and Shakspeare is no less remarkable for avoiding the use of general terms. In the Song of Solomon, it is not a rose, a lily, a flock, or a stream in general, that is used to set off the description; but it is "the rose of Sharon'," "the lily of the valleys'," "the flock which feeds on Mount Gilead'," and "the stream which comes from Lebanon'," whereby a living interest attaches to every scene that is mentioned.

LESSON VIII.

A PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

PROCTER.

[BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, one of the most delightful of English poets, was born in the year 1790. He is better known under the assumed name of *Barry Cornwall*.

The circumstance of the raven, mentioned at the close of the second verse of this lesson, is one of those beauties of description mentioned in verse 4 of the preceding lesson.]

1. I SAW a pauper' once, when I was young',
Borne to his shallow grave': the bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung;
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod:
On the rough boards the earth was gayly flung;
Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
Was coldly said;—then all, passing away,
Left the scarce coffin'd wretch to quick decay.
2. It was an autumn evening', and the rain
Had ceased a while', but the loud winds did shriek,
And called the deluging tempest back again;
The flag-staff on the church-yard tower did creak,
And through the black clouds ran a lightning vein:
And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home: its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering.

LESSON IX.

ATHENS BY MOONLIGHT,

AS VIEWED FROM THE ACROPOLIS: 1867.

[By "*Mark Twain*," a pseudonyme of Samuel L. Clemens, an American prose writer.]

1. THE full moon was rising high in the cloudless heavens. We sauntered carelessly and unthinkingly to the edge of the lofty battlements of the citadel, and looked down—a vision'! And such a vision'! Athens by moonlight'! The prophet, who thought the splendors of the New Jerusalem were revealed to him, surely saw this instead!
2. It lay in the level plain, right under our feet—all spread

abroad like a picture—and we looked down upon it as we might have looked from a balloon. We saw no semblance of a street; but every house, every window, every clinging vine, every projection was as distinct and sharply marked as if the time were noonday: and yet there was no glare, no glitter, nothing harsh or repulsive—the noiseless city was flooded with the mellowed light that ever streamed from the moon, and seemed like some living creature wrapped in peaceful slumber.

3. On its further side was a little temple, whose delicate pillars and ornate front glowed with a rich lustre that chained the eye like a spell; and nearer by, the palace of the king reared its creamy walls out of the midst of a great garden of shrubbery that was flecked all over with a random shower of amber lights—a spray of golden sparks that lost their brightness in the glory of the moon, and glinted softly upon the sea of dark foliage like the pallid stars of the milky way. Overhead—the stately columns, majestic still in their ruin—underfoot the dreaming city—in the distance the silver sea—not on the broad earth is there another picture half so beautiful!

LESSON X.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

From the French of *Victor Hugo*.

[**M. VICTOR HUGO**, a noted and voluminous French poet, novelist, and political writer, was born in 1802. He has been compelled to leave France on account of his opposition to Louis Napoleon.

The following poem is mostly descriptive: but the first line of the 2d verse is *didactic* (see p. 68); and the 3d verse is partly didactic and partly descriptive. The last three lines of the lesson contain a beautiful simile. (See *Simile*, p. 111.)]

1. My daughter^{'2}, go and pray^{'1}! See[—], night is come:
 One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
 Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
 Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
 All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
 Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

2. Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
 Let us to prayer! calm night is come again:

The wind among the ruined towers so bare
 Sighs mournfully: the herds, the flocks, the streams',
 All 'suffer', all complain'; worn nature seems
 Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

3. It is the hour when babes with angels speak.
 While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
 And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
 Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
 Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
 On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.
4. And then they sleep. Oh peaceful cradle-sleep¹⁰!
 Oh childhood's hallowed prayer¹⁰; religion deep
 Of love', not fear', in happiness expressed'!
5. So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
 Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
 Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

LESSON XI.

THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN^a.

Written in 1867.—MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS).

1. TOWARD dusk we drew near Milan, and caught glimpses of the city and the blue mountain peaks beyond. But we were not caring for these things—they did not interest us in the least. We were in a fever of impatience; we were dying to see the renowned cathedral! We watched in this direction and that—all around—every where. We needed no one to point it out—we did not wish any one to point it out—we would recognize it, even in the desert of the great Sahara.

2. At last a forest of graceful needles, shimmering in the amber sunlight, rose slowly above the pigmy house-tops, as one sometimes sees, in the far horizon, a gilded and pinnaled mass of cloud lift itself above the waste of waves at sea—the Cathedral! We knew it in a moment.

3. Half of that night, and all of the next day, this archi-



tectural autocrat was our sole object of interest. What a wonder it is! So grand', so solemn', so vast'! And yet' so delicate', so airy', so graceful'! A very world of solid weight'; and yet it seems, in the soft moonlight, only a fairy delusion of frost-work, that might vanish with a breath'! How sharply its pinnacled angles and its wilderness of spires were cut against the sky'; and how richly their shadows fell upon its snowy roof'! It was a vision'! a miracle'! an anthem sung in stone', a poem wrought in marble'!

4. Howsoever you look at the great Cathedral, it is noble, it is beautiful'! Wherever you stand in Milan, or within

seven miles of Milan, it is visible—and when it is visible, no other object can claim your whole attention. Leave your eyes unfettered by your will but a single instant, and they will surely turn to seek it. It is the first thing you look for when you rise in the morning, and the last your lingering gaze rests upon at night. Surely it must be the most princely creation that ever brain of man conceived.

5. At nine o'clock in the morning we went and stood before this marble colossus. The central one of its five great doors is bordered with a bas-relief^b of birds, and fruits, and beasts, and insects, which have been so ingeniously carved out of the marble that they seem like living creatures; and the figures are so numerous, and the designs so complex, that one might study it a week without exhausting its interest.

6. On the great steeple—surmounting the myriad of spires—inside of the spires—over the doors, the windows—in nooks and corners—every where that a niche or a perch can be found about the enormous building, from summit to base, there is a marble statue, and every statue is a study in itself! Raphael, Angelo, Canova—giants like these gave birth to the designs, and their own pupils carved them. Every face is eloquent with expression, and every attitude is full of grace. Away above, on the lofty roof, rank on rank of carved and fretted spires spring high in the air, and through their rich tracery one sees the sky beyond. In their midst the central steeple towers proudly up like the mainmast of some great Indiaman among a fleet of coasters.

7. We wished to go aloft. The sacristan^c showed us a marble stairway (of course it was marble, and of the purest and whitest—there is no other stone, no brick, no wood, among its building materials), and told us to go up one hundred and eighty-two steps, and stop till he came. It was not necessary to say stop—we should have done that any how. We were tired by the time we got there.

8. This was the roof. Here, springing from its broad marble flagstones were the long files of spires, looking very tall close at hand, but diminishing in the distance like the pipes of an organ. We could see, now, that the statue on the top of each was the size of a large man, though they all

looked like dolls from the street. We could see, also, that from the inside of each and every one of these hollow spires, from sixteen to thirty-one beautiful marble statues looked out upon the world below.

9. From the eaves to the comb of the roof stretched, in endless succession, great curved marble beams, like the fore and aft braces of a steam-boat; and along each beam, from end to end, stood up a row of richly-carved flowers and fruits—each separate and distinct in kind, and over fifteen thousand species represented. At a little distance these rows seem to close together like the ties of a railroad track; and then the mingling together of the buds and blossoms of this marble garden forms a picture of exceeding beauty.

10. We descended and entered. Within the church, long rows of fluted columns, like huge monuments, divided the building into broad aisles; and on the figured pavement fell many a soft blush from the painted windows above. I knew the church was very large, but I could not fully appreciate its great size until I noticed that the men standing far down by the altar looked like boys, and seemed to glide rather than walk.

11. We loitered about, gazing aloft at the monster windows all aglow with brilliantly colored scenes in the lives of the Savior and his followers. Some of these pictures are mosaics; and so artistically are their thousand particles of tinted glass or stone put together, that the work has all the smoothness and finish of a painting. We counted sixty panes of glass in one window, and each pane was adorned with one of these master achievements of genius and patience.

12. For the purpose of viewing the treasures of the church, we followed a priest into a large room filled with tall wooden presses like wardrobes. He threw them open, and behold! the cargoes of crude bullion of the assay offices of Nevada faded out of my memory. There were Virgins and bishops there, above their natural size, made of solid silver, each worth, by weight, from one hundred and sixty thousand to three hundred thousand dollars, and bearing gemmed books in their hands worth fifteen thousand: there were bas-reliefs^b that weighed six hundred pounds, carved in solid silver;

croisiers and crosses, and candlesticks six and eight feet high, all of virgin gold, and brilliant with precious stones: and beside these were all manner of cups and vases, and other things, rich in proportion. It was an Alād'din's palace! The treasures here, by simple weight, without counting workmanship, were valued at ten millions of dollars!

13. I like to revel in the dryest details of the great cathedral. The building is nearly five hundred feet long, by three hundred feet wide; and the principal steeple is in the neighborhood of four hundred feet high. It has more than seven thousand marble statues, and will have upward of three thousand more when it is finished. In addition, it has one thousand five hundred bās-reliefs. It has one hundred and thirty-six spires—twenty-one more are to be added. Each spire is surmounted by a statue six and a half feet high. It is estimated that it will take a hundred and twenty years yet to finish the cathedral; and already the mere workmanship alone has cost considerably over a hundred millions of dollars. The building looks complete, but is far from being so. We saw a new statue put in its niche yesterday, alongside of one which had been standing these four hundred years.

14. There are four staircases leading up to the main steeple, each of which, with the four hundred and eight statues which adorn them, cost a hundred thousand dollars. Marco Cam-
pioni was the architect who designed this wonderful structure, more than five hundred years ago; and it took him forty-six years to work out the plan, and get it ready to hand over to the builders. The building was begun a little less than five hundred years ago; and the third generation hence will not see it completed.

^a Mil'an, or Milan'. The best usage favors the former pronunciation. All the poets place the accent on the first syllable. Byron and Moore rhyme it with *villain*. See "Poetical Composition," page 328, Note.

^b Bās-relief (bā-re-lief'); also spelled and pronounced b'ss re-lief'. A species of sculpture, the figures of which do not stand out far from the ground.

^c Sācristan; a sexton, or other officer of the church, who has care of the utensils, etc.

LESSON XII.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

A True Story. Narrative and Description.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, a distinguished American poet and prose writer (often called the *Quaker Poet*), was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808.]

1. UP from the meadows rich with corn',
Clear in the cool September morn',
The clustered spires of Frederick stand',
Green walled by the hills of Maryland'.
2. Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—
Over the mountains' winding down',
Horse and foot', into Frederick town'.
3. Forty flags' with their silver stars',
Forty flags' with their crimson bars',
Flapped in the morning wind': the sun
Of noon looked down', and saw not one.
4. Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that *one* heart was loyal yet.
5. Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead:
Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced:—the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;

It rent the banner with seam and gash.

6. Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,

And shook it forth with a royal will:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,—

But spare your country's flag!" she said.

7. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred

To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,

Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

8. All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed

Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell

On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light

Shone over it with a warm good-night.

9. Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to 'her'!—and let a tear

Fall, for her sake', on Stonewall's bier'.

10. Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty, draw

Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town!

LESSON XIII.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

A Descriptive Ballad.*—THOMAS NOEL.

[As the first requisite of good reading is to give a truthful expression to the thoughts and feelings of the writer, so in the following ballad, which is one of great power and beauty, a *sing-song tone* of reading the driver's *refrain* is required, to harmonize with the sense, the poetic movement of the words, and the scene represented. Indeed, as we read the dirge which the driver sings, we can scarcely avoid singing it too, and with a kind of careless sadness, which, in the closing of the fifth verse, changes to a plaintive, pathetic, and impressive reproof.

The reading of the piece should gradually change from a rapid movement, and the tone of light and trivial description at the beginning, to slow movement, and the expression of solemn and deep feeling in the fifth verse. Observe the force of the *rhetorical pauses*.]

1. There's a grim one-horse hearse, in a jolly round trot;
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
 ¹³"Rattle his bones—over the stones";
 He's only a pauper', whom nobody owns'."
2. Oh where are the mourners'? alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man:
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
 ¹³"Rattle his bones—over the stones";
 He's only a pauper', whom nobody owns'."
3. What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The p^{au}per at length makes a noise in the world!
 ¹³"Rattle his bones—over the stones";
 He's only a pauper', whom nobody owns'."
4. Poor pauper defunct'! he has made some approach
To gentility', now that he's stretched in a coach';

* The *ballad*. See Lyric Poetry, p. 332.

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
 But it will not be long if he goes on so fast:
¹³"Rattle his bones⁻ over the stones['];
 He's only a pauper['], whom nobody owns[']."

5. But a truce to this strain['], for my soul⁻ it is sad⁻,
 To think that a heart, in humanity clad⁻,
 Should make⁻, like the brutes⁻, such a desolate end['],
 And depart from the light⁻ without leaving a friend.
¹³*Bear⁻ softly⁻ his bones⁻ over the stones:* [owns[']
¹³*Though a p  uper⁻, he's one whom his M  KER yet*

LESSON XIV.

GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA.—1858.

F. P. TRACY.

1. A LITTLE more than ten years ago, California lay in the indolence and silence of that summer noonday in which she had been basking for ages. A few idle villages slept by the shores of her bays; a few squalid ranches dotted the interior with patches of wretched cultivation. There were herds of cattle in her valleys, but they were almost valueless for the want of a market. There were churches, but their chiming bells woke only the echoes of a vast solitude.

2. The sun ripened only the harvest of wild oats on the hills, and the beasts of prey made their lairs in security close by the abodes of men. Seldom did a merchant ship spread her white wings in the offing; seldom did the vaque  ro,^a in his solitary rounds, hear the dip of the oar upon our rivers. Silence, deep and everlasting, brooded over all the land; and the lone oaks on the hills appeared like sentinels keeping guard around the sleeping camp of nature.

3. The cession of the country to the United States by Mexico, in 1848, and the discovery of gold in the early part of the same year, changed the whole scene as if by the power of magic. As in the Naumachia^b of old time, the dry arena was instantly converted into a great lake, on which contending navies struggled for the mastery[']; so, instantly,

on the discovery of gold, California was filled with people, as if they had risen from the earth.

4. The port of San Francisco was crowded with vessels. The rivers were alive with the multitudes that made them their highway; and the din of commerce broke forever the silence of centuries. It seemed as if the people had stolen the lamp of Aladdin,^c and wished for the creation, not of palaces merely, but of royal cities, and an empire of which these should be the chief places; and, at their wish, the cities of our state arose, not by slow, toilsome growth, but complete and princely at their very birth.

5. The rattle of the shovel and the pick was heard in every mountain gorge, and a wide stream of gold flowed from the sierra to the sea. The plains, rejoicing in their marriage to industry, bore fruitfully their yellow harvests. Villages, hamlets, farm-houses, schools, and churches sprung up every where; wharves were built, roads were opened; stage-coaches and steamers crowded all profitable routes; lands, houses, and labor rose to an enormous value; and plenty, with her blessings, crowned the rolling year. (See also Lesson LXXIII., p. 184.)

^a Va qu 'ro (va kã'ro, Spanish), a cowherd, or cattle-keeper. ^b Nau mäch'i ä (Greek), a spectacle representing a sea-fight. ^c A lã'd'in, a character in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," who becomes possessed of a lamp of magical powers.

LESSON XV.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

GUY HUMPHREY MACMASTER.

[The "Old Continentals"—soldiers of the Revolution.—The reading of this descriptive piece requires *strong force* and *pure tone*, with the most *sonorous orotund* where the emphasis rises to a *climax*. Very much can be made of this piece by a good reader or declaimer.]

1. In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon-shot;
 When the files
 Of the Isles,^a

From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the
Unicorn;^b [rampant
And grummer, GRUMMER, GRUMMER rolled the roll of the
Through the morn! [drummer

2. Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar,
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And *louder*, LOUDER, LOUDER cracked the black gunpow-
Cracking amain! [der,—

3. Now, like smiths at their forges,
Worked the red St. George's^c
Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre,"^d
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then *higher* HIGHER, HIGHER burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

4. Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,

And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle-breath;
 And *rounder*, ROUNDER, ROUNDER roared the iron six-
 Hurling death! [pounder,

^a The British Isles.
 British coat of arms.

^b A fabulous animal with one horn, represented on the
^c St. George, the patron saint of England.

^d An allusion to, and quotation from, the speech of Hotspur, in Shakspeare's 2d Part King Henry IV. (*Fifth Reader*, p. 32). See "Allusions," p. 128.

LESSON XVI.

A YANKEE DUEL.

Adapted: from GRACE GREENWOOD.

[*"GRACE GREENWOOD,"* the *nom de plume* (literary title) adopted by Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott, of Philadelphia. She was born in Onondaga County, N. Y.]



1. At one period of our Revolution, some companies of French troops, who were among those sent over under the kind Duc de Lauzun^a and the Count de Rochambeau^b, to aid us in securing our independence, were stationed for a time in the little village of Lebanon, where my father's parents then resided. From my father, then a mere lad, I have heard many stories of the incidents which marked the French occupancy of our village, and among them the following ac-

count of an "affair of honor," which created no little sensation in that quiet community. Some of the Duc de Lauzun's^a aristocratic young subalterns, not imitating the courtesy and modesty of their chief, were disposed to be rather supercilious, and to put on airs toward the young people of the town when admitted to their informal parties and merry-makings. In this way, a gay, handsome young captain gained an unenviable social distinction, and finally came to grief.

2. At a rural ball, to which he had managed to gain admittance, his roving fancy was caught by a rustic beauty, a merry little coquette, who, not having "a soul above buttons," was not ill pleased with his ardent glances and gallant, broken English; and who was immensely amused by marking the effect produced, by his devotion, on the countenance and demeanor of a certain stalwart young farmer present, and lowering darkly in the background, to whom, if the truth must be told, this naughty little maid was betrothed.

3. At last the dashing soldier grew a little too bold and ardent in his attentions. The lady became slightly alarmed, and her lover quite furious. He strode up to the Frenchman, with his eyes blazing and his hands clenched, but addressed him in a cool, steady tone, thus: "Look here, Monseer,^c you French fellows come to America to fight, not to make love. So none of your flatterin', and palaverin', and parlez-vousin'^d here. This young woman belongs to *me*; and you may jest make yourself *scurce*, double-quick time."

4. The young woman in question turned very white; *Monsieur^e le Capitaine* turned very red; but, seeing that his Yankee rival looked very black, and was altogether an ugly customer to deal with on the spot, he merely said, very significantly, "Monsieur^c have *raison^e*. *Certainement^f* we come to *Amérique^g* to *fight*." Then, bowing low to the lady, he strode haughtily away,

"With his sword cling, clang."

5. The next morning, an elderly French officer, who had grown gray in the service, yet had been engaged, as princi-

pal or second, in more duels than battles, waited on the young farmer, whom he found in his barn threshing, and presented a cartel. The farmer, laying down his flail, very deliberately opened the note, and tried to spell out its contents; but, as it was in French, he was obliged to get the Frenchman to interpret it. Somewhat to the surprise of that officer, who was eager for some agreeable event to break the monotony of a long winter encampment, he readily consented to a meeting. The second then reminded him that he, as the challenged party, was entitled to the choice of weapons.

6. "I don't care a button what he fights me with. I'm ready for him," said the Yankee, rather evasively, wiping the sweat and dust off his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"Ah! den we prefere de *rapière*^h—what you call de small sword. Will dat please Monsieur^c, eh?" said the officer, bowing and smiling with overwhelming politeness.

7. "Oh yes, as well as any thing—small swords or horse-pistols; I ain't particular," replied the farmer, coolly. Then the time and place were agreed upon. The Frenchman bowed himself out of the barn as out of the presence of royalty; the farmer took up his flail and went on with his threshing—thump, thump, thump.

8. Both parties came punctually to the dueling-ground, over in the wood, very early on a mild spring morning: the gay captain in undress uniform, with the old major, his second, bearing a brace of small swords; the surgeon of the legion, with his ominous case of instruments, his lint, and bandages; then the farmer, in yet more undress uniform—*i. e.*, red flannel shirt, and gray homespun trowsers tucked into cowskin boots; his "hired man" for a second, and for his weapon the good hickory flail he had been swinging the day before!

9. Great was the astonishment, and voluble was the indignation of the Frenchmen, when finally made to understand that the rustic really intended to fight the duel with this ugly rural instrument. But the farmer sturdily stood his ground. "I don't know any thing about your toastin'-irons,"

he said; "but I *do* understand a flail, and I've just made up my mind to fight this here duel with a flail. So, Monseer, begin lungin' and pokin' at me just as quick as you please."

10. The perplexed captain then dropped down to a little friendly remonstrance, saying, very blandly, "Pardon, Monsieur, you know not de duel. Permit me to recommend de small sword. I lend him wis de most great *plaisir*^a, Monsieur. You no take him? you fight wis dat ting? See you, I cut wis my *rapière*^b dat leetle *cordon* dat hold de two part togedder *tout de suite*^c; and den where will you be, eh?"

11. The farmer laughed carelessly, and a little tauntingly, as he replied, "Never mind me, Cap'en. I'm obleeged to you. I can look out for myself, I guess. Keep your extra small sword to spit your frogs on. I'll stick to my flail. And now let's to work. I'm in *suthin'* of a hurry to git back to my other thrashin' job."

12. "*Bien*^k!" said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "If Monsieur^e wills to *die*, I put myself at his service *tout à fait*."^m So they took their positions.

13. "One! two! three!" at it they went. The Frenchman made a magnificent stroke, aimed at the weak point in his adversary's weapon, but missed, and fell back for a new demonstration. Then the Yankee, giving a whirring swing with his flail, brought it down on the head of the captain, whack! making the powder fly, and bringing that alert swordsman to the ground. He was not killed, but severely bruised and somewhat stunned.

14. For some minutes the farmer stood in his place, leaning on his flail, watching the ministrations of the surgeon; then, as the Frenchman failed to "come to time," and declared himself satisfied (*bien satisfait*^m), the victor civilly bade the party good-morning and strode from the field, followed by his man, and whistling the new air of "Yankee Doodle."

^a *Lau zun'* (lō zŭng'). ^b *Rochambeau'* (rō shong bō'). ^c For the French *monsieur'* (mo seer'), sir, or mister. ^d *Parlez-vous'* (par lā vōo'). ^e *Rai'son* (rā'song), reason. ^f *Certainement* (sēr' ten mong), certainly. ^g *Amérique* (am ā reek'), America. ^h *Ra-pière* (rāp e āre'). ⁱ *Plaisir* (plā zēer'), pleasure. ^j *Tout de suite* (too de sweet), immediately. ^k *Bien* (be ong'), very well. ^l *Tout à fait* (tōot āh fā'), entirely. ^m (beong sāt is fā'.)

LESSON XVII.

THE BACHELORS.

[The following humorous descriptive poem is admirably adapted to the purpose of recitation, but will fully task the powers of the reciter in picturing forth, by voice and gesture, the variety of scenes described. The rhyming alliteration (frequent recurrence of the same letters or sounds) in the 3d and 6th verses is of the same kind as that in Southey's "Cataract of Lodore."]

1. THE naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features;
The Benedicks^a think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough:—
The old ones have wigs', and the young ones have hair',
And they scent it', and curl it', and friz it with care',
And turn it to dark' should it chance to be fair'.
2. They are ramblers' and wanderers', never at home',
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more—
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And every where known as the Bachelor's Room.
3. These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's ball;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo, and they sue,
And they smile for a while, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending:
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at
whist;
And they whirl and they twirl, and they whisk, and are
brisk,

And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping, and jumping, and stumping, and thumping—
Sounding and bounding around and around,
And sliding and gliding with minuet^b pace—
Pirouetting^c, and sitting with infinite grace.

4. They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs^d, or with beaux in the rows,
Or, what's proper^a, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie! fie! sirs, for shame—
At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.
5. But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told—
He then repents at last!
6. When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty^e—in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine;
And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates,
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,



And is cozing and prosing, and dozing all day,
 And snoring, and roaring, and boring away;
 And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,
 And musty, and fusty^f, and rusty, and crusty;
 Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing, [bling;
 And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and stum-
 Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
 Withering, and dithering^g, and quivering, and shivering,
 Waking, and aching, and quaking, and shaking,
 Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
 Weary, and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
 Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning;
 And crying, and sighing, while lying and dying,
 Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
 But wealth, and ill health, and his pelf, and himself.

7. Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
 With his wonderful skill,
 And a very big bill,
 All of which is worth nil^h,
 But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
 By dropping a hint about *making his will*;

For the game's up at last,
 The grave die is cast,
 Never was fretful antiquity mended—
 So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.
 Nobody mourns him', nobody sighs',
 Nobody misses him', nobody cries';
 For', whether a fool', or whether he's wise',
 Nobody grieves' when a bachelor dies'.

8. Now, gentlemen! mark me, for this is the life
 That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife;
 And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
 Attested by all who are in at the death.

^a *Benedicks*, married men; from *Benedick*, one of the characters in Shakspeare's play of "Much Ado about Nothing." ^b *Minuet*, a slow, graceful dance. ^c *Pirouetting*, whirling, or turning about on the toes, in dancing. ^d *Dubs*, low inns. ^e *Frosty*, for frosty—chilly. ^f *Fusty*, mouldy. ^g *Dithering*, going about fretfully. ^h *Nil*, nothing.

DESCRIPTION OF EVENING.

MOIR.

'Tis twilight now:
 How deep is the tranquillity'!—The trees
 Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs,
 Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig'!
 A twilight gloom pervades the distant hills,
 An azure softness mingling with the sky.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

YOUNG.

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence—how dead'! and darkness—how profound'!
 Nor eye', nor listening ear', an object finds:
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause':
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

LESSON XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF NOVEMBER.

THOMAS HOOD.

[THOMAS HOOD, a comic poet and quaint humorist, born in London, Eng., in 1798, died in 1845. His poetic writings are full of whims and oddities: but even in his puns and levities there is generally a "spirit of good" directed to some kindly or philanthropic object.

The month of November, in England, is noted for its dismal, foggy weather. This piece is written in iambic measure (see p. 329), and is to be read with a slow movement, and in the *ironic* monotone.]

1. No sun—no noon!
 No morn—no moon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—

2. No roads—no streets—no t'other side the way—
 No end to any row—
 No indication where the crescents go—
 No tops to any steeple—
 No recognition of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em—

3. No travelers at all—no locomotion—
 No inkling of the way—no motion—
 "No go" by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—

4. No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
 No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
 No-vember!

IV. DIDACTIC PIECES.

LESSON XIX.

CHARACTER OF DIDACTIC^a WRITINGS.

[*Analysis*.—1. What *Didactic Writings* embrace. What works belong to this class.—2. The *Essay*—what it includes. What we look for in such compositions.—3. Other writings that aim at instruction, and by what means.—4. Didactic poetry—how it differs from the prose essay. Writings of this class.—5. Peculiar character of such poetical works. How the poet manages his subject.—6. Embellishment in didactic poems. Illustration.—7. Second illustration.—8. Advantages and disadvantages of didactic poetry.]

1. DIDACTIC WRITINGS, avowedly designed for instruction, as the term implies, embrace all kinds of composition connected with the principles of art and science, or with the investigation of moral and physical truth. Of such is the great mass of works included under the term *knowledge*; embracing all books of instruction, and all moral, political, and philosophical writings.

2. The *Essay* is a favorite form of this kind of composition, designed for popular reading, and including such writings as the *Spectator* by Addison, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*, and many of the leading articles of the standard Magazines and Reviews of the present day. In compositions of this kind we look for sound thought, just principles, and clear and apt illustrations; with plainness, simplicity, and perspicuity of style; and clear, accurate, and methodical arrangement.

3. But writings other than those professedly didactic, make instruction, more or less, one of their objects: even plays, fables, and romances, whose professed design is amusement, aim also to make some useful impression on the mind, although they do this by indirect methods, such as the representation of character in its various phases.

4. But aside from the works of instruction referred to, and philosophical, moral, and critical essays, there is a species of

poetry, called didactic, which openly professes the object of imparting instruction; and it differs from the prose essay, not in scope and substance, but in form only. Such are the *Georgics* of Virgil, which are a treatise on Agriculture and Rural Affairs; Pope's *Essay on Criticism*; Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*; Armstrong on *Health*; and the works of Horace and Vida on the *Art of Poetry*.

5. The peculiar character of such poetical works, and that in which they differ most from prose essays, is the introduction of numerous episodes^b in the form of narration, or description, and poetical allusions, and other embellishments, by which the poet engages the fancy, relieves and amuses the reader, and fixes any useful circumstance more deeply in the memory. While he aims to instruct, he conceals the dryness of his subject under the richest poetical painting; and it is in the aptness of his digressions, and the richness of his painting, that he exerts the great force of his genius.

6. In a didactic poem, instruction is seldom given, or truth imparted, without embellishment. While plain prose would say that the labor of the husbandman must begin in the spring, the poet thus paints the scene in a series of charming pictures:

“While yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams yet new from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is buried in the soil.”

DRYDEN'S *Virgil's Georgics*.

7. Instead of telling the farmer that he must bring down the waters from the neighboring hills if he would look for an abundant harvest on the dry plains below, the didactic poet pictures to him a beautiful landscape clothed with verdure, as the result of irrigation.

“Mid gasping herbs when fever'd nature dies,
Lo! on yon brow whence bubbling springs arise,
The peasant, bending o'er the expanse below,
Directs the channel'd waters where to flow:

Down the smooth rock melodious waters glide,
And a new verdure gleams beneath the tide."

VIRGIL'S *Georgics*, Sotheby's Trans.

8. It will be seen that didactic poetry, by its charms of versification and numbers, and by the numerous embellishments which it allows, may become a very pleasing vehicle of knowledge, and thus possess many advantages over the didactic prose essay. A caution, however, is to be exercised against it; for as it takes possession of the imagination, it is apt to mislead the judgment, and make us acquiesce in what is said by the poet, without inquiring into its truth.

* From the Greek *διδάσκω*, to teach: adapted to instruction.

† An *Ép'i-sôde* is a separate incident, story, or other digression, separable from the main subject, but naturally arising from it, and introduced for the purpose of illustration, or to give greater variety to the events related.

LESSON XX.

PRECEPTIVE PASSAGES.

[Under the head of "*Negative Commands*," instruction is given to the people of Israel in the form of commands, declaring what shall *not* be done; but laws, precepts, etc., may be either positive or negative. Under the second head we have "*Declaratory Precepts*," with the reasons on which they are founded *following* each precept. Under the third head, the "*Instructive Advice*" of "*Pay as You Go*" is *preceded* by the reasons for it; and under the fourth head we have simply the "*Instruction*" as to what are "*Enduring Records*."]

I. NEGATIVE COMMANDS.

(See Rule VI., b.)—*Bible*.

1. WHEN ye reap the harvest of your land', thou shalt not

wholly reap the corners of thy field', neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.' And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard', neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard'; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger'.

2. Ye shall not steal', neither deal falsely', neither lie one to another'. And ye shall not swear

by my name falsely', neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God'. Thou shalt not defraud' thy neighbor', neither



rob' him: the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning.

3. Thou shalt not curse the deaf', nor put a stumbling-block before the blind', but shalt fear thy God'. Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment'; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor', nor honor the person of the mighty': but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor'. Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people'; neither shalt thou stand against the blood of thy neighbor'.

4. Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart'; thou shalt in any wise rebuke' thy neighbor', and not suffer sin upon him'. Thou shalt not avenge', nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people', but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'.

5. Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head', and honor the face of the old man', and fear thy God'. And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land', ye shall not vex' him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you', and thou shalt love him as thyself'; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.

6. Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment', in meteyard', in weight', or in measure'. Just balances', just weights', a just ephah', and a just hin shall ye have': I am the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt. Therefore shall ye observe all my statutes, and my judgments, and do them.

II. DECLARATORY PRECEPTS.

(See Rule VIII., d.)—*Bible.*

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a high mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,—

2. Blessed are the poor in spirit': for theirs' is the kingdom of heaven'. Blessed are they that mourn': for they' shall be comforted'. Blessed are the meek': for they shall inherit the earth'.

3. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness': for they shall be filled'. Blessed are the



merciful': for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart': for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers': for they shall be called the children of God.

4. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake': for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. ^{8,6}Blessed are ye when men shall revile' you, and persecute'

you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely', for my sake'. Rejoice', and be exceeding glad'; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. * * * *

5. Ye have heard that it hath been said', Thou shalt love thy neighbor', and hate thine enemy'. But I say unto you', Love your enemies'; bless them that curse you'; do good to them that hate you'; and pray for them which despitefully use you', and persecute you'; that ye may be the children of your Father' which is in heaven': for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil' and the good'⁶, and sendeth rain on the just' and on the unjust'⁶.

III. INSTRUCTIVE ADVICE: *Pay as You Go.*

The necessities of life are few, and industry secures them to every man: it is the elegances of life that empty the purse. The knick-knacks of fashion, the gratification of pride, and the indulgence of luxury, make a man poor. To guard against these, some resolution is necessary; and the resolution, once formed, is much strengthened and guarded by the habit of paying for every article we buy, at the time. If we do so, we shall seldom purchase what our circumstances will not afford.

IV. INSTRUCTION: *Enduring Records.*

If we work upon marble', it will perish'; if we work upon brass', time will efface' it; if we rear temples', they will crumble into dust'; but if we work upon our immortal

minds'—if we imbue them with principles—, with the fear of God— and love of our fellow-men'—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten for all eternity'.—
DANIEL WEBSTER.

LESSON XXI.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

From the German of *Goethe* (geh'tā).

[JOHN WOLF-GANG VON GOETHE, an accomplished German scholar, and a prolific writer in both prose and poetry,—born in 1749; died in 1832.

This is a lesson of *instructive advice*, drawn from the motto "Haste Not—Rest Not."]

1. "WITHOUT haste! without rest!"
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!
2. Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!
3. Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for āye
When these forms have passed away.
4. *Haste not! rest not!* calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the *right*, whate'er betide!
*Haste not—rest not—*conflicts past,—
God shall crown thy work at last.

LESSON XXII.

ON CHARACTER.

A good model of the Instructive Essay. From *Smiles's Self Helps*.

[*Analysis*.—1. What is character? its influence? the result of what?—2. Cause of Franklin's success. What defects his integrity overcame.—3. Character creates confidence. Alexander of Russia. Montaigne.—4. Character and knowledge compared.—5. Qualities that are the essence of manly character. Their power.—6. Stephen of Colonna. Character in misfortune.—7. Why a man should aim at the possession of a good character. A high standard.—8. Extract from George Herbert.—9. Wisdom in having a high standard.—10. The true character always acts rightly. Illustration. The principle an active power.—11. Little arts. Conduct toward others.—12. Self-education in behavior. Gentleness in society.]

1. THE crown and glory of life is character'. It is the noblest possession of a man', constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will'; dignifying every station', and exalting every position in society'. It exercises a greater power than wealth', and secures all the honor' without the jealousies' of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells'; for it is the result of proved honor', rectitude', and consistency'—qualities which, perhaps more than any other', command the general confidence and respect of mankind.

2. Franklin attributed his success, as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker', never eloquent', subject to much hesitation in my choice of words', hardly correct in language', and yet I generally carried my point'."

3. Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

4. That character is *power*, is true in a much higher sense than that *knowledge* is *power*. Mind' without heart', intel-

ligence' without conduct', cleverness' without goodness', are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to *admire* them', as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket', or the horsemanship of a highwayman'.

5. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character; or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery." He who possesses these qualities, united with strength of purpose, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong' to do good', strong' to resist evil', and strong' to bear up under difficulty and misfortune'.

6. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress'?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre'; and, when all else fails, he takes his stand upon his integrity and his courage.

7. Every man is bound to aim at the possession of a good character, as one of the highest objects of life. The very effort to secure it by worthy means will furnish him with a motive of exertion; and his idea of manhood, in proportion as it is elevated, will steady and animate his motive. It is well to have a high standard of life, even though we may not be able altogether to realize it. "The youth," says Mr. Disraeli^a, "who does not look up', will look down'; and the spirit that does not soar', is destined perhaps to grovel'."

8. George Herbert wisely writes—

"Pitch thy behavior low', thy projects high';

So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.

Sink not in spirit': who aimeth at the sky',

Shoots higher, much, than he that means a tree."

9. He who has a high standard of living and thinking will certainly do better than he who has none at all. "Pluck

^a Diz rā'el ec.

at a gown of gold," says the Scotch proverb, "and you may get a sleeve o't." Whoever tries for the highest results, can not fail to reach a point far in advance of that from which he started; and though the end accomplished may fall short of that proposed, still the very effort to rise, of itself, can not fail to prove permanently beneficial.

10. The true character acts rightly, whether in secret or in the sight of men. That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied, "Yes there was: I was there to see myself; and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing." This is a simple, but not inappropriate illustration of principle or conscience dominating in the character, and exercising a noble protectorate over it; not merely a passive influence, but an active power regulating the life. Such a principle goes on moulding the character hourly and daily, growing with a force that operates every moment.

11. As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts well and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough hew the habits which form it. One of the most marked tests of character is the manner in which we conduct ourselves toward others. A graceful behavior toward superiors, inferiors, and equals, is a constant source of pleasure. It pleases others, because it indicates respect for their personality; but it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves.

12. Every man may, to a large extent, be a self-educator in good behavior, as in every thing else; he can be civil and kind, if he will, though he have not a penny in his purse. Gentleness in society is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to all nature: it is far more powerful than loudness of force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way quietly and persistently, like the tiniest daffodil in spring, which raises the clod and thrusts it aside by the simple persistency of growing.

LESSON XXIII.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

I. TO-DAY.

[By J. E. CARPENTER: an English poet: editor of Penny Readings, etc.]

This part of our lesson illustrates the importance of doing our duty *to-day*, instead of putting it off until the uncertain *to-morrow*, and is more strictly *didactic* than the second part of the lesson.]

1. Don't tell me of to-morrow';
 Give me the man who'll say,
 That, when a good deed's to be done,
 "Let's do the deed *to-day*."
 We may all command the present,
 If we act, and never wait;
 But repentance is the phantom
 Of a past that comes too late!

2. Don't tell me of to-morrow';
 There is much to do *to-day*,
 That can never be accomplished
 If we throw the hours away;
 Every moment has its duty;
 Who the future can foretell³?
 Why put off until to-morrow
 " What *to-day* can do as well³?

3. Don't tell me of to-morrow':
 If we look upon the past,
 How much that we have left to do
 We can not do at last!
 To-day—it is the only time
 For all upon the earth;
 It takes an age to form a life—
 A moment gives it birth!

II. TO-MORROW.

COTTON.

[NATHANIEL COTTON, an English physician and poet; born in 1707; died in 1788.

This is a poetic *description* of "To-morrow:" but includes, also, the instructive lesson that "To-morrow" is a sharper, and a bankrupt cheat: that it is the *fool's* day, and the child of *Fancy* and of *Folly*.—Here are good examples of *personification*; for which see p. 207.]

1. *To-Morrow* didst thou say'¹?
 Methought I heard Horatio say *To-Morrow*';
 Go to', I will not hear' of it'; *To-Morrow*^{10, 11}!
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury'
 Against thy plenty'; who takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and promises,
 The currency of idiots'; injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls the easy creditor.

2. *To-Morrow*^{10, 11, a, f}
 It is a period nowhere to be found
 In all the hoary registers of Time',
 Unless, perchance, in the *fool's* calendar'.
 Wisdom *disclaims* the word, nor holds society
 With those who own' it. No', my Horatio'²,
 'Tis *Fancy's* child', and *Folly* is its father';
 Wrought of such stuff as *dreams*' are, and as baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.

LESSON XXIV.

ON STUDIES.

LORD BACON.

[FRANCIS BACON, born in London, Eng., in 1560, died in 1620. Pope very justly characterized him, in one emphatic line, as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." He was famous as a scholar, a wit, a lawyer, a judge, a statesman, a politician—and, as a philosopher, no language can be too lofty for his praise; but he was guilty of official bribery, was slavishly obsequious to the sovereign, and was a dangerous enemy to freedom.

The following extract, though somewhat quaint in manner, is a good example of that *conciseness of style* which is so well adapted to the purpose of instruction.]

1. STUDIES serve for delight', for ornament', and for ability'. Their chief use for delight is in the quiet of private life; for ornament', is in discourse'; and for ability', is in the judg-

ment, and disposition of business'; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies', is sloth'; to use too much for ornament', is affectation'; to make judgment wholly by their rules', is the humor of a scholar': they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty men' condemn studies'; simple men' admire them'; and wise men use them': for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;—that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else, distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

5. Reading' maketh a *full* man'; conversation' a *ready* man'; and writing' an *exact* man': and therefore, if a man write little', he had need have a great memory'; if he confer little', he had need have a present wit'; and if he read little', he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

6. Histories' make men wise'; poets', witty'; the mathematics', subtile'; natural philosophy', deep'; moral philosophy', grave'; logic and rhetoric', able to contend'. Indeed, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may, by appropriate exercises.

7. Bowling' is good for the back'; shooting' for the

lungs and breast'; gentle walking' for the stomach'; riding' for the head and the like: so, if a man's wits be wandering', let him study the mathematics'; for, in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again.

8. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences', let him study the disputations of the schoolmen'; if he be not apt to beat over matters', and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another', let him study the lawyers' cases': so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

LESSON XXV.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

HANNAH MORE.

[This excellent and accomplished person, who was born in England in 1745, and died in 1833, has probably done as much, by her writings, to improve mankind,—to make them wiser and better for *both* worlds—as any other writer of ancient or modern times.

Simile, metaphor, and allegory are often used to convey instruction. See pp. 69, 76, and 78. In the following poem, which is in the *colloquial* style (see p. 228), the *simile* of the carpet is used to show that we are not to judge of the entire scheme of God's providence by the very small part of it which falls under our observation.]

1. As at their work two weavers sat,
 Beguiling time with friendly chat,
 They touch'd upon the price of meat',—
 So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

2. "What with my brats, and sickly wife,"
 Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
 So *hard* my work', so *poor* my fare',
 'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

3. "How glorious is the rich man's state'¹⁰!
 His house so fine'! his wealth so great'!
 Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
 Why *all* to him'¹³? why *none* to me'¹³?

4. "In spite of what the Scripture teaches⁻,
In spite of all the parson preaches⁻,
This world⁻ (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
5. "Where'er I look', howe'er I range',
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange';
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."
6. Quoth John, "Our *ignorance* is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know;—
'Tis all that man can see below.
7. "Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun'¹?
Behold the wild confusion there',
So rude the mass', it makes one stare'!
8. "A stranger', ignorant of the trade',
Would say', no meaning's there convey'd';
For where's the middle', where's the border³?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."
9. Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits',
But still, in every part it fits';
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why', man', that *carpet's inside out*."
10. Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.
11. "As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the *whole* intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

12. "No plan', no pattern', can we trace';
All wants proportion', truth', and grace';
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.
13. "But when we reach that world of light',
And view those works of God aright',
Then shall we see the whole design',
And own the workman is divine'.
14. "What now seem *random* strokes', will there-
All order and design appear';
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd',
For then- the *carpet shall be turn'd*."
15. "Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

ABIDING RICHES.

Trans., adapted, from MARTIAL.

[MARTIAL was a celebrated Latin *epigrammatist* (see p. 205), who was born in Spain about A.D. 40; died about A.D. 100.

In the following brief instructive poem, which is designed to teach that *what is well given is not lost*, the truth embraced in the last four lines is all the more strongly enforced by the preceding illustrations of the uncertainty of earthly riches.]

YOUR slave may with your gold abscond,
The fire- your home lay low;
Your debtor may disown his bond,
Your farm- no crops bestow.
Your steward false may prove a cheat;
Your freighted ships the storms may beat;
That, only, from mischance you'll save
Which to your friends is given;
The only wealth you'll always have-
Is that you've lent to heaven.



LESSON XXVI.

SELECTION AND USE OF WORDS.

Descriptive and Instructive.

[*Analysis.*—1. Of what we have thus far treated, and what we are next to consider.—2. A good supply of suitable words.—3. Redundancy—its two forms. Where frequent, and why.—4. How good taste is violated in a choice of words. Foreign expressions.—5. *Bryant*: his advice to a young writer.—6. Rule for the use of new words. *Pope's* advice.—7. Ambiguity of expression. Importance of guarding against it.—8. How ambiguity and obscurity are occasioned. (Note Illustrations.)—9. Extract from *Tilton* on the selection and use of words.]

1. HAVING treated briefly of the three earliest, easiest, and most natural forms in which language is used in continuous discourse², under the heads of Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic Writings², which stand in the same relation to all written language that the four fundamental rules in Arithmetic hold to all mathematics², we come next to consider those principles of rhetoric on which is based the ART of correct and elegant writing, in all the departments of English composition. And here, the first subject that claims our attention is *the proper selection and use of words*.

2. To endeavor to speak or write without a good supply of words², is as absurd as to endeavor to till the earth without the necessary implements², or to build a house without sufficient material¹. A writer should use a sufficient number of suitable words to convey his meaning fully and clearly⁴, avoiding the fault of poverty of expression on the one hand², and of redundancy on the other¹.

3. Redundancy, which is opposed to precision, consists either in using more words than are necessary to express the thought^a, or in the repetition of the same thought by different forms of expression^b. Both modes of this fault are not only frequent in poor writers and poor speakers, who strive to

a, b. For references *a, b*, see next page.

make up, by a multiplicity of words, for barrenness in ideas'; but they also enter into some of the otherwise finest compositions in our language.

4. In the choice of words, good taste is violated by a useless and excessive use of foreign terms⁴; a practice which savors of pedantry⁴, and which, by an affected display of learning, often betrays the vanity and shallowness of the writer. Ripe scholars may, indeed, occasionally use foreign expressions, when those to whom they are addressed may be presumed to understand them'; but such expressions should be used only when they furnish a peculiar aptness of illustration, or appropriately call up old associations, or express shades of thought which the English language is unable to convey.

5. William Cullen Bryant, an elegant American writer, whose prose writings are not inferior in style to his justly-celebrated poetry, when requested to give his opinion of an article offered to him by a young man for publication in Bry-

Examples.

[See preceding page]

Corrections.

* "At Athens it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public."—SWIFT. At Athens it was the privilege of every citizen to rail in public.

Remarks.—In this short sentence, which is strikingly characteristic of the fault of Redundancy, there are no less than three superfluous words: viz., *birthright*, which is here synonymous with *privilege*; *poet*, which is included in the appellation *citizen*; and *aloud*, which is implied in railing; as every one who rails, rails aloud. The sentiment of the writer is precisely expressed, and the vivacity of the sentence much increased, by the retrenchment of these superfluous words.

b "The fifth and last argument is, that this supposition of the soul's immortality gives the *fairest account* and *easiest solution* of the phenomena of human nature—of those several *actions* and *operations* we are conscious to ourselves of, and which, without great violence to our reason, can not be resolved into a *bodily principle*, and ascribed to *mere matter*."—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON. The fifth and last argument is, that this supposition of the soul's immortality gives the easiest solution of the phenomena of human nature, and of those several mental operations of which we are conscious, and which can not, without doing much violence to our reason, be justly ascribed to mere matter.

In this extract there are several repetitions of thought, by different forms of expression. Thus, *fairest account* and *easiest solution*, being both applicable to the phenomena of nature, are different expressions of the same idea: the word *actions* is implied in *operations*; and, moreover, consciousness is never properly affirmed of our actions. *Bodily principle* and *mere matter* both mean the same thing. The phrase, "We are conscious to ourselves of," is inelegant, and a violation of the Rhetorical rule that *the concluding clause of a sentence should be long, and the concluding word of each number should generally be long, or at least contain one long syllable*.

ant's newspaper, the Evening Post, said; "My young friend'. I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think that, if you will study the English language, you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so'; and in all that I have written, I do not recall an instance in which I was inclined to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

6. It has been found that new words, whether introduced from a foreign language or not, are but sparingly used by the best writers, and that they do not gain admission into the best society until they have become to some extent *naturalized* by common usage. It would be well, indeed, for the purity of the language, if the public would reject all those which are obtruded upon it merely from an affectation of novelty. The advice of the poet points out the true medium that should be observed between the two extremes of obsolete words on the one hand, and new words on the other.

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold—

Alike fantastic if too new, or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried',

Nor yet the last' to lay the old aside'.—POPE.

7. Ambiguity of expression is a common fault of careless writers; and no language admits more forms of ambiguity than the English, while none is susceptible of greater precision and perspicuity. In all legal documents, such as constitutions, laws, treaties, wills, bonds, contracts, and deeds, ambiguity should be specially guarded against; for it has often led to heated contests, to litigation, and even to war. In such papers, and also in scientific writings, every other grace of language should be sacrificed, if need be, to perspicuity.

8. Ambiguity and obscurity are often occasioned by the use of inconsistent words and phrases^c; by the use of words to

^c "I intended to have gone to London last year."^{*}

"Iron is more useful than all the metals."[†]

I intended to go to London last year.

Iron is more useful than all the other metals.

^{*} It is inconsistent that one should intend to have done something prior to the intention.

[†] As iron is one of the metals, the inconsistency is in the assertion that iron is more useful than itself.

express *one* meaning', when they in reality denote another^d; by the want of a regular and dependent construction throughout all the parts of a sentence^e; by the use of words that are capable of a double interpretation^f; by the use of the same word in different meanings in the same sentence^g; by such constructions as give to a word or phrase a doubtful or wrong reference to other words or phrases^h; by the introduction

Examples.

^d "Although his motives were correct, yet his judgment led him to commit a grievous fault."

One who acts from correct motives can not commit a *fault*, although he may commit an error.

^e "He did not mention Leonora, nor that her father was dead."

"I shall do all I can to take the same measures for their cure which I have."—*Guardian*, No. 1.

^f Lysias promised his father never to abandon *his* friends." (Ambiguous.)

^f "Lovest thou me more than *these*?"

^g "Never use words that have *different meanings* in the same sentence."—P. SMITH'S *Grammar*.

This example asserts that all the words in a sentence should have the *same* meaning.

^g "I trust that if the matter is litigated, though he may advance *more*, he can not advance *more weighty* reasons in his indictment than I can in my defense."

In this example the first *more* is an adjective, and signifies *greater in number*: the second is an adverb, and signifies *greater in degree*.

^g "They were persons of moderate intellects, even before *they* were impaired by their passions."—*Spectator*, No. 30.

^h "Sometimes we can see the disorder in the organs *which* produced death."—COATES'S *Physiology*.

^h "This rule is often violated by writers who introduce extraneous matter into a sentence which has no immediate connection with the subject of discourse."—P. SMITH'S *Grammar*.

^h "But what if he (Papias) had seen the apostle himself? Many a weak-headed man had undoubtedly seen him as well as Papias."—WATSON'S *Reply to Gibbon*.

Corrections.

Although his motives were correct, yet his judgment led him to commit a grievous error.

He did not mention Leonora, nor her father's death.

In the hope of effecting a cure, I shall endeavor to take the same measures which I have taken.

Lysias, speaking of his father's friends, promised him never to abandon them: *or*, Lysias, speaking of his own friends, promised his father never to abandon them.

Lovest thou me more than thou lovest these? *or*,

Lovest thou me more than these do?

The same word should never be used in different meanings in the same sentence.

I trust that if the matter be litigated, though he may advance more numerous, he can not advance more weighty reasons in his indictment, than I can in my defense.

They were persons of moderate intellects even before these were impaired by passion.

Sometimes we can see, in the organs, the disorder which produced death.

This rule is often violated by writers who introduce, into a sentence, extraneous matters which have no immediate connection with the subject of discourse.

But what if he had seen the apostle himself? Many a weak-headed man, as well as Papias, had undoubtedly seen him.

of more than one principal subject in a sentenceⁱ; by the want of a correct punctuation^j; and by the use of words inappropriate^k to the subject^k (Rule VIII., *b*).

9. We close this chapter on the selection and use of words with the following appropriate extract:

"Words are instruments of music. An *ignorant* man uses them for jargon^l; but when a *master* touches them^m, they have unexpected life and soulⁿ.^{o, p} Some words sound out like drums^q: some breathe memories sweet as flutes^r: some call like a clarinet^s: some shout a charge like trumpets^t: some are as sweet^u as children's talk^v; others^w, rich as a mother's answering back^x.

10. "The words which have universal power are those

ⁱ "If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the latter very defective in comparison of the former; for though *they* may sometimes appear as beautiful and strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of a beholder."—*Spectator*, No. 214.

^j "The house of Charlemagne fell by degrees, like that of Clovis, under the last of the Merovingian kings."—GOODRICH'S *Hist. of France*.

The above not only falsely asserts that the house of Charlemagne fell gradually under the last of the Merovingian kings, but that it fell in the same manner as the house of Clovis had fallen under the same kings. The corrected punctuation gives a very different meaning.

^k "Your *lovely figure* and *graceful countenance* would have an awkward *aspect* in such a situation."

The figure or form may be lovely, or capable of exciting love; but the countenance can not be *graceful*, for graceful conveys an idea both of figure and of motion.

^l "We have never been so fortunate as to see and converse with one of them (infidels) whose creed, select and circumscribed and palatable as he had made it, seemed to have any *serious footing* in his mind, or any practical influence on his life."—CHALMERS.

The verbs *see* and *converse*, being joined in construction, should both govern the same word; but as the former is active and the latter neuter, this is impossible. The construction is as faulty as it would be to say, "I found and went with the man." *Palatable* is not an appropriate word to apply to creed; but it is more objectionable still to speak of a creed as having a *footing* in the mind; and the expression "a *serious footing*" is a serious barbarism in language.

If we consider the works of nature and of art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the latter very defective in comparison with the former. Though the works of art may sometimes appear beautiful and strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity which afford so great entertainment to the mind of a beholder.

The house of Charlemagne fell by degrees, like that of Clovis under the last of the Merovingian kings.

Your graceful figure and lovely countenance would have an awkward appearance in such a situation.

We have never known one of them whose creed, select and circumscribed and agreeable as he had made it, seemed to have produced any serious impression on his mind, or to have had any practical influence on his life.

that have been keyed and chorded in the great orchestral chamber of the human heart. Some words touch as many notes at a stroke as when an organist strikes ten fingers upon a key-board. There are single words which contain life histories; and to hear them spoken is like the ringing of chimes. He who knows how to touch and handle skillfully the home words of his mother's tongue, need ask nothing of style.'"
—THEODORE TILTON.

LESSON XXVII.

WHAT DO WORDS INDICATE?

The Poem by J. G. HOLLAND.

[JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, the author of the little poem below, and the author of the well-known *Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Lessons in Life*, etc., was born in Massachusetts in 1819. He studied medicine, has been a teacher, and for many years past has been the editor of the Springfield Republican, Mass.]

1. WE know that the language of birds and beasts is confined to a very few expressions; and these seem to mark the limited range of the wants and feelings of the brute creation, and to indicate the narrow bounds of their natures, as beings of a day. The language of man, on the contrary, having power to declare "infinite ranges of passion and thought," seems thus to proclaim his divine origin, and to be the fitting measure of his immortal destiny. This thought is beautifully set forth in the following lines:

2. The robin repeats his two beautiful words',
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain';
And steadily, over and over again',
The same song swells from a hundred birds'.
3. Bobolink', chickadee', blackbird and jay',
Thrasher and woodpecker', cuckoo and wren',
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.
4. Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there may be of its life must crowd;

And low or liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.



5. A little child sits in its father's door,
Chatting and singing with careless tongue :
A *thousand* musical words are sung,
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.
6. *Words measure power ;* and they measure thine :
Greater art thou in thy childish years
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres :
They are brutes only, but *thou* art divine.
7. *Words measure destiny.* Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought
Holds with the infinite only its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.
8. Words measure life' ; and they measure its joy'.
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres :
So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy !
9. But notwithstanding the value of words as measures

of life, and power, and destiny, it should be remembered that it is only intellect and emotion that make them valuable. "Language," as Professor Goldwin Smith forcibly says, "is not a musical instrument into which, if a fool breathe, it will make melody."

LESSON XXVIII.

ORIGIN AND USE OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

Description and Instruction.

[*Analysis*.—1. Earliest account of names.—2. *Literal* meaning of early names.—3. Names imitative of the objects represented. Illustration.—4. Further illustrations of imitative words.—5. Impossible to assign names to all objects. First remedy,—to group objects into classes.—6. Second remedy.—7. Illustrated by the use of the word *head*.—8. Origin and growth of figurative language. *Cicero's* account.—9. The same views expressed by *Vida*.—10. The figurative expressions "flourished" and "planted."—11. The subject further illustrated by the use of the word "*voice*."—12. Effects of the use of appropriate figures of speech. Importance of these figures in poetry. Illustration from *Thomson*.—13. An illustration, in two forms, from *Horace*.—14. Further use of these figures. A happy illustration—explained.—15. How we describe objects as very beautiful, etc.—the effect. An illustration from *Akenside*.—16. Caution to youthful writers. What must be, further, borne in mind.—17. What writings generally reject figures. Example. The proper place for figures.]

1. "AND out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would *call* them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the *name* thereof."

2. We may suppose that, in like manner, the descendants of Adam gave names to the different objects which they saw, or thought of; and so long as each object had its own name, and no other was applied to it, all names of objects had a *literal* meaning.

3. There is little doubt that, in the infancy of language, whenever names were given to objects in which some particular sound or motion was conspicuous, the names were made to imitate, as far as possible, the nature of the objects represented. Thus, in all languages, we find a multitude of words evidently constructed on this principle. As a familiar illustration of this truth, a certain bird is termed the *cuckoo*, and another the *whippoorwill*, from the peculiar sounds which they emit.

4. When one sort of wind is said to *whisper*, another to *whistle*²; when the lightning is said to *flash*, and the thunder to *roar*'; when a serpent is said to *hiss*', a fly to *buzz*', a dog to *bark*', a tiger to *growl*', a cat to *purr*', a chicken to *peep*', birds to *chirp*', and falling timber to *crash*'; when a stream is said to *flow*', and hail to *rattle*'; when we speak of the eagle's *scream*', the *yell* of the panther', the *twitter* of the swallow'; of *bleating* lambs', and *lowing* herds'; of the *moan* of pain', the *groan* of anguish', and the *tolling* of the passing bell—the analogy between the *sound* of the word, and the thing signified', is plainly discernible'.

5. But how soon would the infinite number and variety of the objects in nature exhaust the most extended vocabulary! Could every beast that roamed the plains, every fowl of the air, and every tenant of the waters, have a name of its own'? It could not have been long before it became necessary to group objects into classes, so that one word might designate a great and unknown number of individuals! Thus the words elephant, lion, bear, wolf, sheep'—eagle, owl, robin, swallow'—trout, perch, bass, mullet', etc., would each stand for a class, or division, of the animal kingdom. And the same with the names of objects in the vegetable world and the mineral kingdom.

6. But the difficulty would not end here; and in the very infancy of language men would be compelled, in order to lay less burden on their memories, to make one word, which they had already appropriated to a certain idea or object, stand for some other idea or object, between which and the primary one they found, or fancied, some resemblance.

7. Thus, as the *head* is that part of the body which contains the brain, or governing power, the same word would, ere long, begin to be applied to whatever is uppermost, foremost, or the most prominent among other objects. Hence we now find such figurative expressions as the *head*^b of an army, a column, a state, a family, a school: we speak of the *head*^b of the Nile, and the *heads*^b of a discourse; a boil and

² Apply Rule II. where the particulars are *not emphatic*. The rising inflection is but slight after the commas, but plainly marked after the semicolons. As the particulars become *more emphatic*, toward the close of the verse, the falling inflection is used, according to Rule III.; and this gives greater variety to the reading.

a conspiracy are alike said to come to a *head*^b: and a man is figuratively said to have a good *head*, when we mean a good intellect.

8. Hence the origin and abundance of figurative words, which find currency in all languages, both from choice and necessity; and men of lively imaginations are every day adding to their number. Nearly two thousand years ago Cicero gave this same account of the origin of figurative language, when he said, "As garments were first contrived to defend our bodies from the cold, and afterward were employed for the purpose of ornament and dignity", so figures of speech, introduced by want, were cultivated for the sake of entertainment."

9. We find the same views expressed by a modern Latin poet, who says—

"First from *necessity* the figure sprung;
For things that would not suit our scanty tongue,
When no true names were offered to the view,
Those they transferred that *bordered* on the true:
Thence, by degrees, the noble license grew."—VIDA.

10. How naturally figurative expressions spring up, and how much they add to the force and beauty of language, we will illustrate by a few examples. When we design to intimate the period at which a state enjoyed most reputation and glory, this idea is readily connected, in our imagination, with the flourishing period of a plant or a tree; and we lay hold of this associated idea, and say, "The Roman empire *flourished*^b most under Augustus." The Psalmist used the same figure to denote the prosperity of the righteous, when he said, "The righteous shall *flourish*^b like the palm-tree: he shall *grow* like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be *planted* in the house of the Lord, shall *flourish* in the courts of our God."

11. The word *voice* was originally invented to signify the articulate sounds formed by the organs of speech: but as by means of it men signify their ideas and intentions to one another, the word *voice*, ere long, came to be used to signify any intimation of will, or judgment, or power, though given without the least interposition of voice, in its literal

sense. Thus we speak of listening to the *voice*^b of conscience, the *voice* of nature, the *voice* of God. Job speaks of the thunder as the *voice* of God. "Canst thou thunder with a *voice* like him?" And the Psalmist says, "The floods lifted up their *voice*^b." Even that form of the verb, by which its subject is represented as the doer, the doer and the object, or the object of an action, is called the *Active Voice*, the *Middle Voice*, the *Passive Voice*, etc., because the form itself makes known, or *proclaims*, the relation of the subject to the action.

12. As the familiarity of common words, to which our ears are much accustomed, tends to degrade style, the use of appropriate figures of speech bestows upon it dignity and elevation. Assistance of this kind is often needed in prose compositions, when the subject is elevated; but poetry could not exist without it. Hence figures form the constant language of poetry. To say that "the sun rises" is trite and common; but it becomes a magnificent image when expressed as we find it in Thomson's *Seasons*:

"But yonder comes the powerful *king* of day,
Rejoicing in the east^c."

13. To say that "all men are subject alike to death," presents only a commonplace idea; but the thought rises and fills the imagination when painted thus:

"With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks^d at the palace, as the cottage gate:"*

or, when thus expressed:

"We all must tread the paths of fate:
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's^e boat—ah! never to return."

Horace, by FRANCIS.

14. Appropriate figures of speech delight by the novelty of the ideas which they suggest; they place the principal subject of thought in a new and striking light; by the aid of association they throw around it all the charms of fancy,

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.—*Horace.*

More literally: "Pale death, with equal pace, knocks at the cottages of the poor, and the palaces of kings."

and they thereby give it all the prominence and effect possible. Thus, in the following illustration: "When we dip too deep in pleasure, we always stir a sediment that renders it impure and noxious;" and in this: "A heart boiling with violent passion will always send up infatuating fumes to the head;" the images called up by the striking figures drawn from sensible objects, serve far better than arguments alone to force conviction, and to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind.

15. When, therefore, we would describe an object as very beautiful, or magnificent, we borrow images from all the most beautiful or splendid scenes of nature; we thereby throw an adventitious lustre over our subject; we enliven the reader's mind, and dispose him to share our emotions, and thus to yield himself to impressions which we strive to make upon him. These effects of figurative language are happily shown in the following lines, and illustrated by a very sublime figure at their close:

"Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment'. Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves',
And vales of bliss': the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear",
And smiles."—AKENSIDE, *Pleasures of Imagination*.

Here the intellectual power, personified, is represented as bending from his awful throne, listening in wonder, and smiling with approbation.

16. Yet we must observe, by way of caution to youthful writers, that while figures of speech add ornament, dignity, and grace to solid thought and natural sentiment', a correct and refined taste is a requisite guide to their proper use. It must be borne in mind that no figures will render a cold or an empty composition interesting'; and that the figure is only the dress, while the sentiment is the body and the substance.

17. Moreover, the strong pathetic, and the pure sublime, not only have little dependence on figures of speech, but they generally reject them. What Longinus declares to be the most sublime language ever penned—"God said, Let there

bé light; and there was light"—imparts a lofty conception, to much greater advantage than if it had been decorated by the most pompous metaphors. The proper place for figures of speech is where a moderate degree of elevation and passion is required; and there they contribute to the embellishment of discourse only when they are inserted in their proper place, and when they rise, of themselves, from the subject, without being sought after. In the following pages the various kinds of figures will be described, and their proper use explained, and illustrated by numerous examples.

FIGURES OF SPEECH are sometimes divided into *Figures of Words* and *Figures of Thought*.

I. *Figures of Words*, generally called *trôpes*, because the words are *turned* from their primary meaning, are modes of expressing abstract or immaterial ideas by words which suggest pictures or images from the material world. Tropes are divided by rhetoricians into two classes, *syn êc'do ehes* and *me tön'o mies*.

^a A *Syn êc'do che* (Sÿn ek'do ky) is the naming of the whole for a part, or of a part for the whole; and hence it changes a word from its original meaning *in degree* only, and not *in kind*. Thus: "This *roof* (i. e. house) protects you." "Give us our daily *bread*" (i. e. food). "Now the *year* (i. e. summer) is beautiful."

^b A *Me tön'o my* is the substitution of one word in place of another that has some relation to it; as when, 1st. The *cause* is put for the *effect*; 2d. The *place* is put for the *inhabitant*; 3d. The *container* is put for the *thing contained*, and the contrary. Thus, 1st. "God is our *salvation*" (i. e. *Savior*); 2d. "They smote the *city*" (i. e. the *inhabitants*); 3d. "Always address the *chair*" (i. e. the *presiding officer*). "A man keeps a good *table*" (i. e. *provisions*). "We read *Virgil*" (i. e. *his writings*). "A man has a warm *heart*" (i. e. *affections*).

II. FIGURES OF THOUGHT are those figures in which the words are used in their proper and literal meaning, and the figure consists in the turn of the thought, as in exclamations, apostrophes, and comparisons. But the distinction is not always clear between tropes and figures of thought, and is, practically, of little importance.

^c A *trôpe*, used to *personify* the sun. See *Personification*, p. 207.

^d Here Fate, personified as Death, is represented as knocking alike at the doors of rich and poor, and claiming his victims.

^e Châ'ron, a fabulous being of Grecian mythology, who conducted the souls of the dead, in a boat, over the River Aeh'e ron, to the lower regions.

VULGARISM IN LANGUAGE.—CHESTERFIELD.

VULGARISM in language is a distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. Proverbial expressions, and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. He has always some favorite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses; such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favorite words, nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

LESSON XXIX.

EXPRESSION IN READING.

LLOYD.

[ROBERT LLOYD, an English poet, was born in 1733. Becoming an author by profession, his genius could not shield him from poverty, and he died a prisoner in the Fleet at the early age of 31.

The following little poem shows the importance of a correct modulation in reading and speaking, a subject almost as important as the proper use of words in writing; for it is by reading and speaking that the *sense* of words is interpreted to the ear. See also "Poetical Composition," p. 327.]

1. 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,—
'Tis *modulation* that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan',
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone',
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
2. *That* voice— all modes of passion can express,
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none— emphatic— can *that*' reader call',
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.
3. Some— o'er the tongue— the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop', make every pause so strong',
Their words like stage-processions stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And even in *speaking*' we may seem *too*' just'.
4. In vain— for them— the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down—
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun—
While pause, and break, and repetition— join^a
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
5. Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid— and serene;

While others—thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

6. More nature', oft', and finer strokes', are shown
In the low whisper' than tempestuous tone':
And Hamlet's hollow voice, and fixed amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he who, swollen with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.^b

7. He who, *in earnest*, studies o'er his part',
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included— all—
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl:
A single *look*' more marks the internal woe',
Than all the windings of the lengthened *O*!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love—, transport—, madness—, anger—, scorn—, despair',
And *all the passions*—, all the *soul*— is there.

^a Until near the beginning of the present century *oi* was extensively pronounced like long *i*, as *jine*, for *join*.

^b These four lines are an allusion to the ghost scene in Hamlet.

LESSON XXX.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

Descriptive and Instructive.—SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*, Act III.

[WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the great English dramatist, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564: died there in 1616. Very little is known of the events of his life; but his "Plays" are now read throughout the civilized world.

This lesson will be found a fine exercise for nice discriminative declamation. Those portions of the speech which contain Hamlet's *direct* instructions to the players are to be spoken with an affected nicety and delicacy of speech and manner,—"*trippingly* on the tongue;" but judiciously intermingled with considerable abrupt force in the emphatic portions. The heavier, harsh, *guttural tone* is to be used where Hamlet rebukes the bad style of acting which he would have the players avoid.]

1. SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced' it to you,—trippingly— on the tongue: but, if you *mouth'* it', as many of our players do', I had as lief the town-crier' spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,

thus'; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) *whirlwind*' of your passion', you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness'.

2. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters'—to very rags'—to split the ears of the groundlings^a; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow *whipped* for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod^b: Pray you, avoid it.

3. Be not too tame, neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word'; the word to the action'; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone', is from the purpose of playing'; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure^c. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off', though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve.

4. O! there be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well,—they imitated humanity so abominably!

* The meaner sort of people, who sat in the pit. ^b Herod's character was always violent. ^c Impression, or true resemblance,—the object of all good acting.

CONVERSATION.

THOUGH Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense,—
And conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,—
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But *talking* is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.



LESSON XXXI.

INTERROGATION AND EXCLAMATION

AS FIGURES OF THOUGHT.

[*Analysis.*—1. Interrogation and Exclamation used as figures of thought.—2. They add force to declaration.—3. They operate by sympathy.—4. Rules for their use.—5. Sublimity of Exclamation: HAMLET'S DESCRIPTION OF MAN.—6. Exclamation directed by the nature of the passion: OTHELLO'S JOY.—7. How affected by extreme sorrow: LADY CONSTANCE.—8. By slight sorrow, or pleasing melancholy: COUNT ORSINO.—9. By contemptuous reproach: LADY MACBETH.—10. Assertion of truth by Interrogation: PSALMS.—11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. God's wisdom and power, as shown in his works, asserted by Interrogation: JOB.—16. The conspirator Catiline.—17, 18. CICERO'S SPEECH AGAINST.]

1. BOTH interrogation and exclamation are often used as figures of thought; and although the literal use of the former is to ask a question, yet it is also the native language of passion; for whatever men would affirm or deny with great earnestness, they naturally put in the form of a question; expressing, thereby, the strongest confidence in the truth of their sentiments, and appealing to their hearers for its confirmation.

2. Thus, what additional force is given to the following declaration of the unchangeableness of the Almighty by the questions at its close. "God is not a man—that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said' it, and shall he not do it'¹? or hath he spoken' it, and shall he not make it good'?" Interrogation becomes a figure of thought only when it serves the purpose of strong declaration.

3. Interrogation may often be used with propriety where there are no higher emotions than such as naturally arise in pursuing some close and earnest reasoning; but exclamation belongs to the stronger or deeper feelings; and yet not only to surprise, admiration, joy, grief, and anger', but also to pathetic appeals, and to the expression of any intense conviction. Both, being natural signs of a moved and agitated

mind, operate upon us by means of sympathy; and, when they are properly used, they dispose us to enter into every feeling and passion which we behold expressed by others.

4. With interrogations a writer may use much freedom, inasmuch as they fall in with the ordinary course of language and reasoning, even when no excess of feeling is supposed to have place in the mind; but with exclamations a writer must be more reserved, as nothing has a worse effect than the frequent and unreasonable use of them. When inappropriate—when they do not arise naturally out of the subject, they fail to enlist our sympathy, and render a writer frigid to excess. An author who fails in their use, and who subjoins them to sentences which contain nothing but simple affirmations or propositions, gives us words, and not passion; and as he raises no passion in return, he fills us with indignation.

5. In the following example, in which exclamation is combined with climax, and used in description, this figure of speech, so appropriate to the elevated character of the subject, rises to the highest pitch of sublimity. “What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!” (SHAKESPEARE’S *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2.)

6. It should be remarked that inasmuch as exclamation is used for all kinds and degrees of passion, so the nature of the passion must direct both the tone and the inflection of the voice. Hence, when Othello, after his escape from the tempest, meets Desdemona, unexpected joy elevates his voice to the highest pitch of exclamation:

Oh my soul’s joy!¹⁰

If after every tempest come such calms’,

May the winds blow till they have waken’d death!¹⁰

SHAKESPEARE’S *Othello*, Act II., Scene 1.

7. Extreme sorrow likewise adopts this figure, and raises the voice into a high tone, as in the language of Lady Constance, when accused of uttering madness.

I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!¹⁰

For then, ’tis like, I should forget myself:

Oh, if I could, what grief should I’ forget!¹⁰

SHAKESPEARE’S *King John*, Act III., Scene 4.

8. And again, a slight degree of sorrow, or pleasing melancholy, adopts the exclamatory figure, but in a soft middle tone, as when the Duke, in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, relieving his melancholy with music, says:

That strain again—! it had a dying fall!
 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing', and giving odor'!—Act I., Scene 1.

9. But the language of contemptuous reproach and impatience uses the exclamation in a harsh but lower tone of voice; as when Lady Macbeth reproaches her terror-stricken husband, who shrank from the ghost of Banquo, that had taken Macbeth's place at table.

Oh proper stuff!¹⁰
This' is the very painting' of your fear':
 This is the air-drawn dagger', which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan'. Oh, these flaws and starts
 (Impostors to true fear) would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her *grandam*! Shame itself!¹⁰
 Why do you make such faces'? When all's done',
 You look but on a stool'!

SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*, Act III., Scene 4.

10. In the following examples, interrogation, departing from its literal use, asserts important truths with much greater force than could be given to them by the most positive affirmation. In proclaiming God's goodness and mercies, the Psalmist says: "Will the Lord cast off forever'¹? and will he be favorable no more'¹? Is his mercy clean gone forever'¹? doth his promise fail forevermore'? Hath God forgotten to be gracious'? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies'?"—*Psalms* lxxvii., 7-9.

11. It is also in the forcible language of interrogation that the Lord, answering Job out of the whirlwind, declares the wisdom and power of the Almighty, as shown in his works, and the weakness and ignorance of man. The changes from interrogation to affirmation give additional beauty and effect to the striking pictures here presented.

GOD'S WISDOM AND POWER, AND MAN'S WEAKNESS AND IGNORANCE.

12. "Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow¹? or will he harrow the valleys after thee¹? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great¹? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him¹? Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn¹?

13. "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks'? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich'? which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them? She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers: her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.

14. "Hast thou given the horse strength¹? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder¹? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper'? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed^a men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

15. "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south¹? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high¹? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she.

16. "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook¹? or his

^a ARM'ED; here pronounced in two syllables, to preserve the poetic measure.

tongue with a cord which thou lettest down'¹? Canst thou put a hook into his nose'? or bore his jaw through with a thorn'? Will he make many supplications unto thee'? Will he speak soft words unto thee'? Will he make a covenant with thee'? wilt thou take him for a servant forever'? Wilt thou play with him as with a bird'? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens'? Shall the companions make a banquet of him'? shall they part him among the merchants'? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons'? or his head with fish spears'? Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more. Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him'? None is so fierce that dare stir him up: *Who⁻ then⁻ is able to stand before me^{'3, 10}!*" (*Job*, xxxix.-xli.)

17. When the conspirator Catiline had plotted to burn Rome, massacre the senate, and seize the government, the consul Cicero, having discovered the plot, thereupon called a meeting of the senate in the temple of Jupiter, to consult upon the public safety. As Catiline had the boldness to appear in his seat at the meeting, Cicero, instead of addressing the senate as he had intended, turns to Catiline, and in a speech of the most bitter invective assails the conspirator himself. A great part of the oration, like the introduction, is in the interrogative style.

THE OPENING OF CICERO'S FIRST SPEECH AGAINST CATILINE.

18. "How far, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience'³? How long will your fury insult us'³? What bounds will you set to your unbridled rage'³? Do neither the night-guards of the palace', nor the city watch', nor the consternation of the people', nor the union of all good men', nor the meeting of the senate in this fortified place', nor the countenances and looks of all here present, at all move you'¹?

19. "Do you not perceive that your designs are discovered, and that all who are present know of your conspiracy'¹? Who of us, do you think, is ignorant of what you did the last night', and the night before', where you were', who were with you', and what you resolved' upon'³? Alas, for our degeneracy'¹⁰! Alas, for the depravity of the times'¹⁰! The

senate is apprised of all this'; the consul beholds' it; and yet this man lives'¹⁰! Lives'¹? Nay, comes into the senate'; joins in the public counsels'; observes, and marks out each of us' for destruction'¹⁰!"

LESSON XXXII.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

COATES.



[In the following piece a mother's anguish is portrayed in the brief *ejaculations* which are wrung from her by her wretched, dying condition. The first and last verses, by the *narrator*, are purely descriptive. The others, except the mention, by the narrator, of the time of night, at the close of the 3d, 5th, and 8th verses, require, in the reading, such a tone of increasing anguish and despair as the circumstances would naturally call forth.]

1. DARK is the night'!—How dark'! No light'! No fire'!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire'!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!
2. “Hark'! 'Tis his footstep!—’Tis past: ’tis gone!
Tick!—Tick! How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus'? He *once*' was kind'!
And I believed ’twould last—how mad'!—how blind'!

3. "Rest thee, my babe'!—Rest on'!—'Tis hunger's' cry'!
Sleep!—for there is no food!—The fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done—
My heart must break!—and thou!"—The clock strikes
one.
4. "Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there:
For this!—for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! For
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot! [what?
5. "Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you, [two.
My child!—*his* child!—Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes
6. "Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls
by!
Moan! Moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!—
'Tis but the lattice flaps!" Thy hope is o'er!
7. "Can he desert me thus'? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It *can* not be. He *will* be here.
8. "Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold'! Thou'rt freezing'! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.
9. They're gone! They're gone! the glimmering spark hath
sped!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around.—The clock struck four.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE GRAVE.

KARAMSIN.



[KARAMSIN, a distinguished Russian poet and historian : born in 1765 : died in 1826. Two speakers are represented in this lesson. Those portions taken by the FIRST VOICE are to be read in a heavy, coarse, harsh, exclamatory *guttural tone*—the language of abhorrence and dread. Those taken by the SECOND VOICE are to be read in that gentle and *pure tone*, which is called forth by a true Christian philosophy and

Christian resignation. The second voice is that of the lighter kind of exclamation at the beginning, gradually moderating into gentle but positive affirmation toward the close, when the mark of exclamation is omitted.]

FIRST VOICE.

1. How *frightful* the grave¹⁰ ! how deserted and drear¹⁰ !
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the
bier¹ !
And the white bones all clattering together¹ !

Second Voice.

2. How *peaceful* the grave¹ ! its quiet—how deep¹⁰ !
Its zephyrs¹ breathe calmly¹, and soft¹ is its sleep¹,
And flowerets perfume¹ it with ether¹.

FIRST VOICE.

3. There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead¹,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed¹,
And snakes¹ in its nettle weeds hiss¹⁰ !

Second Voice.

4. How lovely¹, how sweet— the repose of the tomb¹ !
No tempests are there: but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

FIRST VOICE.

5. The ravens at night flap their wings o'er the grave¹ !
'Tis the vulture's abode¹ ! 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs¹ !

Second Voice.

6. There the cony at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod; while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

FIRST VOICE.

7. There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death !
The trees are all barren and bare !

Second Voice.

8. Oh, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

FIRST VOICE.

9. The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is launched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

10. The traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes forever!

LESSON XXXIV.

OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

Interrogatively stated.—EDWARD EVERETT.

[EDWARD EVERETT, born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794; graduated at Harvard College in 1811; was a Unitarian preacher two years; was Professor in Harvard College; afterward President of the same; at one time edited the North American Review; was representative in Congress, afterward senator; was minister to England from 1841 to 1846; died in 1865. He was a finished scholar, and one of the most eloquent of speakers.]

1. WHAT citizen of our republic does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth', from which we have drawn in England³? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon', of Newton', and of Locke³?

2. Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors', the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here', constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there³?

3. Who does not remember that, when the pilgrims went

over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the stars of hope should go up in the western skies³? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne³?

LESSON XXXV.

GREAT BRITAIN'S RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

EDMUND BURKE. NOV. 27, 1781.

Exclamation and Interrogation, directed by Sarcasm.

1. BUT, Mr. Speaker', the gentleman says we have a *right* to tax America¹⁰! Oh, inestimable right¹⁰! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right', the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces', six islands', one hundred thousand lives', and seventy millions of money'! Oh, invaluable right'! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations', our importance abroad', and our happiness at home'! Oh, right'! more dear to us than our existence', which has already cost us so much', and which seems likely to cost us our all'! Infatuated minister¹⁰! miserable and undone country¹⁰! not to know that the claim of right', without the power of enforcing it', is nugatory and idle'.

2. We have a *right* to tax America, the noble lord tells us; therefore we *ought* to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What'! shear a wolf¹? Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt¹? "No," says the madman; "I have considered nothing but the *right*. Man has a *right* of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore *I will shear the wolf*." How wonderful— that a nation— could be thus deluded¹⁰!

1, 3, 10, etc. The figures refer to the Elocutionary Rules of corresponding numbers.

LESSON XXXVI.

PAMPERING THE BODY AND STARVING THE SOUL.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. WHAT^{'10}! feed a child's body², and let his soul hunger^{'1}? pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties^{'1}? What^{'10}? plant the earth', cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle', pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea², and spread out your wheat-fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body, which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you², with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine^{'1}?

2. What^{'10}! build factories', turn in rivers upon the water-wheels', unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body², and let the soul remain unadorned and naked^{'1}? What^{'10}! send out your vessels to the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and workshops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled², which he has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame—permit it, I say, to languish and go out^{'1}?

3. What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect, with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity[']? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away[']?—that a light may *there* be kindled which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished², but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens[']?

1. Illustrations of Rule I.: questions that require the rising inflection.

2. Illustrations of Rule II.: a succession of particulars *not emphatic*, with the sense incomplete, requiring the rising inflection.

10. Illustrations of Rule X. The language of exclamation, when not designed as a question, requires the falling inflection.



LESSON XXXVII.

NATURE AND USES OF COMPARISONS.

[*Analysis*.—1. *Comparison*, or *Sim'ile*, frequently employed. Its object. *Illustration*.—2. Simile applied to courage: to eloquence: to a virtuous man: to a grateful man.—3. Extent and foundation of this figure. Resemblance of effects. Music and past joys.—4. The beauty of Ossian's simile.—5. Fundamental requisite of a comparison. *Illustrations*.—6. Why it is not the language of strong passion. Where it is appropriately used.—7. Moderation in the use of comparisons. From what they should not be drawn. Further rules.—8. Directions as to the reading of similes.—9, 10. Similes from Milton.]

1. **COMPARISON**, or *Sim'ile*, is a figure more frequently employed than any other, both by poets and prose writers, for the purpose either of explanation or ornament, or both combined. When we wish to give a clearer conception of the subject of which we are treating, or to adorn it, we often find that we can accomplish our purpose the most readily by instituting a comparison between it and some other subject, or object, different in kind from the former, but resembling it in some striking particular. Thus, if we would describe the steady, unmoved position of a body of soldiers in line of battle, we do it the most effectually by the aid of some picture which comparison presents; as, "The soldiers stood *like* statues, unmoved by the cannon's roar."

2. A lively idea is formed of a man's courage by likening it to that of a lion; and eloquence is exalted in our imagination by comparing it to a river overflowing its banks, and sweeping every thing in its course. When it is said, "A virtuous man, slandered by evil tongues, is *like* a diamond obscured by smoke," the mind is impressed, and fancy is pleased, by the picture. The following simile beautifully illustrates the principle of gratitude: "As a river rolls its waters to the sea, whence its springs were supplied, so the heart of a grateful man delights to return a benefit re-

ceived." The simile is most frequently introduced by the words *like*, *so*, *as*, or *thus*.

3. All subjects admit of explanatory and embellishing comparisons; and unexpected resemblances between objects unlike in kind are the foundation of this figure. Even two objects which resemble one another only in their effects upon the mind, may often be very happily compared, whenever a reference to the one will strengthen the impression made by the other. For example, to describe the nature of soft and melancholy music, Ossian makes use of this happy and delicate comparison: "The music of Carryl was, *like* the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul."

4. An ordinary poet would probably have compared the music of Carryl to the voice of the nightingale, or the murmur of the stream; and the likeness would, indeed, have been more strict; but Ossian, by founding his simile upon the *effect* which Carryl's music produced, and likening it to a similar tender feeling produced by the memory of "joys that are past," thereby gives us a much stronger impression of the nature of the music referred to, and, by the unexpectedness of the resemblance, awakens in us a pleasurable emotion.

5. The fundamental requisite of a comparison is, that it shall serve to illustrate the object for the sake of which it is introduced, and give us a more vivid impression of it. Hence, if the object be a great and noble one', every circumstance in the comparison must tend to aggrandize it'; if it be a beautiful one', to render it more beautiful'; if terrible', to fill us with more awe'.

6. From the very nature of comparison, it is evident that it is not the language of strong passion: for strong passion, being wholly occupied with some one emotion that has taken possession of the soul, has neither the leisure nor the inclination to look around for resembling objects. Comparison naturally comes in where the imagination is sprightly, where the mind is warmed, and where there is some elevation in the subject—in that middle region between the highly pathetic and the very humble style—but not in that in which

the mind is swayed by the torrent of agitation. Violent anguish never expresses itself in a studied comparison.

7. But, as comparisons are sparkling ornaments, they should be used with moderation: for things that sparkle, dazzle and fatigue if they recur too often. They should not be drawn from things which have too near and obvious a resemblance to the object which we wish to illustrate; for then they will be trite and commonplace: nor should they be founded on likenesses too faint and remote; for these, in place of assisting, strain the fancy to comprehend them, and throw no light upon the subject. Nor should a comparison be made from an object from which few people can form clear ideas, lest it wholly fail in its application.

8. A few words may be said about the proper reading of a formal simile, which has been described as the language, not of passion, but of contemplation. While it always, both in prose and poetry, admits a longer pause than ordinary before it, to give the mind a little time to study the picture it is about to present, it is naturally introduced, especially in poetry, by a lower and more plaintive tone of voice than is used in that part of the passage which immediately precedes it. At the beginning of a simile, the voice may drop into a monotone, which is the language of calm contemplation, and then gradually slide out of it, to a higher pitch, and varied inflections, as the mind warms with the subject. When the simile comes first, the reverse order is to be observed. These principles are happily illustrated in the correct reading of the following descriptive extract from Milton:

SPORTS OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.

9. Part, on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift race, contend;—

(Simile.) { As at th' Olympian^a games, or Pythian^b fields.

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form;—

Simile. { As when, to warn `proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky^c, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds,—before each van

Simile. | Prick forth the airy knights ; with feats of arms
 | From either end of heaven the welkin burns.

10. Others, with vast Typhœan^d rage more fell,
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind ; hell scarce holds the wild uproar :—
 Simile. { As when Alcides^e, from Æchalia crowned
 | With conquest, felt th' envenomed robe ; and tore,
 | Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines ;
 | And Lichas, from the top of Æta, threw
 | Into th' Euboic sea.—Book II., *Paradise Lost*.

* At Olympia, in Greece, were celebrated, every fifth year, the *Olympian Games*, in which were included foot and horse races, chariot races, wrestling, leaping, boxing, etc. To these Milton first likens the sports of the angels.

^b The *Pythian Games*, similar to the Olympian, were celebrated in honor of Apollo, at Delphi.

^c An ancient superstition, that every great war is preceded by such omens in the skies.

^d *Typhœ'an*, from *Ty pho'e us*, a fabled monstrous giant, who warred against the gods. His stature reached the sky ; fire flashed from his eyes ; flame and storm rushed from his mouth ; and with loud hissing cries he hurled glowing rocks against heaven. This fable, however, is believed to be merely a personification of storms and volcanic eruptions.

^e *Al cides*, a name of Hercules. Hercules conquered the king of Æchalia ; after which, maddened by an envenomed robe which he had been induced to put on, he threw Lichas, the bearer of it, into the sea ; and in his rage tore up the pines by their roots, etc.

When these allusions are understood, the similes which Milton bases on them are seen to be very forcible. Milton abounds in classical allusions. (See *Allusions*, p. 128.)

LESSON XXXVIII.

BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE SIMILES.

1. **ALTHOUGH** there is little resemblance between fraternal concord and precious ointment, yet how successfully are they compared, with respect to the impression they make, in the following language of the Psalmist :

I. FRATERNAL CONCORD.

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity¹⁰ ! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard,—even Aaron’s beard ;—that went down to the skirts of his garment.”—*Psalm cxxxiii*.

2. The following will illustrate the principle that it heightens the beauty of the comparison to discover that the object to which a resemblance is traced is naturally suggested:

II. THE MINDS OF THE AGED.

“The minds of the aged are like the tombs to which they are approaching; where, though the brass and the marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery has mouldered away.” This comparison is strikingly beautiful. The thought to be illustrated—“the minds of the aged”—is in itself affecting; the transition is easy and natural—“to the tombs which they are approaching;” and the imagery brought up is in harmony with our feelings.

3. In the following two similes, so frequently quoted, Viola, disguised as a page, and feigning to speak of another, describes to the duke her own hidden love for him, and the effect of its concealment:

III. CONCEALED LOVE.

“She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”—SHAKESPEARE'S *12th Night*.

4. In the following beautiful simile from Parnel's Hermit, a pious mind, agitated with doubts, is compared to a calm lake disturbed by a falling stone.

IV. PIETY AGITATED WITH DOUBTS.

“A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose,—
That vice should triumph, virtue—vice obey;—
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.

5. { “So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:

Simile.

Simile. { But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run."

6. The following, which is at the conclusion of Irving's sketch of the life and character of King Philip, is very happily adapted to excite in the mind of the student of history a feeling of compassionate regret at the miserable and untimely fall of the last king of the Wampanoags:

"He lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest,—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."

7. In the following, in which Julia likens the effect of checking her love for Proteus to that of damming up the current's course, the effect of the simile is to place her love in a very strong point of view.

V. LOVE RESTRAINED.

"*Lucetta*. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, [fire';
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

8. "*Julia*. The more thou dam'st it up', the more it
burns':—

Simile. { The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enameled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding ways he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

9. "Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

s. I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;

s. And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."^a

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II., Scene 7.

10. In Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress there is a simile in which the movements of Bunyan's soul, while he was writing that splendid allegory, are compared to a lonely bark in mid-ocean, tossed by the hurricane, and driven by the tempest, but finally, amid alternating storms and sunshine, making, in safety, the harbor of rest. Were it not that the simile is clearly expressed at the beginning, the extract would be an allegory.

VI. THE MOVEMENTS OF BUNYAN'S SOUL.

[Simile founded upon the Figure of Vision.]

11. "You follow, with intense interest, the movements of Bunyan's soul. You see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and laboring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but there, again, you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly: or in a fresh and favorable gale she flies across the rolling waters.

12. "Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder; storms coming down as sudden, almost, as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbor, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star, that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven.

13. "Can there be any thing more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of an immortal soul, from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the city of Destruction to the city of God!"

14. Byron, in describing Henry Kirke White, an English poet of great promise, whose death, in 1806, at the early age of twenty-one, was occasioned by excessive devotion to study, uses one of the most beautiful and touching comparisons that was ever penned:

VII. DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

15. Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
16. Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit;
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit:
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
17. { So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.
- From *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

18. We close these extracts, which might easily be extended to volumes, with Addison's beautiful description of Marlborough in battle,—one of the most sublime similes ever penned.^b

VIII. MARLBOROUGH IN BATTLE.

[Battle of Blenheim, 1704: see p. 35, and also p. 156.]

19. " 'Twas then great Marlborough's^c mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts, unmoved,
Amid confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

20. { Simile.^b “So— when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
(Such as, of late, o’er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the Almighty’s orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.”

^a *ELÛS’IUM* (e lizh’i um), in ancient mythology, was the abode of the blessed. In early times the Isles of the Blessed were supposed to be in the Western Ocean, west of Europe. At a later day, as geographical knowledge extended, Elysium was moved down to the lower world, as the place of reward for the good.

^b It was at the suggestion of Lord Halifax that Addison was employed to celebrate in verse the battle of Blenheim. When he showed his patrons this splendid simile, he was at once rewarded with the place of Commissioner of Appeals; and from that time Fortune began to smile upon him. ^c Pronounced *Maul’brò*.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

J. E. CARPENTER.

[*The Simile.* As the dew-drops, glittering in the moonbeams, and sparkling in the sunlight, soon lose their brightness, and pass away from earth to be reset in the beautiful dyes of the rainbow, so the brightness and beauty of youth, that so soon wither on earth, shall bloom the more brightly in heaven.]

1. “O FATHER, dear father, why pass they away,—
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day,—
That glitter’d like stars by the light of the moon,
Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon¹?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that’s lovely might live for a day¹?
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their pětals again.”

2. “My child,” said the father, “look up to the skies;
Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset;
’Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not earth’s fair things, though fleeting away¹?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven.”

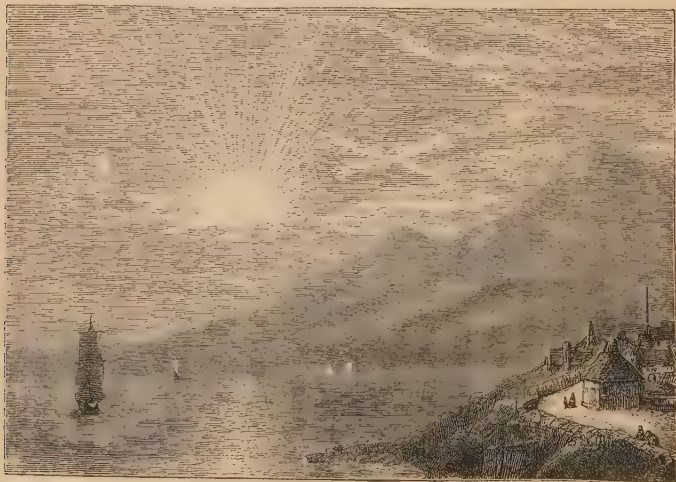
3. Alas for the father¹⁰!—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child,—the bright star of his day,—
Was e'en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away!
Oh! sad was the father, when lo, in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
And *then* he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in heaven.

LESSON XL.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

T. K. HERVEY.

[JOHN HERVEY, known as Lord Hervey, a distinguished political and poetical writer, born in England in 1696; died in 1743.]



FIRST SCENE, "MORN ON THE WATERS."

[A ship is represented as seen, first, under full sail, in the morning light, borne gallantly on by a favoring breeze, with every thing bright and beautiful around her. Yet below—in the hold—are human hearts that are breaking,—banished, for their crimes, to a far distant penal colony.]

1. MORN on the waters—and purple and bright,
Burst on the billows the flushings of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;

Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennons stream onward, like hope in the gale;
 The winds come around her in murmur and song,
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.

2. See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds;
 Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away—and away!
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away like a dream of the heart.
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and show,
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below?



SECOND SCENE, "NIGHT ON THE WAVES."

[The convict ship is seen tranquilly gliding over the moonlit waters, like a phantom of beauty. And yet so lovely a thing is bearing away young hearts that sorrow and guilt can not wean from the ties and affections of home.]

3. Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
 Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
 Treading in depths, in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds as they pass her to light.
 Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island at rest^{'3}?—
 Bright— and alone— on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain^{'1}?
4. Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within^{'3}?
 Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever^{'3}?—
 Hearts which are parted and broken forever^{'3}?
 Or deems that he watches, alone on the wave,
 The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave^{'3}?

THIRD, THE SIMILE.

[Here the formal comparison is made between the convict ship at sea and the course of human life,—the simile being introduced by such words as *thus*, *like*, and *as*.]

5. 'Tis thus with our life:—while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
 Gayly we glide in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurl'd;
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
 Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts which the world can not
 know,
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
 While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished— and
 o'er.

LESSON XLI.

THE LIFE FLEET.

Adapted.—*Eclectic Magazine.*

[The following instructive lesson, in which human life is compared to a fleet, would be a descriptive *allegory*, if the comparison were not plainly expressed. See "Allegory," p. 159.]

1. ADDISON, in that beautiful allegory, "The Vision of Mirza," compares Human Life to a bridge with seventy tolerably firm and entire arches, which represent the threescore years and ten of man's earthly pilgrimage. Individuals, indeed, occasionally survive to the term of a century; but it is under manifest infirmities; and hence several broken arches are supposed to be connected, at one extremity of the bridge, with those that are entire, making the total number about a hundred.

2. Modern statistics of Life Insurance now enable us to trace the outflow of human life, and to compute the respective lengths of the current with wonderful exactness, in the instance of great groups of mankind subject to like conditions; so that out of a large promiscuous number who are born at the same time,—or who, in Addison's figure, emerge from the cloud and enter on the bridge simultaneously,—it can be stated with close exactitude to how many the "trap-doors" and "pitfalls" of the first arch will prove treacherous, or how many will die the first year; and so of each succeeding arch in the series.

3. Let us suppose one hundred thousand born at the same date,—say January 1, 1870. According to the usual proportion among the sexes, fifty-one thousand two hundred and seventy-four will be boys, and forty-eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-six will be girls. They may be compared to a fleet of one hundred thousand vessels setting sail together, and consisting of two grand divisions, one of males, which may be called the red squadron, and another of females, which we may name the white squadron.

4. At first the white squadron is inferior in number to the other. Owing to disease peculiarly incident to infancy, at

the expiration of the first year the fleet will number only eighty-five thousand two hundred and sixty-nine sail, having lost, in that brief period, fourteen thousand six hundred and thirty-one ! and the loss of the red squadron will be considerably greater than that of the white.

5. During the second year, five thousand two hundred and sixty-seven sail will founder, and go down into the ocean depths, leaving eighty thousand one hundred and two afloat on the 1st of January, 1872. If we pass on to the end of five years, the sailing fleet will be diminished to seventy-four thousand two hundred and one.

6. During the next ten years the losses will be comparatively less, and at the end of this period, sixty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty-seven will express the sailing strength of this fleet of life. The white squadron will now begin to suffer more than the red, and after a cruise of twenty-five years, or in 1895, the two squadrons will be nearly equal, leaving afloat, at this period, sixty-three thousand five hundred and eighty-one.

7. During the first thirty years of the great battle of life, the losses on both squadrons are nearly equal ; but from this time it is the greatest in the red squadron. Of the twenty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-one still afloat in 1940—seventy years from the time of sailing,—twelve thousand seven hundred and eight belong to the white, and eleven thousand eight hundred and twenty-three to the red.

8. But disasters thicken upon the battered fleet, so that at the end of eighty years only about nine thousand four hundred will remain. No longer can we then sing—

“ Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds ; ”

but languidly she floats, with patched and tattered sails, spliced cordage, and timbers ready to start asunder.

9. Passing over a period of twenty years more,—one hundred years from the time of starting,—and possibly sixteen may then be in sailing trim ;—but in a very brief time thereafter the last hulk of the great fleet of one hundred thousand must disappear,—not a wreck—not a vestige remaining on the great ocean of Life.

10. Truly, Life may well be compared to a voyage; and Time— the sea on which we sail.

“Give thy mind sea-room: keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal: let loose thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye the great pole-star; make the land of Life.”

The voyage will then end with a delightful prospect:—

“Land ahead! Its fruits are waving
On the hills of fadeless green,
And the living waters—laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.”

LESSON XLII.

SIMILES OF HUMAN LIFE.

I. THE LIFE OF MAN.—BEAUMONT.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,—
E'en such is man.

II. SUCCESSION OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Like leaves on trees the life of man is found',
Now green in youth', now withering on the ground';
Another race the following spring supplies,—
They fall successive', and successive rise':
So generations in their cōurse decay;
So flourish these', when those have pass'd away'.

III. DEATH OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR.

[Simile and Repetition. See p. 245.]—Anon.

She died in beauty,—like a rose blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty,—like a pearl dropp'd from some diadem;
She died in beauty,—like a lay along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty,—like the song of birds amid the brake;

She died in beauty,—like the snow on flowers dissolved
away;

She died in beauty,—like a star lost on the brow of day;—

She *lives* in glōry,—like Night's gems set round the silver
moon;

She lives in glory,—like the sun amid the blue of June.

IV. THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

1. Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way;
Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.
2. Roses bloom', and then they wither',
Cheeks are bright', then fade and die',
Shapes of light are wafted hither',
Then', like visions', hurry by';
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven',
Home of happiness and rest.

V. TIME NOT TO BE RECALLED.

1. Mark that swift arrow'; how it cuts the air',—
How it outruns the following eye'!
Use all persuasions now', and try—
If thou canst call it back', or stay it there'.
That way it went'; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.
2. Fool'! 'tis thy life', and the fond archer thou'!
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday',
And it shall be too hard a task for thee to do.

Besides repentance', what canst find'
That it hath left behind'?

VI. DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK.—YOUNG.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
A blow, which, while it executes', alarms' ;
And startles thousands with a single fall.

Simile. { As when some stately growth of oak or pine,
Which nods aloft and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defense ;
By the strong strokes of lāb'ring hinds subdū'd,
Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height,
In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground :
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.

VII. THE STREAM OF LIFE.—HEBER.

1. Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands ; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

2. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us' ; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment'. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us.

3. We may be shipwrecked', but we can not be delayed' ; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.



LESSON XLIII.

CHARACTER OF ALLUSIONS.

[*Analysis.*—1. What is an *Allusion*? To what we may allude, and why.—2. Santa Anna's allusion. The meaning of most classic allusions.—3. Allusions used in describing a mob. In what the comparison consists.—4. Examples of allusions. ^a Youthful excesses. ^b Plagiarisms of modern poets. ^c Corruption disguised.—5. ^d Eloquence. ^e Inundation of lawless power. ^f False philosophy. ^g Stagnation of science.—6, 7, 8. ^h Allusions from Holmes.—9. Great extent of allusions. Those mentioned in fiction.—10. Rule for their formation. Too much use of them.]

1. AN *Allusion* is an implied comparison, which consists in a reference to something supposed to be known to the hearer or reader, but not explicitly mentioned. We may *allude* to facts in history, or to any thing whatever in art, literature, or science, for the purpose of adding force or beauty to the thought which we wish to express; and it is always with an implied comparison between the thought and the object used for illustration.

2. Thus, when the vainglorious Mexican General, Santa Anna, on falling into the hands of General Houston, after the battle of San Jacinto, said to him, "You have conquered the *Napoleon* of the West," the allusion is one that almost any person would understand, and also the comparison implied in it. But the meaning of most allusions met with in scholarly writings is such as none but persons of somewhat extensive reading can appreciate.

3. Thus, when it is said, in describing a mob, "The mob is a monster', *with the hands of Bri'a'reus*', but the head of *Polyphe'mus*'—strong to execute', but blind to perceive';" the allusion is, first, to the mythological Briareus, who is described as having a hundred hands; and, second, to the one-eyed giant Polyphemus, whose sight was destroyed by Ulysses and his companions. The beauty and force of the allusion are readily perceived by classical scholars, and the

striking comparison is at once seen to consist in likening the blind fury of a mob to the united characters of these two fabled monsters of antiquity.

4. A few additional examples of allusions may be given, to show more fully their character as implied comparisons.

^a "The excesses of our youth are *drafts* upon our old age, payable with interest about *thirty years after date*."

^b "Subtract from many modern poets all that may be found in Shakspeare, and trash *will remain*."

^c "To give the semblance of purity to the substance of corruption, is to proffer the poison of *Cir'ce* in a crystal goblet."

5. ^d "Eloquence, to produce her full effect, should start from the head of the orator, like *Minerva from the brain of Jove, completely armed and equipped*."

^e "The inundation of lawless power, after covering the rest of Europe, threatens England; and we are most critically placed in the only position where it can be successfully repelled—in the *Thermopylæ* of the universe."

^f "It is a melancholy pity when a man's philosophy, instead of being *the angel that steps down into the Bethesda* of his speculations, to *trouble its waters* to effect a cure, only perplexes the depth of his being, and turns up mire and dirt."

^g "Nothing tends so much to the corruption of science as to suffer it to stagnate; these waters must be troubled before they can exert their virtues."—BURKE.

6. From Holmes's humorous poem, "The Social Meeting," we take a couple of verses, the last of which contains two very happy *allusions*. The "Doctor" is excusing himself from attending a convivial gathering, on the ground that it would injure his business "prospects."

7. Besides—my prospects—don't you know that people
won't employ

A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a
boy'?

And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a
shoot,

As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its
root'?

8. It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you're screwing
out a laugh,

That your very next year's income is diminished by a
half,

And a little boy trips barefoot, that *Pegasus*^b may go,
And the baby's milk is watered, that your *Helicon*^b
may flow!

9. When we reflect that allusions are drawn from every variety of sources—from books ancient and modern, and from Nature—it becomes apparent how extensive must be one's attainments to understand and appreciate all those that are found even in the standard literature of the age. So numerous have already become the allusions to noted persons and places mentioned in fiction, that a descriptive vocabulary of them has been thought necessary in Webster's Quarto Dictionary.

10. In originating allusions of our own, we should see to it that they be not labored and far-fetched, nor low and degrading'; that they be suited to the occasion', appropriate to the subject', and drawn from topics familiar to the persons addressed'. Too much use of them is chargeable with *pedantry*—an unreasonable ostentation of learning.

^a A commercial allusion to *drafts* payable, with interest, at some future day. In this respect are the excesses of youth *like* them.

^b An arithmetical allusion.

^c An allusion to the fabled *Cir'ce*, who is said to have first feasted those who landed on her island, and afterward to have converted them into swine, on their tasting the contents of her magic cup. The fable is designed to show the brutalizing influence of sensual indulgence.

^d A classical allusion to *Minerva*, the goddess of memory, wisdom, and skill, who is said to have leaped forth, in full panoply, from the brain of Jupiter. The comparison is, that, *in like manner*, should eloquence be armed at all points.

^e An allusion to the celebrated pass of *Thermopylæ*, where Leonidas and his little band of heroes withstood the attack of the immense Persian host under Xerxes. In the extract above, England is *compared* to Thermopylæ, as being the only spot where the inundation of lawless power is likely to be repelled.

^f A scriptural allusion. See the 4th verse of the 5th chapter of St. John.

^g *Pegasus*, a fabulous winged steed (a favorite of the Muses), which every poet is supposed to bestride. *Helicon*, a mountain in Bœotia, Greece. From its summit the *Fountain of Helicon*, sacred to the Muses, burst forth when Pegasus struck the mountain with his hoof.

For notices of other *Allusions*, see Note, page 307, and Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," page 359.



METAPHORS.

LESSON XLIV.

METAPHORICAL LANGUAGE.

[*Analysis.*—1. How a metaphor differs from a simile. Illustration.—2. Great abundance of metaphors. Scripture illustrations. When the metaphor becomes important.—3. Ossian's description of a hero. Of a vain woman. Striking metaphor from Byron.—4. Explanation of it.—5. The metaphor used by Cardinal Wolsey in describing the state of man.—6. "The State of Man."—7. The simile. The vanity of earthly glory.—8. How the words in a metaphor are to be taken. How the metaphor differs from a simile. Illustration of metaphor.—9. Metaphor resembles painting. Its peculiar effect. What is requisite to produce this effect. The reading of metaphor.—Note, mixed metaphors.]

1. A METAPHOR differs from a simile in form only, not in substance; and is, indeed, no other than a comparison, abridged by the omission of the words denoting the similitude. Thus, if we say, "A hero is *like* a lion," we fairly make a comparison; but if we now call in the aid of the imagination, and feign or figure the hero *to be* a lion, we convert the simile into a metaphor; and the figure is continued by describing all the qualities of a lion that resemble those of the hero.

2. Metaphors abound in all writings; and brief metaphors are so common, even in familiar conversation, that we no longer notice them as differing from plain language. From Scripture a vast variety might be produced. Thus the Savior is called a *vine*, a *lamb*, a *lion*; and men, according to their different dispositions, are styled *wolves*, *dogs*, *serpents*, etc. But it is when the metaphor is not confined to single words that its importance, as a figure of speech, is chiefly to be considered.

3. How striking is the following metaphor, in which Ossian describes a hero: "In peace—thou art the gale of spring; in war— the mountain storm:"—and this, also, a portraiture of a vain woman: "She was covered with the light of beau-

ty, but her heart was the house of pride." Byron has the following striking metaphor:

"Man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

4. In this bold and brief metaphor, the writer, under a deep impression of the vicissitudes in the life of man, moved by sudden feeling, calls him a pendulum, and leaves it to the excited imagination of the reader to trace out the resemblance.

5. A more continued, but no less beautiful metaphor on the same subject, is that in which Cardinal Wolsey^a, suddenly stripped of all his wealth and honors, keenly feeling the disgrace into which he had fallen by the king's disfavor, but struggling to bear his misfortune with dignity, in the following soliloquy describes the state of man under the figure of a tree, but with the covert meaning that the picture is drawn from his own experience.

6. "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day⁻ he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow⁻ blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day⁻ comes a frost[']—a killing frost['];
And—when he thinks['], good easy man['], full surely
His greatness is a ripening[']—nips his root['],
And then he falls['], as I['] do.^b"

7. Then dropping the metaphor, and introducing a simile, in the most touching language he thus describes himself:

"I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me."

Then, how naturally, and with what feelings of almost loathing satiety, he alludes to the vanity of all earthly glory:

"Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened: oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!"

SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry VIII.*, Act III., Scene 2.

8. From the examples that have been given, it is seen that the words in a metaphor are not taken literally, as in a comparison, but are changed from their proper to a figurative sense. Hence, while a simile asserts nothing but what is true, a metaphor asserts what is literally *false*. When we say, of some great man, "He is the pillar of the state," we mentally compare the man to a pillar which supports the weight of a whole edifice; and, by the abrupt manner in which we express the happy comparison, we form a bold picture which conveys a striking *truth*.

9. There is nothing which delights the fancy more than this mode of comparing things; and, of all the figures of speech, no other comes so near to painting as metaphor. Its peculiar effect is to give light and strength to description; to make intellectual ideas, in some sort, visible to the eye, by giving them color, and substance, and sensible qualities. But, in order to produce this effect, a delicate hand is required in their construction, and taste and judgment in their use.^c In the reading of a prolonged metaphor, the same principles apply as in the reading of a simile.

^a THOMAS WOLSEY, who for fifteen years held almost unlimited sway in England, through his influence over the mind of the king, Henry VIII., and who possessed greater wealth, power, and honors than ever fell to the lot of any other English subject, was born at Ipswich in 1471, of humble and obscure parents. Eight hundred servants, including gentlemen knights, and even young noblemen, served in the train of Wolsey, who was advanced to the dignity of Cardinal, and Chancellor of England.

At length the fickle king quarreled with his minister. His office and incomes were taken from him, and the late primate of the realm fled on a mule to Leicester Abbey. As the abbot and monks met him at the gate, he exclaimed, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you." On his assurance of approaching death, he exclaimed, "If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

^b Observe the use and beauty of the *Rhetorical Pause* in this extract. See Rule XIII.

^c A frequent fault of young and imaginative writers is the application, to the same subject, of *mixed* metaphors. that is, of such as are inconsistent with each other. The following is an example of this inaccuracy:

"I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain."

In the beginning of this extract the muse is figured as a *horse*, and therefore may be *bridled*; but when we speak of *launching* it, we make it a ship, which, by no force of imagination, can be *bridled*. Either figure alone would have been appropriate, but the mingling of the two is an incongruity.

LESSON XLV.

EXAMPLES OF METAPHOR.

[Observe the difference in the following extracts between metaphor and simile. See the preceding lesson, verse 1.]

I. THE ORATORY OF THE ANCIENTS.

[Oratory represented as *A Flood*.]

THE mighty flood of speech runs on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusions', or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles', descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective', or glides melodious in narrative and description', or spreads itself out shining in illustration'², its course is ever onward' and entire'—never scattered', never stagnant', never sluggish'.—BROUGHAM.

II. POETRY IN A DARK AGE.

[This example commences with two formal similes, and afterward changes into a very happy metaphor, in which poetry is represented as being *A Something* that produces its best exhibitions in a dark age.]

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body; and as a magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose best in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions', as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite', and the shades of probability more and more distinct', the lines and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter.—*Edinburgh Review*.

III. THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

[The South American Republics are represented as *A New Creation* rising out of the sea.]

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, those regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The southern hemisphere emerges from the sea.

Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out in beauty to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty, the waters of darkness retire.
—DANIEL WEBSTER.

IV. BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

[The monument represented as *A Speaker* proclaiming liberty, etc.]

That motionless shaft will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and of courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepit age will lean against its base, and ingenuous youth gather round it, and speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is cemented, and exclaim, "Thank God, I also am an American."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

V. LIFE AN EMBLEM OF A DAY.

[Life represented as *A Winter's Day*.]

Our life is but a winter's day—
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed:
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day:
Who goes the soonest' has the least to pay'.
Anonymous.

VI. HUMAN LIFE A VOYAGE AT SEA.

[Life represented as *A Sea*—the present being flood tide.]

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Brutus in Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3.

VII. THE SOUL.

[The Soul described under different Figures.]

The soul, on earth, is an immortal *guest*,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :
 A *spark*— which upward tends by nature's force ;
 A *stream*— diverted from its parent source ;
 A *drop*— dissever'd from the boundless sea ;
 A *moment*— parted from eternity ;
 A *pilgrim*— panting for a rest to come ;
 An *exile*— anxious for his native home,—II. MORE.

VIII. MALVINA'S GRIEF.

[Malvina, in her grief for the death of the son of Ossian, describes herself as *A Withered Tree*.]

Thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian. My sighs arise with the beam of the east : my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me ; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low : the spring returned with its showers, but no leaf of mine arose.—M'PHERSON.

LESSON XLVI.

METAPHORICAL PAPERS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an eminent philosopher, statesman, and patriot, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1706. He was for many years a printer in Philadelphia : he held various public offices, and, as ambassador to France, he signed the treaty of alliance with that country in 1778. He died in 1790.

The following lesson, in which different classes of individuals are declared *to be* (not *to be like*) different kinds of *papers*, is a good illustration of the plain metaphor, and serves to show, very clearly, how this figure differs from *simile*.]

1. SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints showed meaning', whose allusions care',
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind',
 Called clear blank paper— every infant mind',
 Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote',
 Fair Virtue' put a seal', or Vice— a blot'.
 The thought' was happy', pertinent', and true' !—
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

I—(can you pardon my presumption'?)—I,
No wit', no genius', yet, for once', will try'.

2. Various the papers' various wants produce';
The wants of fashion', elegance', and use'.
Men are as various'; and, if right I scan',
Each sort of paper represents some man.
3. Pray note the *fop*—half powder, and half lace;
Nice as a bandbox is his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*⁻ which fools bargain for,
And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire^a.
4. Mechanics', merchants', farmers', and so forth',
Are *copy-paper*⁻ of superior worth';
Most prized'; most useful'; for your desk decreed';
Free to all pens', and prompt at every need.
5. The *miser* next, who'll freeze, and pinch, and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper*'; such as peddlers choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.
6. Take next the arrant *spendthrift*, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout:
He's a true *sinking paper*^b past all doubt.
7. The *retail politician's* anxious thought
Deems this side always right', and that stark naught':
He foams' with censure'; with applause' he raves';
A dupe to rumors', and a tool to knaves':
He'll want no *type* his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *fools-cap*^c has a name.
8. The *hasty gentleman*, whose blood runs high;
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry;
Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure!—
What is he'?—What'!—*Touch-paper*^d, to be sure.

9. Newspaper rhymers' ! (take them as they fall—
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all)—
Them, and their works, in the same class you'll find :
They are—the mere *waste paper* of mankind.
10. Observe the *maiden*, innocently sweet !
She's fair *white paper* ! an unsullied sheet,
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.
11. One instance more, and only one, I'll bring !
'Tis *the great man who scorns a little thing* ;
Whose thought', whose deeds', whose maxims' are his
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone. [own',
True, genuine, *royal paper* is his breast :—
Of all the kinds—*most precious, purest, best.*

^a *Scru toir'* (scroo two'r'), a cabinet desk, with a lid opening downward, for the convenience of writing upon it.

^b *Sinking-paper*, a financial paper used to *sink* or extinguish a debt. So the spendthrift *sinks* his fortune.

^c *Fools-cap*, so called from the water-mark of a fool's cap and bells used by the old paper-makers.

^d *Touch-paper*, paper steeped in saltpetre, and used as a match for firing gun-powder.

LESSON XLVII.

WHAT IS LIFE?

J. MASON GOOD.

[J. MASON GOOD, a physician, poet, and philologist,—and a man of most diversified knowledge,—was born in England in 1764: died in 1827.

Life is here described under three distinct metaphors,—as, *a sea*; *a wilderness*; and *a warfare*.]

1. *LIFE is a sea*,—how fair its face' !
How smooth its dimpling waters' pace' !
Its canopy'—how pure' !
But *rocks* below, and *tempests* sleep
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
Nor leave an hour secure.
2. *Life is a wilderness*,—beset
With tangling thorns, and treach'rous net,

And prowld by beasts of prey.
One path alone conducts aright,
One narrow path, with little light;
 A thousand lead astray.

3. *Life is a warfare*,—and alike
 Prepared to parley, or to strike,
 The practiced foe draws nigh.
 Oh, hold no truce! less dangerous far
 To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
 Than trust his sp̄cious lie.

4. Whate'er its form', whate'er its flow',
 While life is lent to man below',
 One duty stands confess'd',—
 To *watch* incessant, firm of mind,
 And watch[—] where'er the post assign'd,
 And *leave to God the rest*.

LESSON XLVIII.

SOWING AND HARVESTING.

[Mankind described under the metaphor of *Husbandmen*.]

1. THERE is nothing more true than that “whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;” and we have abundant proof, in the every-day experience of life, that “he that soweth iniquity shall reap iniquity;” that “they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, shall reap the same;” and that those who have “sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind.” And then, again, we have the comforting assurance, that if we “be not weary in well-doing, in due season we shall reap, if we faint not;” and that “to him that soweth righteousness shall be a *sure* reward.” These are metaphors in which all men are described as husbandmen, sowing the seeds for the harvest, and reaping the fruits thereof.

2. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair[—],
 They are sowing their seed in the noonday glare[—],

They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight⁻,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night⁻;
What shall their *harvest* be?

3. Some are sowing their seed of pleasant thought;
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep, and the flower-buds swell;
Rare shall the harvest be!
4. Some are sowing the seeds of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,—
Of the gentle word and the kindest deed
That have blessed the heart in its sorest need:
Sweet shall the harvest be!
5. And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of late remorse, and in maddened brain;
And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again:
Dark will the harvest be!
6. And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seeds on their native land;
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne, and still must bear:
Sad will the harvest be!
7. And each, in his way, is sowing the seed
Of good or of evil, in word or deed:
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are ripening wherê'er they go:
What shall the harvest be?
8. Sown in darkness', or sown in light',
Sown in weakness', or sown in might',
Sown in meekness', or sown in wrath',
In the broad work-field', or the shadowy path'⁵—
SURE will the harvest be!



LESSON XLIX.

CHARACTER OF ANTITHESIS.

[*Analysis*.—1. What is *Antithesis*? Illustrations.—2 Simplest forms of this figure. Examples.—3. Good example from the Apostle Paul. —4. When antitheses are the most striking and pleasing. Examples.—5. Brute animals compared with man. —6. Extent to which the principle of antithesis may be carried.—7. Maxims, proverbs, and moral sayings. Antithetic chapters in Proverbs. The epigram.—8. When antithesis becomes tiresome. Metaphorical illustration of antithesis.—9. The reading of antithetic clauses.]

1. ANTITHESIS is a figure of speech by which two or more objects, words, or sentiments are compared by being brought into *contrast*. We oppose white[—] to black['], virtue[—] to vice['], courage[—] to cowardice['], health[—] to sickness['], wealth[—] to poverty['], wisdom[—] to folly['], happiness[—] to misery[']; and each appears the more marked by the opposition in which we place it.

2. In the simplest forms of antithesis, single words, or objects, are brought into contrast, as in the following examples :

“Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
¹³ Pale[—], but intrepid[']; sad[—], but unsubdued['].”

“In reading, be careful to distinguish between a *thought*[—] and a *feeling*[']—an *idea*[—] and a *sentiment*['].”

3. The Apostle Paul, speaking in the plural number, declares to the Corinthians that he had approved himself a faithful minister by a patient endurance of all the trials that he had passed through,—“by honor[—] and dishonor['], by evil report[—] and good['] report; as deceivers[—], and yet true[']; as unknown[—], and yet well['] known; as dying[—], and behold we live[']; as chastened[—], and not killed[']; as sorrowful[—], yet always rejoicing[']; as poor[—], yet making many rich[']; as having nothing[—], and yet possessing all['] things⁶.”

4. Antitheses are the most striking and pleasing when

the sentences expressing the contrasts are similarly constructed, and made to correspond to each other. Thus: "Cæsar died a *violent* death', but his empire remained': Cromwell died a *natural* death', but his empire vanished'." —"Melissa, like the bee', gathers honey' from every weed'; while Arachne, like the spider', sucks poison' from the fairest flowers'."

5. In the following, brute animals are compared, by antithesis, with man, and mortality with immortality.

"The lamb gambols alike through the green pastures', or to the place of slaughter'. Up to the last flutter of her wings', the bird ceases not to trill her matins upon the air'. But the only immortal being upon the earth lives in dread of death. The only being to whom death is an impossibility', fears every day that it will come'."

6. While the simplest form of antithesis is that which exists between opposing *words*, yet this figure is easily extended, not only to opposing clauses, but also to opposing sentences, as in some of the examples already given. Yet the *principle* of antithesis does not end here; for it extends to all contrasted thoughts that are presented under one view, however far apart they may stand in the order of their arrangement.

7. Maxims, proverbs, and moral sayings that are specially designed for the announcement of striking truths, very properly take the antithetical form, because they thus make the strongest impression upon the mind, and are the most easily remembered. The tenth chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon, and the four succeeding chapters, are a continued series of antithetical sentences. In the *epigram*, which is a brief expression of some startling thought, generally, and, most properly, in a poetic form, antithesis finds an appropriate place.

8. But this figure, so beautiful and forcible when properly and sparingly employed in contrasting thoughts rather than mere words, appears studied, and labored, and monotonously tiresome when carried to excess,—and when the impression is conveyed that an author attends more to the *manner* of saying things than to the things themselves. It has been

well remarked, in a truthful metaphor, that “antithesis may be the blossom of wit; but it will never arrive at maturity unless sound sense be the trunk, and truth the root.”

9. In the reading of closely connected antithetic clauses, we naturally express the first clause of the contrast in a little higher tone of voice than we apply to the latter, with a prolonged pause between them; and, frequently, with the rhetorical pause after each of the two strongly contrasted words, as in the following example. “*Homer*— was the greater genius’, — *Virgil*— the better artist’.” The same principle is carried out, more or less fully, in the more complex examples of continuous antithesis. (See Lesson LIII., “Tact and Talent.”)

LESSON L.

BRIEF EXAMPLES OF ANTITHESIS.

I. DESCRIPTION OF POMPEY.

HE waged more wars— than others had read of; conquered more provinces— than others had governed: and he had been trained up, from his youth, to the art of war; not by the precepts of others, but by his own commands; not by miscarriages in the field, but by victories; not by campaigns, but by triumphs.—CICERO.

II. WORLDLY AND HEAVENLY WISDOM.

1. As there is a worldly happiness which God perceives to be no more than disguised misery; as there are worldly honors which in his estimation are reproach; so there is a worldly wisdom which in his sight is foolishness.

2. Of this worldly wisdom, the characters are given in the Scriptures, and placed in contrast with those of the wisdom which is from above. The one is the wisdom of the crafty; the other, that of the upright: the one terminates in selfishness; the other in charity: the one is full of strife and bitter envyings; the other, of mercy and of good fruits.—DR. BLAIR.

III. THE BIBLE.

Its varied adaptations contrasted.

1. Coeval with the infancy of time⁻, it still remains, and widens in the circle of its intelligence. Simple as the language of a child⁻, it charms the most fastidious taste[^]. Mournful as the voice of grief⁻, it reaches to the highest pitch of exultation[^]. Intelligible to the unlearned peasant⁻, it supplies the critic and the sage with food for earnest thought[^].

2. Silent and secret as the reproofs of conscience⁻, it echoes beneath the vaulted dome of the cathedral, and shakes the trembling multitude. The last companion of the dying and destitute⁻, it seals the bridal vow, and crowns the majesty of kings. Closed in the heedless grasp of the luxurious and the slothful⁻, it unfolds its awful record over the yawning grave. Bright and joyous as the morning star to the benighted traveler⁻, it rolls like the waters of the deluge over the path of him who willfully mistakes his way.—MRS. ELLIS.

IV. HOMER AND VIRGIL COMPARED.

1. Homer⁻ was the greater genius['],—Virgil⁻ the better artist[']; in the one, we most admire the man['], in the other, the work[^]. Homer hurries us on with a commanding impetuosity⁻; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty[^]. Homer scatters with a generous profusion⁻; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence[^]. Homer⁻, like the Nile['], pours out his riches with a sudden overflow[^]; Virgil⁻, like a river in its banks['], with a constant stream[^].

2. Homer is in his province when he is describing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god; Virgil is never better pleased than when he is in his elysium, or copying out an entertaining picture: Homer's persons are most of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted into his poem any who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to throw the most winning charms around his hero.—ADDISON.

V. COWPER AND THOMSON COMPARED.

In one mood of mind we love Cowper best; in another,

Thomson. Cowper sets nature before your eyes—Thomson—before your imagination. There is a delightful distinctness in all the pictures of the bard of Olney^a—a glorious gloom or glimmer in most of those of the bard of Ednam^b. Cowper paints trees—Thomson—, woods. Thomson paints, in a few wondrous lines, rivers from source to sea, like the mighty Barampooter—Cowper, in many no very wondrous lines, brightens up one bend of a stream, or awakens our fancy to the murmur of some single waterfall.—PROFESSOR WILSON (Christopher North).

VI. CATILINE AND HIS CONSPIRATORS COMPARED WITH THE LOYAL ROMAN CITIZENS.

1. But, waving all other circumstances, let us balance the real situation of the opposing parties: from that we can form a true notion of how very low our enemies are reduced. Here, regard to virtue' opposes insensibility to shame'; here purity' opposes pollution'; integrity', injustice'; virtue', villainy'; resolution', rage'; dignity', defilement'; regularity', riot'.

2. On one side are ranged equity', temperance', courage', prudence', and every virtue'; on the other', iniquity', luxury', cowardice', rashness', with every vice'. Lastly, the struggle lies between wealth' and want'; the dignity', and the degeneracy' of reason; the force', and the frenzy' of the soul; between well-grounded hope', and widely-extended despair'. In such a strife, in such a struggle as this', even though the zeal of men were wanting', must not the immortal gods give such shining virtues the superiority over so great and such complicated vices'?—CICERO.

VII. RHETORIC AND LOGIC.

1. Language images forth the soul of man in all its states and conditions, and is the expression of his whole being.

RHETORIC employs the whole power of language, in its various forms, to image forth the soul of the orator, the

^a COWPER, born in 1731, long resided at *Olney*, in Buckinghamshire, in England.

^b THOMSON, one of the most popular of English poets, was born at *Ednam*, in Roxburghshire, in the year 1700.

poet, or the elegant prose writer, for the combined purpose of conviction and persuasion.

2. Logic is contented with one principal form of language, namely, the Proposition, in its various uses. It formally lays down its premises, and with the rigor of a mathematical demonstration proceeds to the conclusion, to which it compels the cold assent of reason. Rhetoric looks at the form of a sentence that would satisfy Logic, and, rejecting it as tame and inexpressive, demands what is vivid and striking.

3. Logic calmly makes a statement, and says, "My will is that you should come." Rhetoric uses the language of demand, and says "Come!" Logic *reasons*, and coolly says, "Men are ungrateful." Rhetoric *feels*, and in the warmth of passion exclaims, "O the ingratitude of men!" Logic meekly says, "I wish to know who thou art." Rhetoric calls out in trumpet tones, "Who art thou!"

LESSON LI.

THE SUNSET LAND.

[Abridged from a volume entitled "The Sunset Land," by REV. JOHN TODD, of Pittsfield, Mass. In this Lesson California is all the more forcibly described by comparing it, antithetically, with its opposite in so many respects—New England. For the reading of antithetic clauses, see Rule VI., Notes, etc.; and also verse 9 on page 143.]

1. How different, in all respects, is California from our New England! *Here*, in New England', the winds hurry, and scurry, and change, often many times a day': *there* they unchangingly blow in one direction for six months, and then the opposite for six months. *Here* the earth rests in winter: *there* they have no winter, and her rest is in the summer.

2. *Here* we have storm, and heat, and cold: *there* they have no storms, nor rain in summer, and only rain in winter. *Here* our trees shed their leaves: *there* they wear their varnished covering the year round', while some of them, like the bronzed *madrōna*, shed their *bark* annually, and keep on their bright green, waxen leaves.

3. *Here* the woodpecker goes to the old tree and knocks, and wakes up the worm, and then pecks in and gets him:

there—the woodpecker bores a thousand holes in the great pine-tree, into each of which he thrusts an acorn; and in the acorn the miller deposits her egg, and the woodpecker calls and takes it after it has become a good-sized worm.

Here—the owl lives in the hollow tree: *there*—he burrows in the ground with the strange gray ground-squirrel, or in the hole of the rattlesnake, or in that of the prairie dog.

4. *Here*—the elder is a bush: *there*—I have seen it a tree whose trunk is a foot in diameter. *Here*—the lemon-verbena is a flower-pot plant: *there*—it is a bush nine feet high. *Here*—the mustard-seed yields a small plant: *there*—it is a tree, often seventeen feet high. *Here*—we have a few grapevines in a grapery: *there*—you will find five thousand acres in a single vineyard.

5. *Here*—you will see a single oleander beautifying a single parlor: *there*—you will find a hundred clumps in full blossom in a single yard, amid what looks like showers of roses. *Here*—we make the Ethiopian calla bloom in the conservatory: *there*—it blossoms in every grave-yard, and at the head of almost every grave.

6. *Here* we have the thick green turf on our soil: *there* they have no turf;—and not a dandelion, daughter of the turf, grows in all California. *Here* the sun paints the grass green: *there* he turns it brown. *Here* you see the farmer carefully housing his hay, and little patch of wheat: *there* he cuts no hay except to supply the cities, and reaps and threshes his wheat in the fields, and throws the bags down to lie all summer, sure that neither rain nor dew will hurt it. *Here* every thing is small: *there* the trees, and all the vegetable world, are so large that you are tempted to doubt the evidence of your senses.

7. In the summer, the valleys of California are so turned up to the sun, that every thing matures and ripens quickly and early. They gather their crops by the middle of May. Then the grass has dried up, all seeded, but still making rich pasture for the cattle,—and there is no part of the year when the flocks fatten so fast as when they eat what we should call the dried-up grass in the fields,—good for nothing *here*, but full of seed and nourishment *there*.

8. From May to November there is neither rain nor dew in California; and as there are no clouds, so there is no thunder. The ground on the surface parches, and cracks, and wrinkles; and the earth rests till the fall rains. The beautiful green of field and meadow, of landscape, hill, and dale, which makes New England so lovely, is all gone. You must wait till the next winter, when *we* are covered with snow, to see *their* creation all fresh and green. February is *their* month of beauty and of glory, as June is *ours*.

9. In the great central valley of California the fig yields her three crops a year;—and there the pomegranate and the almond, the nectarine, the peach, the cherry, the apple, the pear, and, above all, the grape, have their home; and all grow with a rapidity, and bear with a profusion, that is almost beyond belief.

10. In the vast and lofty mountains of this "Sunset Land,"—in its bewitching valleys,—in its peculiarities of climate,—in the gorgeous drapery of its trees and flowers,—in the sleeping gold and silver yet unfound,—in the fertility of soil, and great wealth yet to come from it,—in its relations to the Orient,—I see a future for this part of our land, great in results, wide in their reach, fearful for good or for evil to the human family, but all—all under the orderings of a God infinite in wisdom as in power.

LESSON LII.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Anonymous.

[We have an example, in this Lesson, of antithesis extended to contrasted views of subjects that are separately explained at some length, so that the antithesis is not fully seen until the whole has been read. The more immediate antithetic clauses are, "There is grief," "There is bliss;" and the two, however widely apart, are to be read as if they were in immediate juxtaposition.]

I. EARTH.

1. THERE is grief', there is grief', there is wringing of
And weeping, and calling for aid; [hands',
For sorrow hath summon'd her group, and it stands
Round the couch where the sufferer is laid.

And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,
 And tears from the heart-springs are shed;
 Yet who that looks on the sweet saint to behold,
 But would gladly lie down in her stead.

2. There is grief, there is grief, there is anguish and strife,
 And the sufferer is striving for breath;
 For the spirit will cling, oh! how fondly, to life,
 And stern is the struggle with death!
 But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,
 Till the last fatal symptoms have birth;
 And the eyeball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill;—
 And *this* is the portion of EARTH!

II. HEAVEN.

3. There is bliss', there is bliss', in the regions above,
 They have opened the gates of the sky;
 A spirit has soar'd to those mansions of love,
 And seeks for admittance on high:



And friends long divided are hasting to greet,
 In a land where no sorrow may come,
 And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,
 And to welcome the child to its home.

4. There is bliss, there is bliss, at the foot of the throne;
 See the spirit all purified bend;
 And it beams with delight, since it gazes alone
 On the face of a father—a friend!
 Then it joins in the anthems forever that rise,
 And its frailty or folly forgiven,
 It is dead to the earth, and new-born to the skies;—
And this is the portion of HEAVEN!
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LESSON LIII.

TACT AND TALENT.

[The following comparison, drawn antithetically between *Tact* and *Talent*, has been attributed to Lord Jeffrey, the prince of English critics, an eminent lawyer, a learned judge, and one of the originators of the Edinburgh Review. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1773; died in 1850.

This Lesson furnishes one of the finest and best-sustained examples of continuous antithesis that could be produced. It also furnishes excellent illustrations of the principles embraced in the Elocutionary Rules VI., VII., VIII., and XIII.]

1. TALENT⁻ is something', but *tact*⁻ is every' thing. *Talent*' is serious', sober', grave', and respectable^{'s, b}; *tact*'⁻ is all that', and more too'. It is not a sixth sense', but it is the life of all the five'. It is the open eye', the quick ear', the judging taste', the keen smell', and the lively touch^{'s, b}; it is the interpreter of all riddles', the surmounter of all difficulties', the remover of all obstacles^{'s, b}. It is useful in all places', and at all times^{'7}; it is useful in solitude', for it shows a man his way *into*' the world; it is useful in society', for it shows him his way *through*' the world^{'7}.

2. *Talent*⁻ is power', *tact*⁻ is skill'; *talent*' is weight', *tact*⁻ is momentum'; *talent*' knows *what*' to do, *tact*⁻ knows *how*' to do it; *talent*' makes a man respectable', *tact*⁻ will make him respected'; *talent*' is wealth', *tact*⁻ is ready money'. For all the practical purposes of life', *tact* carries it against *talent* ten to one.

3. Take them to the theatre', and put them against each other on the stage', and talent' shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned', while tact' keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent'; there is no want of dramatic tact'; but they are seldom together': so we have successful pieces which are not respectable', and respectable pieces which are not successful'.

4. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent' sees its way clearly, but tact' is first at its journey's end. Talent' has many a compliment from the bench, but tact' touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent' speaks learnedly and logically, tact' triumphantly.

5. Talent' makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact' excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight' to carry; it makes no false steps'; it hits the right nail on the head'; it loses no time'; it takes all hints'; and is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows'.

6. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without art outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course.

7. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humor leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded.

8. Talent builds for eternity; tact' on a short lease, and gets good interest. In short', talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk' about, a very good thing to be proud' of, a very glorious eminence to look down' from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable—always alert—marketable. It is talent of talent'; the availableness of resources'; the application of power'; the eye of discrimination', and the right hand of intellect'.

LESSON LIV.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CUNNINGHAM.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a voluminous writer in both prose and poetry, and a man of varied talents, was born in Scotland in 1784; died in 1842. Some of his shorter poems are perfect gems.

In this Lesson we have an example of antithesis between opposing *subjects*, each separately presented at length, similar to that described in Lesson LII.]

Give me the country—

“Where every grove with Nature’s music rings,
And every breeze bears health upon its wings.”



CHILD OF THE COUNTRY.

1. CHILD of the country' ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;

Born like the lily, where the dew
 Lies odorous when the day is new;
 Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee;
 Nursed to sweet music on the knee;
 Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune
 Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
 I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
 Of such a fair and gladsome thing'.

2. Child of the town! for thee I sigh;
 A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
 A carpet is thy daisied sod,
 A narrow street thy boundless wood;
 Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
 Of watchmen; thy best light's a lamp,—
 Through smoke, and not through trellised vines,
 And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
 I sing of thee in sadness; where
 Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair!

3. Child of the country! on the lawn
 I see thee like the bounding fawn,
 Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
 The first time on the wings of Spring;
 Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
 Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
 Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
 Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
 Now climbing up some old tall tree—
 For climbing's sake,—'tis sweet to thee
 To sit where birds can sit alone,
 Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

4. Child of the town and bustling street,
 What woes and snares await thy feet!
 Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
 Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
 Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
 Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;

And thou art cabin'd and confined,
 At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
 Or set thy tottering feet but on
 Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone.

5. Fly from the town, sweet child ! for health
 Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
 There is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and bower ;
 On every herb o'er which you tread
 Are written words which, rightly read,
 Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

LESSON IV.

LIFE'S BAUBLES.

POPE.

[ALEXANDER POPE, a celebrated poet, was born in London, England, in 1688. Though born deformed, small in size, and delicate in constitution, he was a literary infant prodigy. He wrote a play before he was twelve years old, and, to use his own words, he "lisp'd in numbers." His *Essay on Criticism*, *Essay on Man*, and his translation of the *Iliad*, are his most celebrated works. He died in 1744.

In the following lesson the various *baubles* which please man in the various stages of life are first contrasted, antithetically : then want and hope, folly and joy, our different prospects, and, finally, man's folly and God's wisdom.]

1. BEHOLD the *child*, by nature's kindly law
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier plaything gives his *youth* delight,
 A little louder, but as empty—quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his *riper stage*,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of *age* :
 Pleased with *this* bauble still, as *that* before,
 'Till—tired—he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

2. Meanwhile—, opinion gilds—, with varying rays,
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days :
 Each want of happiness', by hope supplied',
 And each vacuity of sense', by pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy :
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy.

3. One prospect lost', another still we gain';
 And not a vanity is given in vain:
 Even mean self-love becomes', by force divine',
 The scale to measure others' wants', by thine'.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
 'Tis this; *though man's a fool, yet God is wise.*
-

LESSON LVI.

DRYDEN AND POPE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller. If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation; Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

LESSON LVII.

CHATHAM AND BURKE.

HAZLITT.

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, a distinguished critic and miscellaneous writer, was born in England in 1778; died in 1830. From his "Eloquence of the British Senate," a work in two volumes, the following antithetical extract is taken.]

1. CHATHAM and Burke were in every respect the reverse of each other. Chatham's eloquence was popular: his wisdom was altogether plain and practical. Burke's eloquence was that of the poet; of the man of high and unbounded fancy: his wisdom was profound and contemplative.

2. Chatham's eloquence was calculated to make men *act*;

Burke's—calculated to make them *think*'. Chatham could have roused the fury of a multitude, and wielded their physical energy as he pleased: Burke's eloquence carried conviction into the mind of the retired and lonely student', opened the recesses of the human breast', and lighted up the face of nature around him.

3. Chatham supplied his hearers with *motives* to immediate action: Burke furnished them with *reasons* for action, which might have little effect upon them at the time, but for which they would be wiser and better all their lives after.

4. In research, in originality, in variety of knowledge, in richness of invention, in depth and comprehension of mind, Burke had as much the advantage of Lord Chatham', as he was excelled by him in plain common sense, in strong feeling, in steadiness of purpose, in vehemence, in warmth, in enthusiasm and energy of mind.

5. Burke was the man of genius', of fine sense', and subtle reasoning'; Chatham was a man of clear understanding', of strong sense', and violent passions. Burke's mind was satisfied with *speculation*; Chatham's was essentially *active*; it could not rest without an object. The power which governed Burke's mind was his Imagination; that which gave its *impetus* to Chatham's was Will. The one was almost the creature of pure intellect', the other of physical temperament'.

LESSON LVIII.

DISCRETION AND CUNNING.

ADDISON.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, a true Christian scholar, and one of the brightest ornaments of English literature, was born in England in 1672. As an essayist he is unrivaled. The *Spectator* alone would have immortalized his name. He died in 1719.]

1. **THOUGH** a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but, if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular situation of life. At the same time that I think discretion' the most useful talent a man can be master of', I look upon *cunning* to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds.

2. Discretion' points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning⁻ has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion⁻ has large and extended views', and, like a well-formed eye', commands a whole horizon'. Cunning⁻ is a kind of short-sightedness', which discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand', but is not able to discern things at a distance.

3. Discretion', the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion⁻ is the perfection of reason', and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning⁻ is a kind of instinct that looks out after our immediate interests and welfare.

4. Discretion⁻ is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning⁻ is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are the fewest removes from them. In short', cunning⁻ is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit', and gravity for wisdom'.

LESSON LIX.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN.

COWPER.

[WILLIAM COWPER, one of the truest and best of English poets, was born in 1731. He was, constitutionally, too timid ever to appear in public life, and for years he suffered under the scourge of insanity. He died in the year 1800.

The Infidel and Christian are here described antithetically. In the third division of the piece, the antithesis is most clearly apparent.]

I. THE BRILLIANT INFIDEL.

1. THE path to bliss abounds with many a snare:
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
 The Frenchman, first in literary fame
 (Mention him if you please. Voltaire'? The same),
 With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
 Lived long', wrote much', laugh'd heartily⁻, and died'.

2. The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon-mots^a to gall the Christian and the Jew:
 An infidel in health; but what when sick?
 Oh—then a text would touch him to the quick.
 View him at Paris, in his last career,—
 Surrounding throngs the dëmigod revere:
 Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
 And fumed with frankincense on every side,
 He begs their flattery with his latest breath,—
 And smothered in't at last, is praised to death.

II. THE HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.

3. Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
 Content', though mean', and cheerful', if not gay',
 Shuffling her thread about the livelong day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her head and pocket light.
4. She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit;
 Receives no praise: but though her lot be such
 (Toilsome and indigent), she renders much:
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,—
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
 And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.

III. THE REWARD.

5. Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
 His— the mere tinsel', hers— the rich reward';
 He—, praised', perhaps', for ages yet to come';
 She—, never heard of half a mile from home';
 He— lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She— safe in the simplicity of hers.

^a *BON-MOTS* (bông'mōs), French: jests, witticisms. The first syllable is pronounced half way between b and bông.



LESSON LX.

CHARACTER OF THE ALLEGORY.

[*Analysis.*—1. Illustrations of the simile, the metaphor, and the allegory. The character of the allegory.—On what it is based. How it differs from the metaphor. A metaphor illustrative of the allegory.—3. The use of allegories. Riddles, fables, and parables. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.—4. Allegory in art. Compared to a painting. A pictorial allegory explained. Allegorical emblems. Cole's *Voyage of Life*.]

1. If, in describing the people of Israel, I say, "Israel is *like* an empty vine," I make use of a simile, or formal comparison: if I say, "Israel *is* an empty vine," I employ a metaphor; but if I say, "Behold an empty vine," and go on and describe the vine in such a manner as to make it plain that I *mean* Israel, although I do not mention the name, the comparison, thus hidden, becomes an allegory. Thus allegory is a continued *allusion* to something that is not mentioned.

2. Hence an allegory, like a metaphor, is based upon comparison, and is the representation of one thing by another that is described in its stead. In the metaphor, the primary object which we wish to explain, or illustrate, is ever kept in view; in the allegory, the secondary object only is mentioned, and we are left to discover the primary by our own ingenuity. The following metaphor very happily sets forth the beauty of the allegory. "Of all the flowers that embellish the regions of romance, there is no other that bears so rich and beautiful a blossom, that diffuses such a copious and exquisite fragrance, or that so amply rewards the care and culture of the poet or the orator."

3. Allegories were a favorite method of giving reproof, and imparting instruction, in ancient times; and among them are still found some of the choicest gems of language. Riddles, the fables of Æsop and La Fontaine, and the parables

of the New Testament, are allegories; and it is the *moral*, or hidden truth of the fable or allegory, the *instruction* designed in the parable, and the *solution* of the riddle, that contain the hidden meaning aimed at. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, in which a journey is described to illustrate the commencement, progress, and conclusion of the Christian life, is an allegory, continued through a volume.

4. The principle of the allegory is introduced largely into some of the departments of Art—in painting, in sculpture, and even in architecture, and wherever one object is made to symbolize another; and hence an allegory is in every respect similar to a hieroglyphical painting, excepting only that words are used in the former instead of colors. An artist who should paint a picture in which the lion should be taken as the symbol of courage, the lamb as the symbol of meekness and patience, the eye of sight and knowledge, the anchor of hope, the olive branch of peace, etc., would be dealing in allegory. So war, peace, and commerce have their well known allegorical emblems; and the career of a gambler, a drunkard, a miser, a murderer, may be sketched by the pencil as well as by the pen. One of the most striking and now well-known pictorial allegories is Cole's "Voyage of Life," comprised in a series of four allegorical paintings.

LESSON LXI.

BRIEF EXAMPLES OF ALLEGORY.

In Matthew Prior's "Henry and Emma," Emma, in the following allegorical manner, describes her constancy to Henry.

I. CONSTANCY.

[An Interrogative Allegory.]

DID I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea',
While gentle zephyrs play with prosperous gales',
And fortune's favor fills the swelling sails';
But would forsake the ship', and make the shore',
When the winds whistle', and the tempests roar'?

II. THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL REPRESENTED UNDER THE IMAGE OF A VINE.

[A Prayer of David.]

1. Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it; and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.



2. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine.—*Psalms lxxx., 8-14.*

III. WISDOM'S CALL.

[Wisdom personified.]

1. Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars. She hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table.



2. She hath sent forth her maidens: she crieth upon the highest places of the city, "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither." As for him that desireth understanding, she saith to him, "Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled. For sake the foolish and live; and go in the way of understanding."—*Proverbs ix., 1-6.*

IV. THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL AS A VINEYARD.

[God's judgments upon Israel. A parable. At the close, the parable is explained.]

1. My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill. And he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vines, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a wine-press therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes; and it brought forth wild grapes.

2. And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth *wild* grapes?

3. And now go to; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down. And I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned, nor digged, but there shall come up briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it. For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant.—*Isaiah* v., 1.

V. THE STATE PICTURED AS A DISABLED SHIP AT SEA.

[Queen Margaret's address to the Lords and soldiers.]

1. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which has too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

2. Ah, what a shame¹⁰! ah, what a fault were this¹⁰!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that¹¹?

And Montague our top-mast; what of him¹¹?
 Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these¹¹?
 Why', is not Oxford here another anchor¹?
 And Somerset another goodly mast¹?
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings¹?
 And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I
 For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge¹³?

King Henry VI., Act V., Scene 4.

VI. CIVIL LIBERTY.

[In the second verse Civil Liberty is described under the figure of a half-finished building. The object is to show that Civil Liberty is not to be judged of from the outrages and violent acts which attend revolutions.]

1. The final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom', moderation', and mercy'. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes', conflicting errors', skepticism on points the most clear', dogmatism on points the most mysterious'.

2. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice'; they point to the flying dust', the falling bricks', the comfortless rooms', the frightful irregularity' of the whole appearance', and then ask— in scorn', where the promised splendor and comfort are to be found'.—MACAULAY.

LESSON LXII.

THE VALLEY OF AIDENN^a.

A descriptive Allegory.—BULWER.

[BULWER LYTTON, a celebrated English novelist and politician, was born in 1805. In 1844, having succeeded to the estates of his mother, he exchanged his surname of Bulwer for that of Lytton, which he now bears.]

The valley of Aidenn, described in this allegory, is but a picture of that dreamland of youth—a paradise of happiness without alloy—which so many in fancy have visited, only to awaken from its fond illusions to find themselves once more on the real solid earth, with life duties and life labors still awaiting them.

The picture of Love, exalted into a goddess, and surrounded by numerous attendant deities who minister to every sensual delight, is here happily drawn; but Time soon begins to reveal wrinkles upon the brow of beauty, darkness falls upon dreamland, and the poetry of life is gone forever.]

1. At length the traveler emerged from a mighty forest, through which, for several days, he had threaded his weary

way; and beautiful, beyond thought, was the landscape that broke upon his view. A plain covered with the richest verdure lay before him: through the trees that here and there darkened the emerald ground were cut alleys, which were overarched with festoons of many-colored flowers, whose hues sparkled amid the glossy foliage, and whose sweets steeped the air as from gardens of roses. A stream, clear as crystal, flowed over golden sands; and, wherever the sward was greenest, gathered itself into delicious fountains, and sent upward dazzling spray, as if to catch the embraces of the sun, whose beams kissed it in delight.

2. The wanderer paused in ecstasy; a sense of luxurious rapture, which he had never before experienced, crept into his soul. "Behold!" murmured he, "my task is already done; and Aidenn, the land of happiness and of youth, lies before me!"

While he thus spake, a sweet voice answered, "Yes, oh happy stranger! thy task is done: this is the land of happiness and of youth!"

3. He turned, and a maiden of dazzling beauty was by his side. "Enjoy the present," said she, "and so wilt thou defy the future. Ere yet the world was, Love brooded over the unformed shell, till from beneath the shadow of his wings burst forth the life of the young creation. Love, then, is the true God; and whoso serveth him, he admits into the mysteries of a temple erected before the stars. Behold! thou enterest now upon the threshold of the temple, in which youth, and beauty, and joy dwell forever."

4. Enchanted with these words, Arasmānes gave himself up to the sweet intoxication they produced upon his soul. He suffered the nymph to lead him deeper into the valley: and now, from a thousand vistas in the wood, trooped forth beings, some of fantastic, some of the most harmonious shapes. There were the sātīr^b and the faun^c, and the youthful Bacchus^d, mingling with the multiform deities of India, and the wild objects of Egyptian worship; but more numerous than all were the choral nymphs^e, that spiritualized the reality by incorporating the dreams of beauty; and wherever he looked, one laughing face seemed to peer forth

from the glossy leaves, and to shed, as from its own joyous yet tender aspect, a tenderness and a joy over all things; and he asked what this being, that seemed to have the power of multiplying itself every where, was called? And its name was Ê'ros^f.

5. For a time, the length of which he knew not—for in that land no measurement of time was kept—Arasmānes was fully persuaded that it was Aidenn to which he had attained. He felt his youth as if it were something palpal; every thing was new to him—even in the shape of the leaves, and in the whisper of the odorous airs, he found wherewithal to marvel at and admire. Enamored of the maiden that had first addressed him, at her slightest wish (and she was full of beautiful caprices) he was ready to explore even the obscurest recess in the valley, which now appeared to him unbounded. He never wearied of a single hour. He felt as if weariness were impossible; and, with every instant, he repeated to himself, "In the land of happiness and youth I am a dweller."

6. One day, as he was conversing with his beloved, and gazing upon her face, he was amazed to behold that, since the last time he had gazed upon it, a wrinkle had planted itself upon the ivory surface of her brow; and, even while half doubting the evidence of his eyes, new wrinkles seemed slowly to form over the forehead, and the transparent roses of her cheek to wane and fade! He concealed, as well as he could, the mortification and wonder that he experienced at this strange phenomenon; and no longer daring to gaze upon a face from which before he had drunk delight as from a fountain, he sought excuses to separate himself from her, and wandered, confused and bewildered with his own thoughts, into the wood. The fauns, and the dryads^g, and the youthful face of Bacchus, and the laughing aspect of Ê'ros, came athwart him from time to time; yet the wonder that had clothed them with fascination was dulled within his breast. Nay, he thought the poor wine-god had a certain vulgarity in his air, and he almost yawned audibly in the face of Ê'ros.

7. And now, whenever he met his favorite nymph—who

was as the queen of the valley—he had the chagrin to perceive that the wrinkles deepened with every time; youth seemed rapidly to desert her; and, instead of a maiden scarcely escaped from childhood, it was an old coquette that he had been so desperately in love with.

8. One day he could not resist saying to her, though with some embarrassment,

“Pray, dearest, is it many years that you have inhabited this valley?”

“Oh, indeed many!” said she, smiling.

“You are not, then, very young,” rejoined Arasmānes, ungallantly.

“What!” cried the nymph, changing color, “do you begin to discover age in my countenance? Has any wrinkle yet appeared upon my brow? You are silent. Oh, cruel Fate! will you not spare even this lover?” And the poor nymph burst into tears.

9. “My dear love,” said Arasmānes, painfully, “it is true that time begins to creep upon you; but my friendship shall be eternal.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the nymph, rising, fixed upon him a long, sorrowful look, and then with a loud cry vanished from his sight. Thick darkness, as a veil, fell over the plains; the novelty of life, with its attendant poetry, was gone from the wanderer’s path forever.

10. A sudden sleep crept over his senses. He awoke, confused and unrefreshed; and a long and gradual ascent, but over mountains green indeed, and watered by many streams gushing from the heights, stretched before him. Of the valley he had mistaken for Aidenn, not a vestige remained. He was once more on the real solid earth.

Aïdenn is an Anglicized and disguised spelling of the Arabic form of the word *Eden*;—used sometimes as a synonym for the *celestial* paradise. See this latter allusion in Poe’s “Ravèn:”—

“Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant *Aidenn*,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels call Lenore.”

^b *Sä'tyr*, a sylvan deity, part man and part goat, characterized by riotous merriment.

^c The *fawns* were dancing gods of the fields, and shepherds, differing but little from the satyrs.

^d *Bac'chus*, the god of wine.

^e *Choral nymphs*, singing nymphs. The *nymphs* were beautiful female forms—

LESSON LXIII.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Narrative form. A Parable.—*Luke xv.*

[A *Parable* is an allegorical relation of something which takes place among *man-kind*, and from which an instructive moral is designed to be drawn. The parable requires both possibility and *probability* in the narration.

The following parable, which beautifully embodies the principle of paternal affection, is evidently designed as a farther illustration of the truth already twice previously stated in the same chapter—that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.]

1. A CERTAIN man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, “Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.” And he divided unto them his living. And, not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

2. And, when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, who sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; but no man gave unto him.

3. And when he came to himself, he said, “How many hired servants of my father have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.”

4. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, “Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

5. But the father said to his servants, “Bring forth the

goddesses—who, as the early Greeks imagined, peopled the mountains, meadows, forests, waters, etc.

¹ *Ἔρως*, in ancient mythology, is the Greek name of the deity of Love; the same as the Cupido (Cupid) of the Latins.

² *Dry'ad*, a nymph of the woods.

best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

6. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

7. And he was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father, "Lo, these many years have I served thee, neither transgressed I, at any time, thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

8. And the father said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

LESSON LXIV.

THE TREES THAT DESIRED A KING.

A Narrative. The oldest *Fable* known.—*Judges ix.*

[The *Fable*, or *Apologue*, is an allegory founded upon supposed actions of brutes or inanimate things, and therefore is not limited, like the parable, by the rules of probability. In common with all allegories, the fable is intended to enforce some useful truth or precept. The fables of *Æsop*, which are confined mostly to the doings and sayings of animals, are good examples of apologue.

The fable here given, the oldest on record, and which Addison declares to be as beautiful as any made since, originated in the following manner. Abim'e lech, by conspiracy with the people of Shē'chem, and by the murder of all his brethren except Jō'tham the youngest, who hid himself, is made ruler over the people of Israel, who had long wickedly desired a king, instead of the Lord, to rule over them. Jotham, by the following fable, rebukes the Shē'chem ites, and foretells their ruin. Ere long the people of Shē'chem were all destroyed, as Jotham had foretold, and Abim'e lech himself was slain; so that the curse of Jotham fell upon all who were engaged in the conspiracy.]

1. AND all the men of Shechem gathered together, and all the house of Millo, and went, and made Abimelech king, by

the plain of the pillar that was in Shechem. And when they told it to Jotham, he went and stood on the top of Mount Ger'i zim, and lifted up his voice, and cried, and said unto them, Harken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you.

2. The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

3. And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

4. Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

5. Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

6. Now, therefore, if ye have done truly and sincerely, in that ye have made Abimelech king, and if ye have dealt well with Je rüb'ba al and his house, and have done unto him according to the deserving of his hands (for my father fought for you, and adventured his life far, and delivered you out of the hand of Midian: and ye are risen up against my father's house this day, and have slain his sons, three-score and ten persons, upon one stone, and have made Abimelech, the son of his maid-servant, king over the men of Shechem, because he is your brother); if ye then have dealt truly and sincerely with Je rüb'ba al and with his house this day, then rejoice ye in Abimelech, and let him also rejoice in you; but if not, let fire come out from Abimelech, and devour the men of Shechem, and the house of Millo; and let fire come out from the men of Shechem, and from the house of Millo, and devour Abimelech.

7. And Jotham ran away, and fled, and went to Beer, and dwelt there, for fear of Abimelech his brother.

LESSON LXV.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM.

A Persian Fable.

1. "How old art thou?" said the garrulous gourd,
As o'er the palm-tree's crest it poured
Its spreading leaves and tendrils fine,
And hung a bloom in the morning shine.
"A hundred years!" the palm-tree sighed:
"And *I*," the saucy gourd replied,
"Am at the most a hundred hours,
And overtop thee in the bowers!"
 2. Through all the palm-tree's leaves there went
A tremor as of self-content.
"I live my life," it, whispering, said,
"See what I see, and count the dead;
And every year, of all I've known,
A gourd above my head has grown,
And made a boast, like thine to-day;
Yet here *I* stand—but where are *they*?"
-

LESSON LXVI.

LOCOMOTIVE AND TEA-KETTLE.

A Fable.

1. As I happened one day to enter an old shed, in which some worn-out Locomotives had been stowed away, I chanced to overhear the following:
2. "Gentlemen," said an old Tea-kettle that lay in a corner of the shed—"Gentlemen, I am sorry to see you in this place: I wasn't brought here till I had more than once lost my spout and handle, and been patched and soldered till very little of my original was left. I conclude, therefore,

that, like me, you have seen your best days, and are now to be laid aside as useless."

The Locomotives looked at one another, and frowned, but didn't answer.

3. "Well, gentlemen and brothers," cried the Kettle again, "don't be down-hearted. We have played busy and useful parts in our day, and may comfort ourselves now in thinking over the things we have respectively achieved. As for *me*, the remembrance of the domestic delight and refreshment that I have been the means of affording affects me deeply."

4. "What is that little old tin whistling about, up in the corner?" asked one of the Locomotives of his companion. "Where are his *brothers*?"

5. "Hey-day! is that it?" cried the Kettle, all alive with indignation. "So you don't own the relationship! Let me tell you, with all your pitiful pride, that, though you won't own me as a brother, I am father and mother to you; for who would ever have heard of a steam-engine, if it hadn't been for a tea-kettle?"

6. The Locomotives were abashed, and silent; and while I was drawing a moral from the just reproof which the Kettle had administered to their pride and arrogance, my ear caught up the following, which was sung by one of the workmen in an adjoining building:

A TEA-KETTLE LYRIC.

7. They may talk as they will about singing,
 Their harps, and their lutes, and what not;
 Their fiddles are not worth the stringing,
 Compared with the music I've got;
 For with lessons far deeper and higher
 The song of the kettle may teem:
 'Twas the kettle that sung on the fire,
 That first proved the power of steam.

8. With home-faces smiling around me,
 And children and wife at the board,
 No music such joy ever found me
 As that its sweet song doth afford:

I love every inch of its metal,
From the tip of the spout to the knob:
“Lead a temperate life,” sings the kettle,—
The kettle that sings on the hob^b.

^a It is said that the idea of using steam for mechanical purposes was first suggested by noticing the force with which it issues from the spout of a tea-kettle.

^b *Hob*, the flat part of a grate in England, where things are placed to be kept hot. It is where the tea-kettle generally does its *singing*.

LESSON LXVII.

THE POPPY AND THE DAISY.

A Fable.—*Leisure Hours.*

[The following very fine example of a fable with an instructive moral, will be found a fine reading exercise, if the monotonous brevity of the dialogue is properly relieved by giving full expression to the *character* of the speakers. The gentle tone of the meek and modest daisy is in happy contrast with the arrogant and quarrelsome manner of the flaunting poppy; and then the change, in the tone of the latter, toward the close, gives additional variety to the reading, which should be a close imitation of *nature* throughout.]

“How in the world came *you* there’?” said a flaring scarlet Poppy to a cheery, crimp little Daisy that grew at his feet.

“That is more than I can tell,” said the Daisy.

“Don’t you feel ashamed of being so near me’?” said the Poppy’.

“Not’ at all’,” said the Daisy’.

“Don’t you see how tall I am’?” said the Poppy’.

“Very’ tall,” said the Daisy.

“And handsome’?” said the Poppy’.

“Yes’,” said the Daisy.

“Don’t you feel afraid of me’?” said the Poppy’.

“Not’ a bit” said the Daisy.

“How very short *you* are’!” said the Poppy.

“Very,” said the Daisy.

“And insignificant,” said the Poppy.

“Yes,” said the Daisy.

“And ugly,” said the Poppy.

“I deny *that*,” said the Daisy.

“No one would look twice at you,” said the Poppy.

“Perhaps not,” said the Daisy.

"The people pass through the field and don't see you," said the Poppy.

"Do they?" said the Daisy.

"They can't help seeing *me*!" said the Poppy.

"No, I'm sure they can't," said the Daisy.

"And they admire *me*!" said the Poppy.

"Do they?" said the Daisy.

"You *know* they do," said the Poppy, growing redder with passion.

"I'm sure I don't," said the Daisy.

"You're as envious as you can be," said the Poppy.

"Quite a mistake," said the Daisy.

"Oh, you would give the whole field to be in my place," said the Poppy.

"I wouldn't," said the Daisy.

"Who would spend a thought on *you*?" said the Poppy, contemptuously.

"Robert Burns," said the Daisy.

"I wish the reapers would come to cut the corn."

"So do I," said the Daisy.

"Why do *you* want them?" said the Poppy.

"Simply because you do," said the Daisy.

"Very fine! it's your conceit; you think they will look at you," said the Poppy.

"No I don't indeed," said the Daisy.

"They won't trouble themselves about you," said the Poppy.

"I hope not," said the Daisy.

"I shall turn my back on you," said the Poppy.

"Do," said the Daisy.

"Are you not very sorry?" said the Poppy.

"Not at all," said the Daisy.

"I despise you," said the Poppy.

"Do you?" said the Daisy.

"It makes me ill to look at you," said the Poppy.

"How wise of you to turn round, then!" said the Daisy.

"You couldn't turn your back on me," said the Poppy.

"No, I'm such a stiff little thing," said the Daisy.

"What made you turn round again?" said the Daisy.

"Oh, dear'!" said the Poppy.

"What's the matter'?" said the Daisy.

"The *reapers* are coming," said the Poppy.

"Don't you want them'?" said the Daisy'.

"Oh, I'm afraid they'll cut me down," said the Poppy;
"they've just cut down a whole company of us."

"Ah! you're so tall," said the Daisy.

"Alas! alas!" sighed the Poppy.

"And so handsome," said the Daisy.

"Ah!" said the Poppy.

"They'll be sure to see you," said the Daisy.

"Oh, don't!" groaned the Poppy; "I wish I were short,
like you."

"I *am* very short," said the Daisy.

"They won't see you," said the Poppy.

"No, nobody looks at me," said the Daisy.

"Good-by, Daisy, they are close; I shall soon be cut
down," said the Poppy.

"Good-by," said the Daisy.

"I've been very rude to you; will you forgive me?" said
the Poppy.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the Daisy.

"Are you sorry for me?" said the Poppy.

"Yes, with all my heart," said the Daisy.

"You're a dear, kind little thing," said the Poppy.

"Thank you kindly," said the Daisy.

"You never made much of yourself," said the Poppy.

"I never had the chance," said the Daisy.

Poor Poppy! he never spoke more. The scythe reached him just as the Daisy was closing for the night; and when she opened in the bright, fresh morning, he lay prostrate beside her. While she was thinking over his fate, a heavy heel pressed on her and drove her almost into the earth, and she thought she should never get up again. But she did, and soon looked as cheery as ever, and was more convinced than ever that it was better to grow low' than high', and to be plain' than to be gaudy'; and felt that she would rather be a poor little Daisy', than the handsomest Poppy that ever graced the fields'.

LESSON LXVIII.

THE INSECTS OF AN HOUR.

An Allegorical Picture of the Human Race, under the form of a Fable.

1. ARISTOTLE says that upon the River Hy pā'nis, in Asia, there exist little insects who live only an hour, and that many generations of them pass away in a day.

2. Suppose one of these Hypanians, as old, according to these nations, as Time itself, to have been still living at the close of one of our summer days. He had begun to exist with the morning sun, and, through the strength of his constitution, had been enabled to support an active life during the infinite number of seconds contained in ten or twelve hours.

3. During so long a succession of instants, by his own experience, and by his reflections on all he had seen, he has acquired great wisdom, and he can relate to his grandsons an astonishing tradition of facts anterior to all the memories of the nation.

4. The young swarm, composed of beings who have lived but portions of an hour, approach the venerable patriarch with respect, and listen with admiration to his instructive discourse. Every thing he relates to them appears a prodigy to this generation, whose life has been so short; for the dawn of day, of which they have some vague traditions, is, in their chronology, the great era of the creation of their race.

5. This venerable insect, the Nestor of the Hypanis, a short time before his death, about the hour of sunset, assembles all his descendants, his friends, and acquaintances, to give them, with his dying breath, his last advice. They gather from all parts under the vast shelter of a mushroom, and the dying sage addresses them in the following manner:

6. "Friends and compatriots, I feel that the longest life must have an end. The term of mine has arrived, and I do not regret my fate, since my great age has become a burden to me, and there is nothing new under the sun for me. The revolutions and calamities that have desolated my country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are

all subject, the infirmities that afflict our species, and the misfortunes that have happened in my own family,—all that I have seen in the course of a long life, has only too well taught me this great truth, that happiness placed in things that do not depend upon ourselves can never be certain and lasting. An entire generation has perished by a violent wind; a multitude of our imprudent youth have been swept into the water by a brisk and unexpected breeze. What terrible floods a sudden rain has caused! Our firmest shelters even are not proof against a hail-storm. A dark cloud causes even the most courageous hearts to tremble.

7. "I lived in the early ages, and conversed with insects of larger growth, of stronger constitutions, and, I may say, of greater wisdom, than any of the present generation. I conjure you to give credit to my last words, when I assure you that the sun which now appears beyond the water, and which seems not far from the earth, I have seen in times past fixed in the middle of the heavens, its rays darting directly upon us. The earth was much brighter in past ages; the air was much warmer; and our ancestors were more sober and more virtuous.

8. "Although my senses are enfeebled, my memory is not; I can assure you that this glorious luminary moves. I have seen it rising over the summit of yonder mountain, and I began my life about the time that it commenced its immense career. It has, during several centuries, advanced in the heavens with an astonishing heat and brilliancy, of which you can have no idea, and which assuredly you could not have supported; but now, by its decline, and the sensible diminution of its vigor, I perceive that all nature must shortly terminate, and that this world will be buried in darkness in less than a hundred minutes.

9. "Alas! my friends, how I flattered myself at one time with the deceitful hope of always living on this earth! How magnificent were the cells I had hollowed out for myself! What confidence did I put in the firmness of my limbs, and in the elasticity of their joints, and in the strength of my wings! But I have lived long enough for nature and for glory, and none of those I leave behind me will have the

same satisfaction in the century of darkness and decay that I see about to begin."

THE MORAL.

10. And now, what moral are we to gather from this picture, which Fancy has drawn? We may look with pity, not unmingled with contempt, upon these insects of an hour; but may not *our* lives appear as transient, our boasted wisdom just as vain, and human glory quite as fleeting, to beings from some other sphere, whose lives are perhaps measured by thousands of years, and whose experience began long before the period which we assign as creation's dawn'?

LESSON LXIX.

ENIGMAS, OR RIDDLES.

[That kind of allegory which takes the form of an obscure question, or statement, that is to be conjectured or guessed, is commonly called an *Enigma*, or *Riddle*. Among the ancients it was customary, at banquets or festivals, to propose enigmas, of which the oldest example known is the riddle proposed by Samson at his wedding feast.]

I. WORDS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1. FROM rosy lips we issue forth,
From east to west, from north to south,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
Abroad we take our airy way.
We fasten love, we kindle strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life.
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel.
Now smooth as oil, those wounds we heal.
2. Not strings of pearl are valued more,
Nor gems enchased in golden ore;
Yet thousands of us, every day,
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
Ye wise! secure with gates of brass
The double doors through which we pass;
For, once escaped, back to our cell
Nor art of man can us compel.

II. THE LETTER A.

1. In the middle of day I always appear,
 Yet am ever in darkness, in sadness, and fear.
 I'm in anguish and pain, yet always in health,
 In the midst, too, of happiness, pleasure, and wealth.
 I was formed since the flood, yet am part of the ark,
 And seen in a cradle, a lamp, and a spark;
 Though ne'er out of England, I'm always in France,
 Stay in Paris and Amiens, Bordeaux and Nantes.

2. I'm found in the foam and the waves of the ocean,
 In steam-boats and cars, yet am never *in motion*.
 I'm always *in land*, yet ne'er out of water,
 And without *me* you can't name a son or a daughter.
 In short, I'm in *all* things; there's no lake, or sea,
 Or island, or cape, but contains *little* me.

III. THE WORD CARES.

The following enigma has been attributed to the English statesman Canning.
 The answer is by an American.

1. There is a noun of plural number,
 Foe to sleep and quiet slumber;
 Now, any other noun you take,
 By adding *s* you plural make:
 But if an *s* you add to this,
 Strange is the metamorphosis—
 Plural is plural now no more,
 And sweet—what bitter was before.

Answer to the above.

2. *Cares* is a noun of plural number,
 Foe to sleep and quiet slumber;
 Now, any other name you take,
 By adding *s* you plural make:
 But if to this you add an *s*,
 'Tis *cares* no more, but now *caress*:
 Plural is plural now no more,
 And sweet what bitter was before.

IV. THE LETTER H.

BYRON.

1. 'TWAS whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And Echo caught softly the sound as it fell;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
2. It was seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twill be found in the spheres when all riven asunder;
It was given to man with his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth, and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health;
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound;
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.
3. In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir^a.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch that expels it from home^b.
4. In the whispers of conscience^c its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion^c be drowned;
It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shades let it rest, like an elegant flower;
Oh! breathe on it softly,—it dies in an hour^d!

^a HEIR drops the *h* in pronunciation.^b Some of the English drop the *h* in pronunciation, wherever it begins a word.^c The sound of *h* is heard in *conscience* and *passion*.^d The sound of *h* is not heard in *hour*.

V. THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

It is said that the Sphinx, a ravaging monster, having come to Thebes, propounded the following riddle to the people: "What animal is that which walks upon four feet in the morning, two at noon, and upon three at evening?" The throne having been promised to whoever would solve the riddle, Œdipus came forward and answered the Sphinx that it was MAN, who, when an infant, creeps on all fours; in manhood walks erect; and in old age uses a staff. Thereupon the Sphinx threw herself upon the earth, and perished.

LESSON LXX.

CHARADES.

[The Čha rādė, so called from the name of the inventor, is a species of riddle, the subject of which is a name or a word enigmatically described, first by its several letters or syllables, and then by their combination as a whole.]

ON THE NAME OF CAMPBELL THE POET.

W. M. PRAED.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED (Prăde), an English poet, born in 1802; died in 1839.

I. CAMP.

1. COME from my FIRST, ay, come'!
The battle dawn is nigh';
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die'!
Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward—! and farewell'!

II. BELL.

2. Toll ye, my SECOND! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

III. THE POET CAMPBELL.

3. Call ye my WHOLE, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

XII. HYPERBOLE.

LESSON LXXI.

CHARACTER OF HYPERBOLE.

[*Analysis*.—1. What is *hyperbole*? Examples.—2. It is a figure founded in nature. How this is shown. Who are prone to this kind of exaggeration.—3. What the abundance of hyperbole shows. Character of all great works of the imagination.—4. The language of the Psalmist. Of St. John. How we interpret such passages. The examples in the following Lesson.]

1. **HYPERBOLE**, or exaggeration, is a figure which represents a thing as far greater, or far less,—better, or worse, than it is in reality; as when we call a tall person a giant, or steeple; or say of a lean man, he is a mere skeleton, or shadow; or when we use expressions like the following: as swift as the wind; as bright as the sun; as white as the snow; they are swifter than eagles; they are stronger than lions.

2. Yet, with all its extravagance, hyperbole is a figure founded in nature. If any thing be remarkably good or great of its kind, or exceedingly mean and despicable, we are ever ready to add to it some exaggerating epithet, and to make it the greatest or best, or the meanest we ever saw. People of lively imaginations are prone to this kind of exaggeration: hence young people deal much in hyperbole; and hence, also, the language of the Orientals is far more hyperbolic than that of the Europeans.

3. The abundance of hyperbole in all kinds of composition, and in common conversation, shows that language is not always to be taken literally, but according to what the speaker or writer may be properly supposed to mean when he uses it. Hence, in all great works of the imagination—such as the writings of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Shakespeare—we naturally expect an excess of hyperbole; for the poet's imagination always outruns the cold severity of pure reason, and we are accustomed to make a proper allowance for the language of passion.

4. Thus, also, when the Psalmist says, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law," we understand that he merely intended to describe his excessive grief: and when, in the last verse of the Gospel according to St. John, we read, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," we do not take the words literally, but we understand that what John had written was but a scanty description of the deeds and words of Jesus.

The examples in the following lesson will convey a correct idea of the use and beauty of this figure, when properly used in continuous discourse.

LESSON LXXII.

BRIEF EXAMPLES OF HYPERBOLE.

I. GOD'S PROMISE TO ISRAEL.

Didactic, or Instructive.—*Genesis* xiii., 15, 16.

FOR all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.

II. THE SWIFTNESS OF CAMILLA.

Descriptive.—DRYDEN'S *Virgil's Æneid*, vii., 1094.

Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mixed with the first, the fierce virāgo fought,
Sustained the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripped the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skimmed along,
Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung.

III. DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

Descriptive.—POPE'S *Homer's Iliad*, iv., 508.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
 To armor armor, lance to lance opposed.
 Host against host, with shadowy squadrons drew,
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.
 Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,
 And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.

IV. SATAN'S DESPAIR.

Declarative and Descriptive.—MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, Book iv., 73.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly— is hell; myself am hell;
 And in the lowest depth— a lower deep,
 Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

V. THE NORTHEAST WIND.

Instructive and Descriptive.

“Boreas is a ruffian and a bully, but the northeast is a rascal. It withers like an evil eye; it blights like a parent's curse; unkindler than ingratitude, more biting than forgotten benefits. It comes with sickness on its wings, and rejoices only the doctor and the sexton. While it reigns, no fire heats, no raiment comforts, no walls protect. It deflowers the earth, and it wans the sky. The ghastliest of hues overspreads the face of things, and collapsing Nature seems expiring of cholera.”

VI. CLEOPATRA IN HER BARGE.

Descriptive.—SHAKESPEARE'S *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II., Scene 2.

1. The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

2. For her own person—
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid', did'.
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LESSON LXXIII.

CITY OF THE WEST.

Trochaic measure. (See p. 329.) A San Francisco Ballad.

[See, also, "GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA," LESSON XIV.]

1. CITY of the West,
Built up in a minute,
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
Every thing within it:
Every nook and corner
Filled to overflowing;
Like a locomotive,
Every body going!
2. Sandy city streets
Piled up full of lumber;
Buildings going up,
Numbers without number;
Even hodmen hurry
With the bricks they bear;
Wagons thunder on
Through each thoroughfare.
3. Every body goes
Fast as he can dash on;

Never minding clothes,
 Etiquette or fashion;
 Dry or muddy season,
 Rainy day or sunny,
 Every body driving
 Bargains to make money.

4. City of the West,
 Built up in a minute,
 In a business bustle,
 Every body in it:
 On a race with time,
 Fast as he can go,—
 Every body thinks
 Telegraphing slow!
-

LESSON LXXIV.

THE COMET.

[The following literary extravaganza is a choice specimen of humorous *hyperbole*.]
 Iambic measure.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1. The Comet! He is on his way,
 And singing as he flies;
 The whizzing planets shrink before
 The spectre of the skies:
 Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
 And satellites turn pale;
 Ten million cubic miles of head!
 Ten billion leagues of tail!

2. And what would happen to the land',
 And how would look the sea',
 If in the bearded devil's path
 Our earth should chance to be'?
 Full hot and high the sun would boil,
 Full red the forests gleam;
 Methought I saw and heard it all—
 In a dyspeptic dream!

3. I saw a tutor take his tube,
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!
4. I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.
5. I saw the scalding pitch run down
The crackling, sweating pines;
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not,—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.
6. I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.
7. I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays;
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze:

I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
 Bob through the bubbling brine;
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;—
 I had been rash at mine.

8. Strange sights! strange sounds! oh fearful dream!
 Its memory haunts me still,—
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
 That wreathed each wooded hill:
 Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
 Such midnight visions sweep,
 Spare, spare, oh spare thine evening meal,
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

LESSON LXXV.

A DREAM OF LUXURY.

BEN JONSON.

I WILL have all my beds *blown* up, not stuffed.
 Down is too hard;—and then my oval room
 Filled with such pictures as Tiberius took
 From Elephantis, and dull Ar'e tīne
 But coldly imitated.—My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vaped 'bout the room,
 To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
 To fall into, from whence we will come forth,
 And roll us dry in gossamer and roses;—
 My meat shall all come in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies;
 The tongues of carp, dormice, and camel's heels
 Boiled in the spirit of sol and dissolvèd pearl;
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
 My footboy shall eat pheasants; I myself will have
 The beards of barbels served instead of salads.



LESSON LXXVI.

CHARACTER, AND FORMS OF WIT.

[*Analysis.*—1. Indefiniteness of ridicule. The emotion to which it gives rise. What it does. What we *deride*. What we *ridicule*.—2. Objects that excite to laughter. What objects are mirthful only. Why difficult to decide what objects are really mirthful. The attempt to excite laughter in others.—3. What is *Wit*. Where it may be found. Why a delicate instrument to handle.—4. Why difficult of illustration. What it needs. Two divisions of it.—5. The *pun* described. A pun by Curran.—6. Judge Story and Edward Everett.—7. The pun of the *fire-fly*.—8. The wit of proverbs. Serious puns. Example from Doddridge. Humorous poetry.—9. Wit in the *thought*. In what it consists.—10. *Burlesque*.—11. Example from Burke.—12. From Pope.—13. Resources of wit. *Humor*. *Sarcasm*. *Satire*. Satires of Horace and Juvenal.—14. An unladylike sarcasm.—15. The *repartee*. Example of a serious repartee.—16. A repartee by Voltaire.—17. *Irony*. What it is. What it does.—18. Spoken irony. Written irony. Example of irony.—19. Irony, by Elijah the prophet.—20. Scripture irony, closing with a solemn appeal.—21. Caution in the use of ridicule, wit, etc. The fate of wits,—illustrated by a simile.—22. The too free use of small wit.—23. The diversions of *Bantering* and *Raillery* often purchased too dearly.—24 and 25. Allegorical illustrations from *Lacon*.]

1. RIDICULE is so indefinite in its objects, and has so many phases of expression, that it can not properly be called a figure of speech, nor is it easy of definition: but the emotion to which it gives rise is well known; and it uses, at times, all figures for the attainment of its object. It is calculated to excite laughter mingled with contempt, and thus corresponds nearly to derision; although we *deride* persons only, but *ridicule* both persons and things. We *ridicule* the man; but we *deride* both the man and his performances.

2. Certain objects, and certain kinds of composition, excite to laughter, without aiming at ridicule; while others are both mirthful and ludicrous. Those objects which are mirthful only are slight, little, or trivial; for we laugh at nothing that is of real importance to ourselves or to others. And yet it is often difficult to distinguish what objects we may count upon as being really mirthful; for all men are not equally affected by risible objects, nor the same man at

all times. Hence it is a very difficult matter to attempt to excite laughter in others, unless we can present to them that which is positively ludicrous.

3. *Wit* is the power of readily combining objects and thoughts in such unexpected associations as to cause a pleasant surprise, and at the same time awaken the emotion of the ludicrous. Hence there is often wit in a happy caricature, and in the mimicry of gestures and manner, as well as in odd thoughts and expressions. But wit is a delicate instrument to handle; for if it be used improperly, so as to offend our sense of propriety and right, the anticipated pleasure gives place to disgust or indignation.

4. Wit is also difficult of illustration. It is so light and volatile that, often, when we attempt to seize it, it is gone. It needs the occasion—the circumstance and its surroundings—to make it felt; and hence, when repeated, it often becomes but a sorry counterfeit. It is generally divided into wit in the *expression*, and wit in the *thought*.

5. To wit in the expression belongs the *pun*, which is a play upon words; as when one chooses words of the same sound, but of different meanings, and uses them in ludicrous combinations, as in the following: That Irish wit and orator, Curran, was one day walking with a friend who was punctilious in the use of language. Hearing a person say “curosimy” for curiosity, the friend exclaimed, “How that man murders the language!” “Not quite *murders* it,” replied Curran; “he only knocks an *i* (eye) out!”

6. The happy use of the pun in paying a merited compliment is shown in the following anecdote. At a public dinner in Boston, at which Judge Story and Edward Everett were the prominent personages present, the former gave the following volunteer toast: “Fame follows merit where *Everett* goes.” The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose, and replied with this equally felicitous impromptu: “To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one *Story* higher.”

7. A certain Doctor D——, in alluding to a work called the *Vestiges of Creation*, took exception to the alleged production of winged insects from pulverized flint-stone and

electricity, on the ground that the experiment had never been successfully repeated. "Never repeated!" interrupted a witty law friend. "Why, the experiment has been made from time immemorial. Always, when the flint is struck by steel, it makes the *fire fly*."

8. Many proverbs owe their force principally to this kind of wit, although more of them to wit in the thought. There are puns, however, of a serious character, from which the ludicrous is excluded, as in the following familiar versification of a common proverb by Dr. Doddridge:

" 'Live while you *live*,' the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day:
'Live while you *live*,' the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies:
Lord, in my view let both united be:
I live to pleasure' when I live in thee'."

Humorous poetry overflows with puns, of which there are many happy examples in the writings of Hood, Lamb, Holmes, and many others.

9. Wit in the *thought* is of a higher character than a play upon words, but is not always so easily distinguished as the latter. It consists of ludicrous images, and thoughts fantastically arranged; such as those in which effects are traced to fanciful causes', small things joined with great in ludicrous conjunction', premises assumed that promise much and perform nothing', and in which any kind of extravagance in the thought is introduced.

10. To wit in the thought belongs *burlesque*, which treats trifling subjects with gravity, or turns serious subjects into ridicule, as in the *parody*^a; and it often joins, in a ludicrous manner, small things and great, as when the orator Burke, speaking of the revolutionists of his time, thus belittles them by likening the great noise they made to the chirping of some noisy but very insignificant insects:

11. "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle repose in the shade and are silent, pray do not suppose that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; or that, after all, they are oth-

er than the little, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

12. In this same ludicrous and extravagant mingling of the great and the little, Pope thus burlesques those who make a great ado about nothing:

"Then flashed the lurid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies:
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, and when lapdogs, breathe their last."

13. But the resources of wit are numerous. Irony, caricature, hyperbole, and extravagance of every kind, play their part in ministering to its varied uses; and it enters into nearly every kind and style of composition. In a quiet way it associates with good temper, and imparts that agreeable *humor* which characterizes such writers as Addison, Lamb, Hood, Sydney Smith, Irving, and Holmes. In *sarcasm* it gives expression to contempt and scorn. In *satire* it holds up vice and folly to reprobation, sometimes ridiculing them humorously and with good nature, as in the Satires of Horace, who employed the gentler arts of humor and railery^b; but more frequently, as in the writings of Juvenal, rebuking them with severity and indignation.

14. As an instance of *sarcasm*, we give the following, although doubtful if the wit will atone for the *unladylike* character which may be attributed to it.

The astronomer Lalande^c, being one day seated at table between Madame Recamier^d and Madame de Staël^e, the former celebrated for her beauty, and the latter distinguished for her wit, and wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Madame de Staël, "and without possessing either." The wit of the reply is in its double meaning, which only serves to sharpen the edge of the sarcasm.

15. A *repartee* may be witty, but it can not be considered as a *species* of wit; inasmuch as there are many happy repartees that are extremely serious, from which the ludicrous is wholly excluded. Witness the following. A certain petulant Greek, objecting to Anacharsis that he was a Scythian

—that is, a native of a country that had not a good reputation: “True,” says Anacharsis, “my country disgraces *me*, but *you* disgrace your country.”

16. Voltaire was noted for his readiness in repartee. On a certain occasion, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned, he bestowed upon him the highest praise as a writer and man of science. “It is very strange,” remarked a person present, “that you speak so well of him, for he says that *you* are a charlatan.” “Oh!” replied Voltaire, “I think it very probable that we are *both* mistaken!”

17. *Irony* is such a use of language as is designed to convey a meaning directly opposite to the literal import of the words. Hence it exposes the errors or faults of others by seeming to adopt, reprove, or defend them; it *reproves* under the appearance of *praising*,—*laughs* at a man under the disguise of appearing to *speak well* of him. It turns things into ridicule in a manner peculiar to itself, and, though not a species of wit, is often witty in its applications.

18. In spoken irony, the true meaning is generally discerned from the manner of the speaker,—as by a smile, the intonation of the voice, an arch look, or perhaps by an affected gravity of countenance; and in written language by the context, the circumstances of the case, etc. If one known to be a very impudent fellow should be spoken of as “a person of distinguished modesty,” it would be an instance of strong irony.

19. When the prophets of Baal were striving in vain to induce some demonstrations of the presence and power of their god, Elijah, the prophet of Jehovah, mocked them in a tone of irony, and said, “Cry alôud: for he is a gôd! Either he is tâlking, or he is pursûing, or he is in a jôurney, or peradventure he sleêpeth, and must be awâked¹¹.”

20. Irony often closes with a solemn appeal or warning, as in the following: “Rejôice, O young man, in thy yôuth; and let thy heart cheêr thee in the days of thy yôuth, and walk in the ways of thine heârt, and in the sight of thine eyês¹¹: but know thou, that for all these things—God will bring thee into judgment.”

21. It should be borne in mind that exceeding caution is

requisite in the use of ridicule, wit, satire, and irony, lest, being improperly applied, they return to torment the inventor. An elegant writer has happily observed, that he who deserts reason, and gives himself up entirely to the guidance of wit, will certainly fall into many pitfalls and quagmires,—like him who walks by flashes of lightning, rather than by the steady beams of the sun.

22. The danger that sometimes attends a too free use of that kind of small wit termed bantering and r  illery, is well illustrated in the following extract from the talented author of *Lacon* :

23. “There are many good-natured persons who have paid the forfeit of their lives to their love of bantering and r  illery. No doubt they have had much diversion, but they have purchased it at too dear a rate. Although their wit and their brilliancy may have been often ext  lled, yet it has at last been extinguished forever; and by a foe, perhaps, who had neither the one nor the other, but who found it easier to point a sword than a repartee.

24. “I have heard of a man in the province of Bengal, who had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger. His skill gained him great ecl  t, and insured him much diversion: but at length he narrowly escaped with his life. He then relinquished the sport, with this observation: ‘Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us.’

25. “Again, skill in small wit, like skill in small-arms, is very apt to beget a confidence which may prove fatal in the end. We may either mistake the proper moment—for even cowards have their fighting days—or we may mistake the proper man.

26. “A certain Savoyard^f, who got his livelihood by exhibiting a monkey and a bear, gained so much applause from his tricks with the monkey, that he was encouraged to practice some of them upon the bear. The result was, that, finally, he was dreadfully lacerated; and on being rescued with great difficulty from the gripe of bruin, he exclaimed, “What a fool I was, not to distinguish between a monkey

and a bear! A bear, my friends, is a very grave kind of personage, and, as you plainly see, does not understand a joke!"

^a PAR'O DY. For this kind of burlesque, see *The Bachelor's Soliloquy*, page 234.

^b RAIL'LER Y, pronounced *rål'ler y*: banter; satirical merriment.

^c LALANDE (läh länd'), a celebrated French astronomer, born in 1732.

^d RECAMIER pronounced *re cá'me ä*. ^e DE STAËL, pronounced *stäl*, or *stawl*.

^f SÄV O YÄRD', a native of Säv'oy; one of the Sardinian States, south of Switzerland.

LESSON LXXVII.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

A HUMOROUS POEM.—SAMUEL LOVER.

[SAMUEL LOVER, an Irish author and painter, was born in Dublin in 1797. He is the author of many popular Tales, Plays, Songs, and other poems.]

1. OUR Father land! And would'st thou know
 Why we should *call* it Father land?¹
 It is— that Adam, here below,
 Was made of earth by Nature's hand,
 And he, our father, made of earth,
 Hath peopled earth on every hand;
 And we, in memory of his birth,
 Do call our country— "Father land."

2. At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,
 No sound of speech had Adam caught,
 But whistled like a bird, all day;
 And maybe 'twas for want of thought:
 But Nature, with resistless laws,
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds;
 She gave him lovely Eve—because',
 If he'd a wife—they must have *words*'.

3. And so, the NATIVE LAND— I hold
 By male descent, is, proudly, mine':
 The LANGUAGE, as the tale hath told,
 Was given in the female line.
 And thus, we see, on either hand,
 We name our blessings whence they've sprung;
 We call our country— FATHER *land*,
 We call our language— MOTHER *tongue*.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A Legend of Gotham.—JOHN G. SAXE.

Burlesque and Satire.

[JOHN GODFREY SAXE, an American poet, lawyer, and journalist, was born in Vermont in 1816. His earliest poems were published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1843.]

PART I.

1. OH, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting!
2. And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!
3. Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!
4. But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,

According to public rumor ;
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

5. A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction !
6. Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling ;
For, though a regular *sutor*^a by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler to keep to his calling !"
7. The last of those who came to court
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant !"
8. Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MacBride,
And, really, "nothing shorter !"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever de dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."

9. And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a bride without the “Mac,”
With much disdain, consented!

PART II.

1. Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall-street rocks,
Without the least apology!
Alas! that people whose money-affairs
Are sound, beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears^b
Of Mammon's fierce zoology!
2. Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!
3. At his trade again in the very shop,
Where, years before, he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night,
As when, at fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling.
4. But, alas, for the haughty Miss MacBride,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride!
She couldn't recover, although she tried

Her jaded spirits to rally;
 'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
 From a place "up town," to a nook "up stairs,"—
 From an avenue, down to an alley!

5. And to make her cup of woe run over,
 Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
 Was the very first to forsake her;
 "He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
 The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
 But that alone would never do
 To quiet the butcher and baker!"

6. And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
 The merest ghost of her early pride—
 Bewails her lonely position;
 Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
 Above the poor, and below the rich—
 Was ever a worse condition!

MORAL.

7. Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
 Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station!
 Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
 At poorer people in plainer clothes,
 But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
 That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
 And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation!

* *Sutor* is the Latin for shoemaker.

° The *bulls* and the *bears*, in cant language, are the two opposing cliques of Wall Street brokers: the former operate to effect a *rise* in stocks, and the latter to cause a decline;—as the *bulls* toss up with their horns, and the *bears* pull down with their claws.

HOPE.

Thā'lēs, being asked what thing is the most universally enjoyed, answered, "Hope: for *they* have it who have nothing else."

LESSON LXXIX.

THE MISER AND HIS THREE SONS.

GOLDSMITH.

1. POOR Dick, the happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he called it "seeing life." If his head was broken by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him.

2. Although the eldest of three sons, his inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all intercession of friends was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family (and Dick among the number), gathered around him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate; and desire him to be frugal." "Ah! father," said Andrew, in a sorrowful tone (as is usual on these occasions), "may heaven prolong your life and health to enjoy it yourself."

3. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother; and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction, to be sure), "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!"

4. At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "*may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!*"

 QUAINP PUN.

AN old author quaintly remarks:—Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be *worsted*; and when a man is *worsted*, he may consider himself about the same as *wound up*.

LESSON LXXX.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A humorous punning Ballad.—THOMAS HOOD.

[THOMAS HOOD, born in London, England, in 1798; died in 1845. He wrote much for various periodicals; and his life was one of incessant exertion, embittered by ill health and all the disquiets and uncertainties of authorship. In most of his writings, even in his puns and levities, there is a "spirit of good" directed to some kindly or philanthropic object.]

1. BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his *legs*,
So he laid down his *arms*.
2. Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let *others*' shoot;
For here I leave my 'second leg,
And the Forty-second foot."
3. The army surgeons made him limbs';
Said he, "They're only pegs',
But they're as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."
4. Now Ben, he loved a pretty maid',
Her name' was Nelly Gray';
So he went to *pay* her his *devoirs*'^a,
When he'd *devour'd* his *pay*.
5. But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to *take them off*.
6. "Oh Nelly Gray'! oh Nelly Gray'!
Is *this* your love so warm'?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more *uniform*."

^a *Dev oirs'* (dëv wor'), French; respects: due acts of civility.

7. Said she', "I loved a *soldier*' once',
For he was blithe and brave';
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave'.
8. "Before you had these *timber* toes,
Your love I did allow',
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another *footing*' now."
9. "Oh false and fickle Nelly Gray,
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no *feet*', *another*' man
Is standing in *my shoes*'.
10. "I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death';—alas'!
You will not be my NELL!"
11. Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got',
And life was such a burden grown',
It made him take a knot'.
12. So, round his melancholy neck
A rope did he entwine',
And for the *second* time in life,
Enlisted in the Line.
13. One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs',
And, as his *legs* were *off*', of course,
He soon was *off*' his *legs*.
14. And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town':
For though distress had cut him *up*',
It could not cut him *down*'.

LESSON LXXXI.

MR. NOBODY.

[A humorous satire on that very common propensity of human nature—found not in children and servants alone—to ignore our petty shortcomings:—it is so very convenient to make *Mr. Nobody* a scapegoat for them.]

1. I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In every body's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked—
By Mr. *No-bod-ee*.
2. 'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves our doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done—
By Mr. *No-bod-ee*?
3. The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade;
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong—
To Mr. *No-bod-ee*.

LIVING AND DYING.

Pyrrho used to say, "There is no difference between living and dying." A person asked him, "Why, then, do you not die?" "Because," he replied, "there *is* no difference."

LESSON LXXXII.

THE BOYS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[The following poem was addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, ignoring the lapse of time, and imagining his classmates to be gathered around him as of old, and conceiving them still to be "boys," addresses them as such, while he treats the honors and reputation they had acquired as "a neat little fiction," which the world fancies to be "*true*!"

This piece is a fine example of combined wit and humor, and requires much variety of imitation in the reading. It begins with the tone of mock indignation, which is dropped at the close of the second verse,—continues in the milder tone of comic seriousness, and most happily closes with a touching appeal that gives point and force to the whole.]

1. HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys'?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite'!
Old Time is a liar'! we're twenty' to-night!
2. We're twenty'! We're twenty'! Who says we are
more'?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes'!—show him the door'!
"Gray temples at twenty'?"—Yes'! *white* if we please';
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest' there's nothing can
freeze'!
3. Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are *white* roses in place of the red.
4. We've a trick⁻, we young fellows⁻, you may have been
Of talking (in public) as if we were old; [told,
That boy⁻ we call "*Doctor*," and this⁻ we call "*Judge*;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.
5. That fellow's the "*Speaker*," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "*Member of Congress*," we say when we chaff;
There's the "*Reverend*"—what's his name?—don't make
me laugh.

6. That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!
7. There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."
8. And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"
9. You hear that boy laughing'? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done:
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
10. Yes, we're boys',—always playing with tongue or with
pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men'?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away'?
11. Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars⁻ of its winter', the dews⁻ of its May'!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!

AN IRISHMAN'S WIT.

A SHORT time since, as several persons were standing on a wharf at Liverpool, one of them slipped into the dock. An Irishman plunged into the water, and, after a severe struggle, rescued the person from the waves. When the man had recovered from his ducking, he took some change out of his pocket, and, selecting a sixpence, handed it to the Irishman. The latter looked an instant at the sixpence in the palm of his hand, and then slowly measured with his eye the individual whom he had rescued, and observing that he was a very thin, withered little man, he put the money into his pocket, and turned on his heel, saying significantly, "It's enough!"

LESSON LXXXIII.

A CHAPTER OF EPIGRAMS.

1. The *Epigram*, which is a pointed couplet or stanza, or any short poem in which the thoughts and expressions converge to one sharp point at the close, has had many epigrammatic definitions, from which we select the following :

“What is an Epigram?—A dwarfish whole;
Its body Brevity, and Wit its soul.”

2. The following describes the character of the epigram more fully :

“The *point* that in the ending finds a place,
We call the *Epigram's* peculiar grace ;—
Some unexpected and some biting thought,
With poignant wit, and sharp expression fraught.”

3. But for brevity and wit combined, the following definition, in the form of a simile, translated from that celebrated Latin epigrammatist, Martial, who lived more than eighteen hundred years ago, must bear away the palm :

“An *Epigram* is like a bee—a thing
Of little size, with honey, and a sting.”

4. The following good examples of Epigram will give some idea of the varieties of wit of which it is made the medium. The first is by Dean Swift.

On a would-be Wit.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come ;
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

5. *Satire on a poor Reader.*

The verses', friend', which thou hast read', are mine' ;
But, as *thou'* read'st them', they may pass for thine'.

6. *Satire on a bad Singer.*

Swans' sing' before they die' ; 'twere no bad thing—
Should certain persons die— before they sing.

7.

Sarcastic Repartee.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
 "Like Samson, I my thousands slay!"
 "Yes," cried a wag, "indeed you do,
 And with the self-same weapon too."

8.

A witty Retort.

A haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
 A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
 "Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit!"
 The scholar said, "I do"—and gave him it.

A PUNNING EPITAPH ON JOSEPH BLACKETT,

Who was both shoemaker and poet.—BYRON.

1. STRANGER! behold, interred together,
 The *souls* of learning and of leather.
 Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
 You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
 His works were neat, and often found
 Well *stitched*, and with *morocco* bound.
2. Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
 He can not mend the shoe he made;
 Yet is he happy in his hole,
 With verse immortal as his *sole*.
 But still to business he held fast,
 And stuck to Phæbus to the *last*.
3. Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only "leather and prunella?"
 For character—he did not lack it;
 And, if he did, 'twere shame to "*Black-it*."

MIND AND MATTER.

The following is probably the best definition ever given of mind and matter. "What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind."



LESSON LXXXIV.

CHARACTER OF PERSONIFICATION.

[*Analysis.*—1. What is *Personification*?—2. A bold, but common figure.—3. The first, or lowest degree of it.—4. Second degree, with examples.—5. Description of a thunder-storm, by Byron.—6. Description of Mount Pelion.—7. Shakspeare's use of this figure in describing slander.—7, 8, 9. Natural Religion personified.—10. Where personifications of the second degree are most abundant.—11. Earth and Nature personified by Milton.—12. The third and highest degree of this figure. Where the first two degrees of this figure are employed. The third—when only to be attempted.—13. Nature of all passions to struggle for expression. How they seek relief. Example of this third degree of personification, from Milton.—14. Eve's Address to Paradise. Paradise—its walks, shades, flowers, etc., personified by direct address.—15. Pride personified, by Pope.]

1. PERSONIFICATION is a figure by which we attribute life and action to inanimate objects; as when we speak of a *raging* storm, a *deceitful* disease, a *cruel* disaster, an *obedient* ship, the *angry* ocean.

2. It is apparently a very bold figure of thought to speak of stones, and trees, and fields, and rivers, as if they were living creatures, and to attribute to them thought and sensation, affections and actions; and yet it is so common that it seems to be the natural language of imagination and passion.

3. In the first or lowest degree of this figure, some of the *properties* or *qualities* of living creatures are ascribed to inanimate objects, as in the examples already given, in which some epithet expresses the personification. Even when thus limited, this figure, when properly employed, adds much beauty and sprightliness to language.

4. We proceed a step farther, and in the second degree of this figure introduce inanimate objects as *acting* like beings endowed with life; as when we say, the ground *thirsts* for rain, the earth *smiles* with plenty: when, in speaking of the sun as a monarch, we say, "*He looks* in boundless majesty

abroad;" and also when we use language like the following:
 "The sea *saw* it, and *fled*; Jordan was *driven back*; the mountains *skipped* like rams, and the little hills *like lambs*."

5. Byron makes use of this figure in one of the grandest descriptions ever penned—that of a thunder-storm among the Alps:

I. THE ALPS PERSONIFIED.

"Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one loud cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

Childe Harold, Canto iii., 92.

6. When the poet, standing on the plains of Thessaly, and, looking up to Mount Pelion, hears the wind murmuring through the waving pines that crown its summit, how beautiful is the language of personification in which he paints the scene:

"And Pelion shook his fiery locks, and talk'd
 Mournfully to the fields of Thessaly."

7. Shakspeare uses this figure, when, to describe the effects of slander, he imagines it to be a voluntary agent:

II. SLANDER PERSONIFIED.

"No, 'tis slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world, kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, mātcons: nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters."—*Cymbeline*, Act III., Sc. 4.

The following fine example, carried perhaps as far as is allowable in prose, will show the spirit and grace which this figure, when well conducted, bestows upon a discourse:

III. NATURAL RELIGION PERSONIFIED.^a[The Savior and Mahomet^b compared.]

8. "Go to your *natural religion*: lay before *her* Mahomet, and his disciples, arrayed in armor and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show *her* the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants. When *she has viewed* him in this scene, carry *her* into his retirement; show *her* the prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives; and let *her hear* him allege revelation, and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust.

9. "When *she is tired* with this prospect, then show *her* the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men. Let *her see* him in his most retired privacies: let *her follow* him to the mount, and *hear* his devotions and supplications to God. Carry *her* to his table, to *view* his poor fare, and *hear* his heavenly discourse. Let *her attend* him to the tribunal, and *consider* the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead *her* to his cross; let *her view* him in the agony of death, and *hear* his last prayer for his persecutors: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!'

10. "When natural religion has thus *viewed* both, ask *her* which is the Prophet of God? But *her answer* we have already had, when *she saw* part of this scene, through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him *she spoke*, and said, '*Truly, this man was the Son of God.*'"—
BISHOP SHERLOCK.

11. Personifications of this kind, though less common in prose than those of the first degree, are the very life and soul of poetry. We find them abundant in Homer, the father and prince of poets, in whose writings war, peace, darts, spears, towns, rivers—every thing, in short, is glowing with life and action. The same is the case with Milton, and Shakespeare, and Thomson, and with all modern poets of eminence. The following from Milton, on the occasion of Eve's eating the forbidden fruit, is very striking and appropriate:

IV. EARTH AND NATURE PERSONIFIED.

12. "So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate;
Earth felt the wound; and Nature, from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, *gave signs of wo*
 That all was lost."

13. In the third and highest degree of this figure, common inanimate objects are addressed as if alive, and *listening* to the speaker,—sometimes replying to him,—and, like sentient beings, sharing his joys and sorrows. The first two degrees of this figure are employed in the language of description. The third, which is the language of direct address, and hence the boldest of all rhetorical figures, is never to be attempted unless when the mind is in a state of violent agitation,—whether it be under the influence of the stronger passions—love, anger, and indignation, or of the plaintive and dispiriting, such as grief, remorse, and melancholy.

14. It is well known that all passions struggle for expression, and, if they can find no other object, will, rather than be silent, pour themselves forth to woods, and rocks, and the most insensible things; especially if these be in any degree connected with the causes and objects that have thrown the mind into this agitation. Milton affords us an exceedingly fine example of the third degree of this figure, in that moving and tender address which Eve makes to Paradise just before she is compelled to leave it:

V. EVE'S ADDRESS TO PARADISE, AFTER THE FALL.

Paradise personified.

15. "Oh! unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise! thus leave
 Thee, native soil,—these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods! where I had hope to spend
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day,
 Which must be mortal to us both? O flowers!
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last

At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand,
 From your first op'ning buds, and gave you names!
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?"
Book ii., 1.

VI. VICE PERSONIFIED.

16. From Pope we select an example in which Vice, personified, is represented as a hideous monster; and on page 328 may be found another example of personification from the same author.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful *mien*',
 As to be hated' needs but to be seen';
 Yet seen too oft', familiar with her face',
 We first endure', then pity', then embrace'."

^a In this extract the words that are used figuratively, in a *personified* sense, are put in italics. The italics, therefore, have nothing to do with emphasis.

^b Now generally pronounced *Má'ho met*; formerly, *Ma hom'et*.

LESSON LXXXV.

ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES OF PERSONIFICATION.

I. PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Personification of the Second Degree.

1. PHILOSOPHY is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth; she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs: she can teach us to hear or read of the calamities of others with magnanimity, but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

II. THE REIGN OF JUSTICE.

Personification of the Second Degree.—SYDNEY SMITH.

2. Truth is its handmaid', Freedom is its child', Peace is its companion', Safety walks in its steps', Victory follows in its train': it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel; it is the greatest attribute of God.

3. It is that centre around which human passions and interests turn:—and Justice, sitting on high, sees genius, and

power, and wealth, and birth, revolving round her throne, while she teaches their paths, and marks out their orbits. She warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong hand, and carries order and discipline into a world which, but for her, would be a wild waste of passions.

III. UNKINDNESS.

Personification of the Third Degree.—BURNS.

4. Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
And freeze, thou bitter, biting frost !
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting—
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows.

IV. INGRATITUDE DESCRIBED.

Personification of the Third Degree.—SHAKESPEARE.

[The *Wind*, and the *cold, bitter Sky*, are here personified ; and then, by way of simile, are made to illustrate the keen, biting severity of Ingratitude.]

5. Blow—, blow—, thou winter wind' ;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude :
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
6. Freeze—, freeze—, thou bitter sky' ;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

V. KING HENRY'S ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Personification of the Third Degree.—SHAKESPEARE.

7. How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep' !—Sleep' ! gentle Sleep' !—
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness³?
 Why, rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

8. O thou dull god', why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds'; and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case^a, or a common 'larum bell³?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes', and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge¹?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep'! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude';
 And, in the calmest and most stillest^b night,
 With all appliances and means to boot',
 Deny it to a king¹? Then, happy low^c, lie down'!
 Uneasy lies the head⁻ that wears a crown.

2d Part of King Henry IV., Act III., Scene 1.

^a A strong figure, in which the kingly couch is likened to a watch-case (ever disturbed by the ticking of the watch), or to a common alarum bell.

^b A grammatical fault, only excusable as a poetic license.

^c "Happy low"—those in lowly situations, whom he calls upon to lie down in quiet.

LESSON LXXXVI.

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

[SAMUEL ROGERS, one of the most elegant of English poets, born in London in 1762; died in 1856, in the 94th year of his age. He presents a rare instance of great wealth allied to great talents, untiring industry in literary pursuits, and pure morals.

In the following extract, not only Memory itself, but Time, Place, Thought, Genius, Art, Science, Hope, Fancy, Virtue and Joy, Peace and Power, are personified.]

1. SWEET Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
 To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
 Bless'd with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

2. Ages and climes remote, to thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.
3. From thee, sweet Hope, her airy coloring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.
4. When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows;
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the wild magic of reflected light.
5. Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;—
The only pleasures we can call our own.
6. Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are bless'd!



LESSON LXXXVII.

CHARACTER OF APOSTROPHE.

[*Analysis.*—Apostrophe, as described by the old writers. By modern writers. But little difference between the higher forms of the two.—2. David's lament for his son Absalom. The description by Willis.—3, 4. The nature of man,—closing with an apostrophe.—5, 6. Eulogy on Lafayette. Genuine apostrophe at its close.—7, 8. Ossian's Address to the moon. The clouds and the stars personified.]

1. APOSTROPHE is described by the old writers as a sudden turning aside from the current of thought, to address an absent or deceased *person*, as if he were alive, or present; but by modern writers that kind of personification in which some great natural object is *addressed*, is also frequently called by the same name. There is, indeed, but little difference between the apostrophe proper, and a direct address to such inanimate objects as the Sun, the Moon, the Ocean, etc., that are easily conceived of as being persons.

2. One of the most striking examples of genuine apostrophe is that in which King David laments the death of his son Absalom. "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said: 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son, my son.'" The poet Willis has described, with exceeding pathos, the scene in which David is supposed to have taken his last look of his erring but loved son, and the lamentation which he there uttered.

The following, which presents in striking contrast infidel philosophy and infidel benevolence on the one hand, and Christianity on the other, closes with an apostrophe.

I. THE NATURE OF MAN.

3. "The nature of man is the shoal on which all infidel philosophy, and, if it can be, all infidel benevolence, are

wrecked. These can not explain him. They mark contrasts in him which they can not reconcile. The great' and the little', the strong' and the weak', the divine' and the infernal', they can not adjust. His origin they can not deduce. His recovery they can not mediate. They may explore all secrets, and master all difficulties but this.

4. "Christianity alone makes it plain. Man is great', but fallen'; is strong', but sinning'; is divine', but debased'; therefore is he spiritually little, weak, infernal. Christianity brings him back to spiritual greatness, strength, and divinity. It shows him all that he was, is, and shall be. It explains the intermediate stages and processes: it accounts for all. Man! taught by this religion', I can abhor thee, dread thee, reverence thee, bemoan thee, shun thee, flee thee! But oh, fearful, mysterious being, I can not slight thee!"—REV. R. W. HAMILTON.

In the following are several distinct apostrophes:

II. EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.

5. "You have now assembled within these celebrated walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. Listen, Americans, to the lessons which seem borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites.

6. "Ye winds that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their childrens' hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas: speak, speak, marble lips, teach us the love of liberty protected by law."—EDWARD EVERETT.

III. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

7. "Daughter of Heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant. Thou comest forth in loveliness: the stars attend thy blue steps in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! and brighten their dark brown sides.

Who is like thee in heaven, daughter of the night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence, and turn aside their sparkling eyes.

8. "Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows³? Hast thou thy hall like Ossian¹? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief¹? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven¹? and are they who rejoiced with thee at night no more¹? Yes, they have fallen, fair light; and often dost thou retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt, one night, fail, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads: they, who in thy presence were ashamed, will rejoice."^a—MACPHERSON.

^a For one of the most beautiful of apostrophes, and a good example of the sublime in writing, see "Ossian's Address to the Sun," Fifth Reader, p. 239.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

[HENRY KIRKE WHITE, born in Nottingham, England, in 1785; died in 1806, in his twenty-first year. To a sincere and ardent piety he added unusual poetic genius, great love of learning, and uncommon ardor in the pursuit of knowledge; but his application to study was so intense that his delicate constitution soon sank under it. See Byron's beautiful tribute to his worth, page 118.

The following Ode to Disappointment—the disappointment of all the poet's cherished earthly hopes—tells with what Christian philosophy and resignation he yielded up his spirit to the fell Destroyer.]

1. COME', Disappointment', come' !
 Not in thy terrors clad';
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise';
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless' and the bad.
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And, round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

2. Though Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,
 Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell
 That tells her hopes are dead;

And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, "My all was not laid here."

3. Come', Disappointment', come' !
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid Nurse', thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world ;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

4. What is this passing scene' ?
A peevish April day !
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

5. Oh ! what is Beauty's power' ?
It flourishes— and dies ;
Will the cold Earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies' ?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall ;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

6. The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day ;
So music' past is obsolete—
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

7. Then, since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet',
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat' ?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill, [still' ?
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be

8. Come, Disappointment, come !
 Thou art not stern to me :
 Sad monitress ! I own thy sway :
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run ;
 I only bow, and say, " My God, thy will be done ! "

[This Ode to Disappointment is, as a whole, a personification of the third degree (p. 210)—or, an *apostrophe*, as the latter is now generally defined. It abounds, however, in numerous minor personifications.]

Show how *Fancy* and *Meditation* are personified in the 2d verse. *Hope* and *Nurse* in the 3d verse. Who is the "Nurse" here referred to? Explain the metaphor in the 4th verse. How are *Beauty* and *Earth* personified in the 5th verse? Explain the two similes in the 6th verse. How are *cares* and *sorrows* personified in the 7th verse?]

LESSON LXXXIX.

"IT DOES MOVE."—GALILEO.

An example of true Apostrophe.—E. EVERETT.

[GALILEO, an illustrious philosopher, was born at Florence, Italy, in 1564. In 1609, with a telescope constructed by himself, he discovered the four satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, etc. For avowing his belief in the Copernican system—that the earth moves around the sun, etc.—he was twice persecuted by the Inquisition on a charge of heresy, and was compelled publicly to abjure the system of Copernicus. After having repeated the formula of abjuration prescribed to him, as he turned away he repeated to himself, in a low tone, "*It does move.*" He was blind three years before his death. He died in 1642.]

1. YES', noble Galileo', thou art right'. "IT DOES move'."
 Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless.
 Yes, the earth moves', and the planets move', and the mighty
 waters move', and the great sweeping tides of air move', and
 the empires of men move', and the world of thought moves',

ever onward and upward', to higher facts and bolder theories'. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truths propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

2. Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye: it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now; but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

3. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens;—like him, scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted! In other ages', in distant hemispheres', when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth', thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

LESSON XC.

ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES OF APOSTROPHE.

Sometimes called Personification of the Third Degree.

I. ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

BYRON.

1. ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
 Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.



2. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers:—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

II. ADDRESS TO A COMET.

EDWARD EVERETT.

3. Return, thou mysterious traveler, to the depths of the
 heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now liv-
 ing! Thou hast run thy race with glory': millions of eyes
 have gazed upon thee with wonder—but they shall never
 look upon thee again'. Since thy last appearance in these

lower skies', empires, languages, and races of men have passed away.

4. Haply when, wheeling up again from the celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers on earth', the languages we speak shall also' be forgotten', and *science shall have fled* to the uttermost corners of the earth. But even then His hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course; and then, as now, *Hesper will smile* at thy approach, and *Arcturus, with his sons*, rejoice at thy coming.

LESSON XCI.

FROM THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

CAMPBELL.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL, one of the greatest lyric poets of the age, born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777; died in 1844. At the age of twenty-two he wrote the "Pleasures of Hope;" and before he had reached his twenty-sixth year he wrote "Hohenlinden" and "Lochiel's Warning." He is one of the most correct and elegant of modern writers of verse.]

1. UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven, to thy charge, resigns the awful hour:
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, immortal power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!
2. Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
"It is a dread and awful thing to die!"
Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun,
Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!



LESSON XCII.

CHARACTER OF DIALOGUE AND SOLILOQUY.

[The Regular Dialogue; Fancied Dialogue; and Descriptive Dialogue.]

[*Analysis*.—1. What is Dialogue? Difficulties attending it.—2. What is Soliloquy? What it is called in the drama. Ancient example of soliloquy.—3. How most dialogues and soliloquies are treated.—4. Best examples of dialogue and soliloquy. Example from Shakspeare.—5. The scene from Othello (see Note).—6. Modification of the dialogue. An example from Walter Scott.—7, 8, 9. The scene at the meeting of Fitz James and Roderick Dhu.—10. The *fancied* dialogue. By whom often adopted. Its use.—11, 12. An example from Cicero's Oration for Murena.—13, 14, 15, 16. An example from his Oration for Milo.—17. The assumed dialogue in public addresses.—18, 19. An example from Everett.—20. Falstaff's soliloquy upon Honor.—21. The *Colloquial style* of writing.—22, 23, 24, 25. Joseph's interview with his brethren.—26. Advantages of this form of the dialogue.]

1. DIALOGUE, in Rhetoric, is a written conversation between two or more persons. It is the most difficult kind of composition to execute well, whether written in prose or in verse, as it requires a writer of no ordinary genius to put himself in the place of the speakers, and imitate their characters and emotions in a natural and spirited manner.

2. The *Soliloquy*, which is closely allied to the dialogue, is a talking, or discourse, of a person by himself—sometimes to himself, and sometimes to, or concerning, other objects, fancied or real, present or absent, but never to *persons* present. In the drama it is called a *monologue*,—a scene in which one person appears alone upon the stage, and soliloquizes. An ancient example of written soliloquy is the Song of Solomon,—an allegorical poem, in which Solomon is alone the hero and the author.

3. In most dialogues and soliloquies, the author, unable to represent passion and emotion as one who *feels* them, really *describes* them with all the coolness of an unimpassioned spectator; and although he puts the words into the mouths of the speakers, it is quite the same as though he

spoke in person throughout the whole. He gives us the form, without the spirit of conversation, and disgusts us by attempting something which he can not support.

4. It is owing to this imperfection that our best works on rhetoric confine their examples, both of successful dialogue and soliloquy, mostly to Shakspeare, notwithstanding his many deviations from propriety. As a faithful portrayer of nature, Shakspeare stands unrivaled. As one example, in place of a thousand that might be given, let us call up the scene in which, after Othello had killed Desdemona, *Æmilia*, his wife's friend and confidant, fearing something wrong, from what she had learned of the villainy of Iago, knocks at Othello's door, and craves admittance. See how the mind of Othello, torn by contending passions, vibrates between the thought of admitting her and the overwhelming sense of his loss.

I. SCENE FROM OTHELLO.

5. *Æmilia*. Oh! good, my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Othello. "Yes; 'tis *Æmilia*: By-and-by^a.—^bShe's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death: The noise was high.—^dHa! no more moving'? Still as the grave'. 'Shall she come in'? Were't good'? I think^e 'she stirs again':—No.—^fWhat's the best'? If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife: ^g'My wife'! my wife'! what' wife'?—I have no wife: Oh, insupportable! Oh heavy hour!"

6. There is a modification of the regular dialogue, in which the names of the speakers are omitted, and we are left to infer the changes of person from the context, and to express them in reading by corresponding changes of tone. Scott furnishes a good poetical example of this in his description of the meeting between Fitz James, the disguised Scottish king, and the Highland chieftain Roderick Dhu, who at the

^a He here answers *Æmilia*. ^b Looking to the body of Desdemona. ^c Reverting to *Æmilia*. ^d Turning to the body. ^e Reverting to *Æmilia* again. ^f Again turning to the body. ^g He asks what is best to be done. ^h He is struck with the overwhelming thought of his misery which the word "wife" forces upon him.

time are unknown to each other. We give a brief extract from this, italicising the language of the king, the better to show the change of person.

II. THE MEETING OF FITZ JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

7 "Thy name and person! Saxon, stand!"
 "*A stranger.*"—"What dost thou require?"
 "*Rest and a guide, and food, and fire.*
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "*No.*"
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"
 "*I dare! to him and all the band*
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."

8. "Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend
 Ere hound we slip, or bōw we bend,
 Who ever asked where, how, or when
 The prowling fox was trapped and slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts—yet, sure, they lie
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!"

9. "*They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,*
 And of his clan the boldest too,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest."
 "If, by the blaze, I mark aright,
 Thou bearest the belt and spur of knight?"
 "*Then by these tokens mayest thou know*
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

Lady of the Lake, Canto iv.

10. There is a kind of dialogue that may be called *fancied* dialogue, in which the author *supposes* certain questions asked and answered, with the assumed purpose of eliciting

truth thereby. This method is often adopted by Cicero, who uses it frequently in his orations, as well as in his philosophical works. It is not so difficult as the formal dialogue, but it serves admirably to enliven discourse, by giving occasional glimpses, as it were, of the drama of real life. In the oratory of the Bar it is often made available to place testimony in its strongest light.

11. As an example of this imaginary and always irregular dialogue, we give, first, a brief extract from Cicero's oration for Muræna, italicizing the answers which the speaker gives to his own questions.

III. FROM CICERO'S ORATION FOR MURÆNA.

12. "But to return to what I proposed. Away with the name of Cato from this dispute; away with all authority, which, in a court of justice, ought to have no other influence than to save. Join issue with me upon the crimes themselves'. What is your charge', Cato'? What is to be tried'? What do you offer evidence' of? Do you impeach corruption'? *I do not defend it*¹. Do you blame me for defending, by my pleading, what I punished by law'? *I answer, that I punished corruption', and not innocence*^a: as to corruption, if you please', I will go hand in hand with yourself in impeaching it."

13. We take from Cicero still another example, which also shows the great use which he makes of the interrogation. It is found in his defense of Milo, to which we have before alluded. His point is to prove that it was Clodius who was attempting to waylay Milo.

IV. FROM CICERO'S ORATION FOR MILO.

14. "Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favorable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, oh judges, be any room for doubt, or for any further deliberation upon this point? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of build-

^a The answers are naturally preceded by a long pause, and are pronounced in a lower and more impressive tone of voice than the questions to which they relate.

ing. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? Or was he not rather *expected* in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favor his assault^a?

15. "Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, would it not even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs, when the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, with his wife by his side? Which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance—the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could Milo have been worse equipped for an engagement than when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife?

16. "Observe Clodius, on the other hand, sallying out on a sudden from his villa. For what reason in the evening? Why at so late an hour? To what purpose, especially at this season? *He strikes off to Pompey's country house.* Was it that he might see Pompey? *He knew that he was at Alsium.* Was it to view his house? *He had been in it a thousand times.* Then what could be the motive of all this loitering and sauntering about? *Why, to gain time, that he might be sure to be on the spot when Milo came up.*"

17. The assumed dialogue is often met with in public addresses and in sermons—especially where an auditor is supposed to converse with the speaker—and is a spirited form of raising objections for the purpose of answering them. Thus Mr. Everett, in a speech upon the Bunker Hill Monument, fancies an objector arguing against it.

V. WHAT GOOD WILL THE MONUMENT DO?

18. "But I am met with the objection, '*What good will the monument do?*' and I ask, in return, What good does *any* thing do? What *is* good? Does any thing do any good? Does a railroad or a canal do good? '*Yes.*'—And how? '*It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the*

^a This is virtually an answer to the preceding queries, and is pronounced in a low and impressive tone.

wealth of the country.' And what is *this*' good for'? '*Why, individuals prosper, and get rich.*' And what good does *that*' do'? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end,—gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these a good'? '*Certainly not.*'

19. "I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. '*But,*' the objector says, '*as men grow rich, they live better.*' Is there any good in this, stopping here'? Is mere animal life—feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox—entitled to be called good'? '*Certainly not.* *But these improvements increase the population.*'—And what good does *that*' do'? Where is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals'?"

20. This same character of assumed dialogue is often met with in soliloquies, as in the following, wherein the cowardly Falstaff is discussing to himself the point of honor—whether to run away from the battle or not.

VI. FALSTAFF'S SOLILOQUY UPON HONOR.

"What need I be so forward with Death, that calls not on me'? Well, 'tis no matter; Honor pricks me on. But how if Honor prick me off, when I come on'? how then¹¹? Can Honor set a leg'? *No*!. Or an arm'? *No*!. Or take away the grief of a wound? *No*. Honor hath no skill in surgery then'? *No*. What *is*' Honor'? *A word*. What is that word 'honor'? *Air*. A trim reckoning'!—Who hath it? *He that died o' Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? *No*. Doth he hear it? *No*. Is it insensible, then? *Yes, to the dead*. But will it not live with the living? *No*. Why? *Detraction will not suffer it*.—Therefore I'll none of it: Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."—*First Part of Henry IV., Act V., Scene 1.*

21. There is still another form of dialogue, commonly called the *colloquial* style of writing, which often employs both narration and description; for in it the author *narrates* or *describes* the conversation of the persons whom he introduces, not merely by telling what they said, in the third

person, but by giving it in their own language. This method of writing is probably more ancient than simple narration; and we find it in the books of the Old Testament, which abound with speeches, with answers and replies, upon the most familiar subjects. It is very happily used in describing the interview between Joseph and his brethren.

VII. JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

22. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Whence come ye'?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan', to buy food'." And Joseph said, "Ye are spies': to see the nakedness of the land' ye are come."

23. And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men; thy servants are no spies." And he said unto them, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

24. And Joseph said unto them, "That is it that I spake unto you, saying, Ye are spies. Hereby ye shall be proved: By the life of Pharaoh, ye shall not go forth hence except your youngest brother come hither."

25. At a subsequent interview, the conversation of Joseph's brethren among themselves is also given in the narrative form.

And they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear'? Therefore, behold, also, his blood is required."

26. This form of the dialogue, which holds a conspicuous place in the modern novel, allows the author to keep his readers informed of any thing concerning the characters, or the plot, which it may be desirable for them to know. It admits every variety of composition, and is especially adapted to the delineation of the familiar scenes of every-day life.

LESSON XCIII.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

From the Manuscript of the late Mr. Caudle; by WILLIAM DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[WILLIAM DOUGLAS JERROLD, born in London, England, in 1803; died in 1857. At the age of ten he was a midshipman, then a printer, and lastly he became a man of letters by profession. He wrote humorous dramas, was a frequent contributor to the magazines, and a man of brilliant wit in conversation. His "Caudle Lectures," from which the present lesson is taken, first appeared in the London "Punch."

Mr. Caudle having lent an acquaintance the family umbrella, Mrs. Caudle lectured him thereon. The supposed brief responses of Mr. Caudle, spoken in a low tone, are here inserted, italicized, and in brackets. The piece is one that combines the scolding lecture, the assumed dialogue, and the soliloquy, and will be found a fine exercise for a good reader.]

1. THAT's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. [*What was I to do?*] What were you to do'? Why', let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil'! [*He might have taken cold.*] Take cold'! indeed'! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our only umbrella.

2. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle'? I say, do you hear the rain'? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's^a day! Do you hear it against the windows'? Nonsense: you don't impose upon me: you can't be asleep with such a shower as that'! Do you *hear* it, I say'? [*Yes, I hear it.*] Oh! you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks'; and no stirring all the time out of the house'. [*Perhaps he'll return the umbrella.*] Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; *he* return the umbrella! Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever *did* return an umbrella!

3. There': do you hear it'? Worse' and worse'. Cats' and dogs'! and for six weeks'! always six weeks^b; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home, and never learn any thing (the blessed creatures!), sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder

whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. [*I like to have you go there.*] Don't tell me! you *hate* to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. [*You can take a cab, then.*] No; I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours!

5. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence, at least—sixteen pence! two-and-eight pence: for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure *you* can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

6. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and, what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. [*You'll be a foolish woman, then.*] Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish *man*.

7. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

8. Nice clothes I shall get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. [*You needn't wear them, then.*] Needn't wear 'em, then! Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy, to please you, or any body else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold: indeed, I might

as well be a slave at once; better, I should say; but when I *do* go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

9. Oh, that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows! Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. [*You can borrow an umbrella.*] No, sir, I'll not borrow an umbrella—no, and you sha'n't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

10. Oh, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

11. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then, nicely my poor, dear children will be used. But then, sir, then you'll be happy. [*No, I shall not.*] Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care; it won't be so bad as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

12. And I should like to know how I am to go to mother's without the umbrella. [*You said you would go.*] Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we sha'n't have at all—because we've no umbrella. The children too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. [*You said they shouldn't go.*] Don't tell me I said they *shouldn't*: you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an an-

gel. They *shall* go to school: mark that; and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: *I* didn't lend the umbrella.

"Here," said Caudle, in his manuscript, "I fell asleep, and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whale-bone ribs;—that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella."

^a *St. Swith'in.* The Bishop of Winchester, tutor to King Alfred, was canonized as Saint Swithin. He is said to have wrought many miracles, the most celebrated being a rain of forty days' continuance.

^b It is a popular superstition in England, that if it rain on St. Swithin's day (July 15th) it will rain for forty days thereafter.

LESSON XCIV.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 1.

[This soliloquy of Hamlet is spoken with that solemnity of manner, and becoming slowness of utterance, which are expressive of deep thought and meditation.]

1. To be—or not' to be!—that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing', end' them?—To die'—to sleep'—
 No more!—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.

2. To die',—to sleep',—
 To sleep'!—perchance to dream!—ay, *there's the rub'*!
 For, in that sleep of death, what *dreams'* may come',
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect^a
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time',
 The oppressor's wrong', the proud man's contumely^b,
 The pangs of despised love', the law's delay',

The insolence of office', and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes'⁸,
When he himself might his quietus^c make
With a bare bodkin^d?

3. Who would fardels^e bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something *after'* death'—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn^f
No traveler returns'!—puzzles the will';
And makes us rather bear those ills we have',
Than fly to others that we know not of'?

4. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all':
And thus, the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action!

^a RESPECT', consideration. ^b CÖN'TU ME LY, rudeness; scorn.
Lat., quiet; final rest. ^d BÖD'KIN, ancient term for a small dagger.
burdens; packs. ^f BÖURN, boundary; limits.

^c QUI Ê'TUS,
^e FÄR'DELS,

LESSON XCV.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody on the preceding Lesson.

[A *Parody* is a kind of poetical pleasantry, in which grave or serious writings are closely imitated in some trivial subject, and thereby made ludicrous. It consists in the turning of something serious into *burlesque*; but the imitation is more close and exact than in ordinary burlesque composition. In the present lesson, Hamlet's serious and admirable soliloquy on *death* is very successfully parodied by the bachelor, who applies almost the precise language of Hamlet to the subject of *matrimony*.

The proper reading of this piece requires a mock seriousness and gravity, imitative of the original.]

1. To wed—or not' to wed!—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous love,
Or to take arms against the pow'rful flame,
And, by opposing', quench' it?—To wed'—to marry'—

No more!—and, by a marriage, say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand painful shocks
Love makes us heir to,—’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d.

2. To wed’,—to marry’,—
To marry’!—perchance— a *scold*!—ay, *there’s the rub*’!—
For, in that wedded life, what *ills*’ may come’,
When we have shuffled off our single state,
Must give us serious pause. There’s the respect
That makes the bachelors a num’rous race;
For who would bear the dull, unsocial hours
Spent by unmarried men—cheer’d by no smile,
To sit like hermit at a lonely board
In silence?—who would bear the cruel gibes^a
With which the bachelor is daily teased,
When he himself might end such heartfelt griefs
By wedding some fair maid?

3. Oh! who would live,
Yawning, and staring sadly in the fire,
Till celibacy^b becomes a weary life,
But that the dread of something *after*’ wedlock’—
That undiscover’d state from whose strong chains
No captive can get free’!—puzzles the will’;
And makes us rather choose those ills we have’,
Than fly to others which a wife may bring’?

4. Thus caution does make bachelors of us all’:
And thus, our natural wish for matrimony
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;
And love-adventures of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry^c,
And miss the name of wedlock!

^a GIBE (jibe), scoff; expression of sarcastic scorn.

^b CE LIB’A OR, single life; especially that of a bachelor.

^c A WBY’ (a rī’), to one side; in the wrong direction.



LESSON XCVI.

CHARACTER OF VISION.

[*Analysis.*—1. What is *Vision*? The Book of Revelation. Cicero's use of this figure.—2. The extract.—3. Dr. Cheever's use of this figure: Bunyan in prison.—4. Use of Vision in the description of the eagle.—5. Use in narrative and description, etc.—6, 7. Everett's description of the voyage of the Mayflower.—8, 9, 10, 11. Everett's use of the apostrophe in the same connection.—12, 13. A portion of the same scene, as painted by Dr. Cheever.—14. What this figure of speech supposes, and on what its effect depends.—15. When this figure will be a failure. Counterfeited warmth.]

1. VISION is a figure of speech in which some past, future, absent, or fancied occurrence is represented as actually passing, in vision, before our eyes. Thus the Book of Revelation is a description of a continued vision. When Cicero, in his fourth oration against the conspirator Catiline, after portraying the horrors of the plot to liberate the prisoners, massacre the senators, and open the gates to Catiline, pictures forth the following future scene as a present reality, he makes use of this figure to inflame the imaginations of the senators and arouse them to action.

I. CICERO AGAINST CATILINE.

2. "I seem to myself to behold this city, the ornament of the earth, and the capital of all nations, suddenly involved in one great conflagration. I see before me the slaughtered heaps of citizens lying unburied in the midst of their ruined country. The furious countenance of Cethegus rises to my view, while with a savage joy he is triumphing in your miseries."

3. It is in the use of this figure that Dr. Cheever thus describes Bunyan, when in prison, nearly two hundred years ago.

II. BUNYAN IN PRISON.

"And now it is evening. A rude lamp glimmers darkly on the table, the tagged laces are laid aside, and Bunyan, alone, is busy with his Bible, the concordance, and his pen, ink, and paper. He writes as though joy did make him write. His pale, worn countenance is lighted with a fire, as if reflected from the radiant jasper walls of the Celestial City. He writes, and smiles, and clasps his hands, and looks



upward, and blesses God for his goodness, and then again turns to his writing. The last you see of him for the night, he is alone, kneeling on the floor of his prison;—*he is alone, with God.*"

4. For the description of absent objects, or of fancy scenes as present, we select the following from a discourse by Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of Williams College.

III. THE EAGLE.

"See the eagle as he leaves his perch. He flaps his broad wing, and moves heavily. Slowly he lifts himself above the horizon till the inspiration of a freer air quickens him. Now there is new lightning in his eye, and new strength in his

pinions. See—how he mounts! Now he is midway in the heavens. Higher he rises—still higher. Now his broad circles are narrowing to a point—he is fading away in the deep blue. Now he is a speck. Now he is gone.”

5. This figure of vision, or ideal presence as it is sometimes called, is often used with happy effect in narrative and description, where the object is to raise such lively and distinct images as will give to past scenes a living reality. Thus Everett, in an oration on the Pilgrims, uses this figure in a sublime description of the tedious and perilous voyage of the Mayflower:

IV. VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

6. “Methinks I see it now; that one solitary, adventurous vessel, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and borne across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

7. “The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel. I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months’ passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore—without shelter—without means—surrounded by hostile tribes.”

8. Here closes this vivid description; when the speaker,

changing the scene, introduces another figure, the apostrophe, and calls upon the "man of military science," and the "student of history," to *foretell* the result: and while the speaker still reverts to the past reality as an adventure that *must* have failed, his hearers, knowing that it was not a failure, are thereby the more deeply impressed with the wonderful results that have sprung from beginnings so small and so adverse.

V. FATE OF THE ADVENTURERS.

9. "Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months they were all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast?

10. "Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children'; was it hard labor and spare meals'; was it disease'; was it the tomahawk'; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea'; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate'?

11. "And is it possible that neither of these causes—that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope'? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady', a growth so wonderful', a reality so important', a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious'?"

12. A portion of the same scene described by Everett has been so beautifully painted by Dr. Cheever, that we think the additional picture will not weary:

VI. THE MAYFLOWER AND THE PILGRIMS.

"It is a lowering winter's day: on a coast, rock-bound and perilous, sheeted with ice and snow, hovers a small vessel, worn and weary, like a bird with wet plumage, driven in a storm from its nest, and timidly seeking shelter. It is the Mayflower thrown on the bosom of Winter. The very sea is freezing: the earth is as still as the grave, covered with snow, and as hard as iron; there is no sign of a human habitation; the deep forests have lost their foliage, and rise over the land like a shadowy congregation of skeletons.

13. "Yet there is a band of human beings on board that weather-beaten vessel, and they have voluntarily come to this savage coast to spend the rest of their lives, and to die there. Eight thousand miles they have straggled across the ocean, from a land of plenty and comfort, from their own beloved country, from their homes, firesides, friends, to gather around an altar to God, in the winter, in the wilderness! What does it all mean? It marks, to a noble mind, the invaluable blessedness of *freedom to worship God.*"

14. The figure of speech which we have been describing, most frequently combined with soliloquy, and, in character, nearly approaching the apostrophe, supposes an uncommonly warm imagination on the part of the speaker or writer, and a degree of enthusiasm which carries him, in a manner, out of himself, causing him to see what he is describing: and if he can produce the same temporary illusion in his hearers or readers, the impression which he makes will be exceedingly vivid; for sympathy is the most powerful of all principles in exciting emotion.

15. But in proportion to the exceeding beauty and force of this figure when well executed, and when nature and passion speak through it, so will its failure be great when the attempt to awaken sympathy fails,—throwing ridicule upon the author, and leaving the reader or hearer more cool and uninterested than he was before. "When," says Dr. Blair, "we seek to counterfeit a warmth we do not feel, no figures will either supply the defect, or conceal the imposture."

LESSON XCVII.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Described in the figure of Vision.—BYRON.

[GEORGE GORDON BYRON (Lord Byron), who occupies a foremost rank among English poets, was born at Dover, England, in 1788. He died at Missolonghi, Greece, in 1824, at the early age of thirty-seven.—While most of his poems exhibit a wonderful power and splendor of language, and often portray the noblest virtues, some of them show a moral depravity which no merit of language can redeem. Like Byron's character, his poems vacillate between the extremes of good and evil.]

1. I SEE before me the gladiator lie':
 He leans upon his hand': his manly brow
 Consents to death', but conquers agony';
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone, [who won.
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch

2. He *heard it*, but he *heeded not*: his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away:
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire.

3. The first of the above two verses is a description of what has been so well represented in one of the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, called *The Dying Gladiator*—a representation in which the unconscious marble has given immortality to the pangs of death. The same scene might also have been represented in painting, so that, in either case, we could see, in fancy, the dying man, as, leaning upon his hand, he “consents to death, but conquers agony.”

4. But neither the marble nor the canvas could ever have

called up the scene depicted with such touching pathos in the second verse, so as to carry us away, with the thoughts of the dying man, to his rude home on the distant Danube. It required the poet of passion to turn the marble into man, and endow it with human affections. Herein is exemplified a power which the poetry of nature possesses, far beyond that of the chisel of the sculptor or the pencil of the artist.—Adapted from MONTGOMERY.

LESSON XCVIII.

MACBETH'S VISION.

Soliloquy and Personification.—SHAKESPEARE'S *Macbeth*, Act II., Sc. 1.

1. DURING the reign of Duncan the Meek, king of Scotland, there lived a powerful thane, or lord, named Macbeth. The wicked wife of Macbeth plotted the murder of the king, and, having supplied the guards with wine, till they were intoxicated, she placed a dagger in her husband's hand, and urged him to stab the sleeping Duncan.

2. Groping his way through the darkness, to the bed of his victim, with the murderous weapon in his hand, he thought he saw *another dagger* in the air, with the handle toward him, and the blade smeared with blood; but when he tried to grasp it it was nothing but an airy phantasm, like most if not all visions—

“A false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain.”

During the hesitation caused by this apparition, Shakspeare represents Macbeth as soliloquizing thus:

3. Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee:—
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw.



4. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.

5. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. [*A bell rings.*
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

6. Overcoming his fear, he entered the king's apartment, and dispatched him with a single stroke of his dagger. Macbeth returned to his waiting and guilty wife, who took the bloody weapon, and placed it in the room of the king's servants where they slept, having first smeared their faces with the blood, that the murder might be laid to their charge.

7. When morning dawned, and the murder was discovered, Macbeth affected great grief, but so managed as to be proclaimed king of Scotland. But the usurper's reign was short, for he was slain by Macduff; and Malcolm, Duncan's son and Scotland's lawful king, ascended the throne, amid the acclamations of the nobles and people.

MODIFICATIONS OF VISION.

I. THE PROGRESS OF MIND.

BORN into the world in ignorance, man is impelled by imperious instinct to know. "Seek," whispers a voice in his soul, "and thou shalt find." He seeks, he observes, he inquires. He ascends the mountain of knowledge—rugged, precipitous; he climbs with difficulty from crag to crag. On the topmost peak, in the clear evening of an intellectual life, he beholds, not the sterile boundaries of a universe explored, but an ocean of knowledge yet to be traversed, a Pacific of truth stretching on and on into the deeps of eternity.

II. NEWTON'S ATTAINMENTS.

Newton declared, a short time before his death, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a child playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."



LESSON XCIX.

CHARACTER OF REPETITION.

[*Analysis.*—1. Why *repetition* is generally to be avoided.—2. Cases in which it may be used with good effect. Example.—3. Beautiful examples of repetition in Virgil.—4. Example from "Pierpont's Aïrs of Palestine."—5. Description of the Bible.—6, 7. A beautiful example of this figure in one of Cicero's Orations.—8, 9, 10. A pleasant example of repetition from Milton.—11, 12. An example from Herbert Spencer.—13, 14, 15. An example from Daniel Webster.]

1. As a general rule of composition, a repetition of the same words, or of the same meaning in different words, is to be avoided, as tending to weaken the impression; and especially is the fault of redundancy an unpardonable one in narration, and in didactic writings, the great ornament of which is a concise and comprehensive style^a.

2. But there are cases, nevertheless, in which repetition may be used with good effect, to give a dramatic air of truth to some theme of great magnitude, on which both author and reader love to dwell. Thus David, in his lament over Absalom, in the earnestness of his soul gives utterance to his grief, using again and again nearly the same words; and our sympathy fondly indulges him in the repetition. "Oh my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, oh Absalom, my son, my son!"

3. Virgil uses this figure with much beauty, in the lamentation of Orpheus for his beloved Eurýdice:

I. LAMENT OF ORPHEUS.

"Thee', his loved wife', along the lonely shores;
Thee', his loved' wife', his mournful song deplores;
Thee', when the rising morning gives the light,
Thee', when the world was overspread with night^b."

And with poetic license the fond lover is represented as continuing his lament even in death:

"His *last, last voice*, his tongue, now cold in death',
Still named *Eu ryd'i ce* with parting breath';
'Ah! lost *Eu ryd'i ce*!' his spirit sighed,
And all the rocks *Eu ryd'i ce* replied'c."—*Georgics*, b. iv.

4. In the following, from Pierpont's "Airs of Palestine," the repetition, instead of weakening the impression, gives it additional force and beauty:

II. PALESTINE.

"Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse!
In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose."

5. The following is a specimen of repetition appropriate to the magnitude of the subject:

III. THE BIBLE.

"It is the book of the *world's* Creator', and the *world's* governor'; the record of the *world's* history', and the *world's* duty'; of the *world's* sin', and the *world's* salvation'; and it will endure while that *world* lasts', and continue to claim its present authority' as long as God's government over the present *world* may continue'."

6. There is a beautiful example of this figure in Cicero's second oration against Antony, which was composed soon after Cæsar's death, when Antony was aiming at supreme power. The whole oration is a most bitter invective on the life of Antony, whom Cicero accuses of being the author of nearly all the evils which then distracted the republic. After recapitulating the treasonable acts and designs of Antony, the orator thus proceeds:

IV. INVECTIVE AGAINST ANTONY.

7. "As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, *Antony*, the seed of this most calamitous war. You mourn, oh Romans! that three of your armies have been slaughtered':—they were slaughtered by *Antony*'. You lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens':—they were torn from you by *Antony*'. The authority of the senate is deeply wounded':—it is wounded by *Antony*'. In short, all the calamities we have ever since beheld (and what calamities have we not' beheld'?), if we reason rightly, have been entirely owing to *Antony*'. As Helen was of Troy, so the bane, the misery, the destruction of this state—is *Antony*'."

8. In the following, in which Eve is represented as addressing Adam, the pleasant repetition, in the second verse, of the scenes mentioned in the first, doubly enforces the beauty of the sentiment. It is a great charm in Milton, that, whenever possible, he makes the reader a spectator and listener, which gives a dramatic interest to the scene, far beyond that of mere narration.

V. EVE TO ADAM.

9. "With thee conversing', I forget all time':

All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn'; her rising sweet',
 With charm of earliest birds'; pleasant the sun,
 When first, on this delightful land, he spreads
 His orient beams on herbs, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glist'ning with dew'; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers'; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild'; the silent night
 With this her solemn bird'; and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven', her starry train'.

10. "But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds'; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land'; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ning with dew'; nor fragrance after showers';

Nor grateful evening mild'; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird'; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight', without thee is sweet^d."

Paradise Lost, B. iv.

11. Herbert Spencer, in an able educational article on "What Knowledge is of most Worth?" gives additional force to the impression he would make, of the value of *science*, by the frequent emphatic repetition of the word.

VI. THE VALUE OF SCIENCE.

12. "Thus to the question with which we set out—What knowledge is of most worth?—the uniform reply is—*Science*'. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is—*Science*'. For that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—*Science*. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in—*Science*. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen can not rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—*Science*. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—*Science*. And for purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more—*Science*.

VII. THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—WEBSTER.

13. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. *We wish*, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. *We wish*, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. *We wish*, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

14. *We wish*, that labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. *We wish*, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. *We wish*, that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

15. *We wish*, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

^a The use of *more* words than are necessary to express ideas, is *pleonasm*; while needless repetition of the same, or like ideas in different words, is *tautology*. Observe how objectionable, in the latter respect, is the following:

“High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray,
The unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires the autumnal skies.”—*Iliad*, v., 6.

^b Yet much of the beauty is here lost in the translation, which requires four lines in place of the original two.

*Te, dulcis conjux; te, solo in littore secum;
Te, veniente die; te, decedente, canebat.*”

^c The last four lines of the lament are exceedingly beautiful when properly read.

^d This entire verse is a good example of Rule VIII., *a*.

LESSON C.

DO FOR OTHERS WHAT THEY *CAN NOT* DO FOR YOU.

Repetition and Simile.—SCHEFFER.

1. HEAR then my counsel; hear the word divine:
To every man give that which most he needs;
Do that which he can never do for you.

2. Thus live you *like the spring* that gives you water,
And *like the grape* that sheds for you its blood,
And *like the rose* that perfume sheds for you,
And *like the bread* that satisfies your need,

And *like the clouds* that pour their rain for you,
 And *like the sun* that shines so gladly for you,
 And *like the earth* that bears you on her bosom,
 And *like the dead* who left their care for you.

3. You can not teach *the dead*, nor bless the heavens,
 Nor bear *the earth*, nor give *the sun* more glory,
 Nor *clouds* more rain; you can not nourish *bread*,
 Nor give *the rose* its fragrance, nor *the vine*
 Its sap, nor can you feed *the water-springs*.

4. And now, what were you, if none did for you
 What you ne'er did and ne'er can do for them'?
 For what can you return to God for all'?
 Your very spirit means *His* spirit—given':
 Then like that spirit, freely, purely, truly,
 Divinely, do for every one your best.
 Thus only can you live in righteousness,
 In heavenly peace, joyful, and free from care;
 Thus will you live even as *His* spirit lives;
 Thus will you in his very kingdom dwell.

LESSON CI.

SUNSET BUGLE SONG.

From "The Princess."—TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, the present poet-laureate of England, was born in 1810. He is universally acknowledged to be the first of English poets, and is a thorough master of versification and melody of diction. For many years past he has resided at Faringford, in the Isle of Wight.—1870.

The following piece requires the same kind of brilliant movement in the reading of it as would be adapted to the sentiment if set to music. The closing two lines of each verse, which are twice *repeated* in substance, are so happy an illustration of the sound and sense combined, that after each bugle-blast we almost seem to hear the echoes *dying away in the distance*.]

1. The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow', bugle', blow'! set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow', bugle';—answer', echoes',—dying', dying', dying'!

2. Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elf-land^a faintly blowing!
 Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow', bugle';—answer', echoes',—dying', dying⁻, dying'!
3. Oh love! *they*^b die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river!
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow', bugle', blow'! set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer', echoes', answer',—dying', dying⁻, dying'!

^a ELF-LAND, an imaginary wild and mountainous region, where elves and fairies are supposed to dwell.

^b "*They*," that is, the *bugle echoes*, die away, while the echoes of *our lives* grow forever and forever. This beautiful sentiment is a fine example of antithesis.

LESSON CII.

INGRATITUDE OF THE COLONIES.

COL. ISAAC BARRÉ.

[During the discussions in the British Parliament in the year 1769, on the subject of taxing America, Mr. Charles Townshend, in charging the Americans with ingratitude because they resisted taxation without representation, had spoken of them as "children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, and protected by our arms," etc. Col. Barré, an earnest defender of the colonies, in the following language indignantly replied to the charge of ingratitude. The *repetition* of the words of the opposing speaker give to the reply great additional force.]

1. SIR, I have listened to the honorable member who spoke last, with astonishment. Has he forgotten the history of the colonies, that he asks the question—"Will these Americans, children *planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms*, refuse us their mite to relieve us of our burdens^a?"

2. They *planted by YOUR^b care*? No'! Your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny, to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the "of a savage foe, the most subtle, and, I will take

say, the most formidable of any people upon the face of the earth; and yet, animated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their native land, from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

3. They *nourished* by YÖUR^b *indulgence'*? They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over them, in one department or another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House,—sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them,—men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them,—men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some of whom, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

4. They *protected* by YÖUR^b *arms'*? They have nobly taken up arms in your defense; have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defense of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior yielded all its little savings to your emoluments.

5. And, believe me—remember I this day told you so—that the same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to say more. Heaven knows I do not, at this time, speak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart.

6. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen, and been conversant with, that country. The people are, I believe, as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but they are a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them if ever they should be violated.

^a The tone assumed in this repetition of the language of another is that of the ironically pathetic.

^b The word *your* is to be pronounced very emphatically, with a bitter satirical expression. See Rule XI.

LESSON CIII.

A LESSON WORTH ENSHRINING.

[As "a repeat" in music is common, and as, in early times, all poetry was designed to be accompanied by music, so now, in lyric poetry, there is often a chorus that is to be repeated at the close of every stanza, as in the following. See *Lyric Poetry*, p. 332.]

1. A LESSON in itself sublime, a lesson worth enshrining,
 Is this: "I take no note of Time, save when the sun is
 shining."
 These motto words a dial bore: and Wisdom never
 preaches [teaches.
 To human hearts a better lore, than this short sentence
As Life is sometimes bright and fair, and sometimes
dark and lonely, [only.
Let us forget its toil and care, and note its bright hours



There is no grove on earth's broad chart, but has some
 bird to cheer it, [hear it;
 So Hope sings on in every heart, although we may not
 And if, to-day, the heavy wind of sorrow is o'erpressing,
 Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring the weary heart a
 blessing.

*For Life is sometimes bright and fair, and sometimes
dark and lonely,
Then let's forget its toil and care, and note its bright
hours only.*

3. We bid the joyous moments haste, and then forget their
glitter;
We take the cup of life, and taste no portion but the
bitter:

But we should teach our hearts to deem its sweetest
drop the strongest,
And pleasant hours should ever seem to linger round us
longest.

*For Life is sometimes bright and fair, and sometimes
dark and lonely,
Then let's forget its toil and care, and note its bright
hours only.*

4. The darkest shadows of the night are just before the
morning;
Then let us wait the coming light, all fancied phantoms
scorning;

And while we're floating down the tide of Time's fast
ebbing river,

Let's pluck the flowers that grace its side, and thank the
gracious Giver.

*For Life is sometimes bright and fair, and sometimes
dark and lonely,
Then let's forget its toil and care, and note its bright
hours only.*

LESSON CIV.

TRAIN THE CHILDREN.

JOHN DE FRANE.

1. *Train the children!* Their hearts are soft and plastic
now—the springs of life are bubbling up in crystal fresh-
ness and beauty—the sapling is straight and tender.

2. *Train the children!* and they shall go forth, with the

charm of winning ways, and the power of goodness to touch the wandering soul, and turn the hearts of some of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

3. *Train the children*—! for by-and-by they will go into thronged cities, and crowded marts; or they will emigrate to the Great West, or to Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand; and there they will take the nobler messages, and be “living epistles known and read of all men.”

4. *Train the children*—! they are to be the fathers, and masters, and guardians of the next generation; they will plow the land, and sell the corn, and build the ships, and write the books, and guide the destinies of a universe.

5. *Train the children*—! then shall it be almost impossible for lost, and wretched, and perishing men to fling up wild arms in the mad vortex of passion, crying out, as in despair, “No man cared for my soul.”

6. *Train the children*—! and the vices will be shriveled up, the Church strengthened, the cause of God uplifted; and those who have looked with sadness at the apathy and neglect of the past, shall shout with joy: “The little one has already become a thousand, and the small one has become a great nation.”

7. Our hopes are in the children. Ah! how many a happy mother, with dear children at her feet, has prayed in language like the following:

“Oh, fairies, never leave us!
Oh, still breathe mortal breath!
Oh, not of one bereave us,
Thou fear, whose name is Death!

8. These human blooms—, oh let them
Live on to summer here;
And not till winter fret them,
Bid them to disappear!
Lord, leave them to caress us,
Through good, through ill to come—,
Still let the dear ones bless us—,
These fairies of our home.”—BENNETT.



XIX. CLIMAX AND ANTI-CLIMAX.

LESSON CV.

CHARACTER OF CLIMAX AND ANTI-CLIMAX.

[*Analysis.*—1. What is *Climax*? Forcible periods.—2. Why climax pleases. What Quintilian says on this subject.—3. Climax combined with *repetition*.—4. Example from Cicero.—5. A second example from Cicero.—6. A highly impassioned climax from Demosthenes.—7. Character of the *Anti-Climax*,—its effect. A fine example in Shakspeare,—and its effect.—8. The extract.—9. Combination of climax and anti-climax,—the effect.—10. A beautiful illustration of the principle.—11. Explanation.—12. By whom climax is much used. Cicero's use of this figure. The perfection of climax.—13. General principle to be observed in the construction of sentences. An illustration.]

1. CLIMAX is a figure of speech which consists in a gradual rise of one circumstance above another, each increasing in importance over the preceding, so that the strongest impression shall come last. The most forcible periods are arranged in this order.

2. This arrangement of sentences, and of entire discourses also, very naturally pleases; for in all things we love to ascend to what is more and more beautiful', more and more forcible', more and more sublime'. This same principle was laid down by that celebrated rhetorician Quintilian, nearly 1800 years ago, when he said, "Care must be taken that our composition shall not fall off, and that a weaker expression shall not follow one of more strength; as if, after *sacrilege*', we should bring in *theft*'; or, having mentioned a *robbery*', we should subjoin *petulance*'. Sentences ought always to rise and grow."

3. Sometimes a climax is so constructed that the last idea of the former member becomes the first of the latter, and so on to the end of the series, combining with it *repetition*, as in the following example, in which Cicero describes the readiness with which Milo surrendered himself, after he had unfortunately killed Clodius.

4. "Nor did he surrender himself to the people only', but

also to the senate'; not to the senate only', but likewise to the public forces'; nor to these only', but also to the power of him to whom the senate had intrusted the whole commonwealth."

5. Another example from Cicero carries this principle still farther:

"What hope is there remaining of liberty', if, whatever is their *pleasure*', it is *lawful* for them to do'; if what is *lawful* for them to do', they are *able* to do'; if what they are *able* to do', they *dare* do'; if what they *dare* do', they really *execute*'; and if what they *execute*' is no way *offensive* to you'?"

6. The following highly impassioned climax, from the Athenian orator Demosthenes, is beautiful not only for the form of the expression, but for the nobleness of the sentiment also:

"In my affection to my country, you find me ever firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my person'; not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic Council, which they denounced' against me; not the terror of their threatenings'; not the flattery of their promises'; no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches, whom they roused like wild beasts against me', could ever tear this affection from my breast'."

7. An *Anti-Climax*, which is a descent from great to little, has the effect to lower a subject, to the same extent that the climax elevates it. A fine example of this is found in Shakspeare's King Richard II., where the king, in a pathetic outburst of grief, by magnifying his humiliation on being compelled to yield to the demands of the banished Bolingbroke, makes his diminished dignity appear still more diminutive.

8. "What must the king do now'³? Must he submit'¹?
 The king shall do it'. Must he be deposed'?
 The king shall be contented': must he lose
 The name of king'? — let it go'.
 I'll give my jewels' for a set of beads';
 My gorgeous palace', for a hermitage';

My gay apparel', for an alms-man's gown';
 My figured goblets', for a dish of wood';
 My sceptre', for a palmer's walking staff';
 My subjects', for a pair of carvèd saints';
 And my large kingdom', for a little grave'—
A little, little grave'—an obscure grave'!
 Or, I'll be buried in the king's highway'—
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head'."

9. Sometimes climax and anti-climax are combined, and a subject is magnified, that the descent to the mean and lowly may seem the greater from the contrast; for when the mind is elevated by grand and lofty thoughts, the introduction of thoughts of a depressing nature makes the fall great in proportion to the elevation. We have a beautiful illustration of this principle in the following:

10. "The cloud-capp'd towers', the gorgeous palaces',
 The solemn temples', the great globe itself',
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*, Act IV., Sc. 1.

11. Here, after a succession of the most sublime images has carried the mind to a lofty pitch of elevation, it is suddenly let down by the most humbling of all images—that of an utter dissolution of the earth and its inhabitants.

12. Accomplished orators and rhetoricians, and many preachers of the Gospel, make frequent use of climax; but of all orators, whether of ancient or of modern times, Cicero is the most noted for his exceeding care in the oratorical construction and nice *finish* of his sentences. To this, his pompous manner naturally led him; and in order to render the climax perfect, he makes both the sense and the sound rise together, with a very magnificent swell. This is all

very pleasing for a time; yet it may be carried so far as to appear affected, and then it becomes disagreeable.

13. The general principle laid down by Quintilian, however, is correct. In addition to the reasons for it before given, the shorter sentences should come first in order, because they are thus the more easily pronounced, the better remembered, and the most harmonious. Thus, to say, "We flatter ourselves with the belief that we have forsaken our passions, when they have forsaken us," is not so agreeable as to end with the longest part of the proposition: "When our passions have forsaken us, we flatter ourselves that we have forsaken them."

LESSON CVI.

ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES OF CLIMAX.

[In the first selection below there is a steady progression of ideas, in the order of climax, with enlarging views, and increasing elevation of thought, until, at the close, *our country* rises before us as a vast and splendid monument, "upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."]

I. OUR COUNTRY.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. LET the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them.

2. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its in-

stitutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

3. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

[In the next selection a thunder-storm is described in such a manner that we trace its progress from its small, distant beginning—approaching nearer and nearer—until, at length, heaven and earth seem convulsed in one grand climax of ruin.]

II. THE THUNDER-STORM.—THOMSON.

1. 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all,
When, to the startled eye, the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion fast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
2. At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens, still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

cation, and other figures of speech, are adapted to arouse emotion, and adorn and enliven style, and thus combine the charms of ornament and depth of feeling with clearness and vigor of thought. But when all has been said that can be said on *style*, the subject of language has not been exhausted: we are then only prepared to ascend a step higher, and to examine the subjects upon which style is employed,—the greatest of which is—**ELOQUENCE**.

2. It is easier to tell the object of eloquence, than briefly to define the term itself. The object of eloquence is to inform the mind, to convince the judgment, to move the feelings, to influence the conduct, to persuade to action; and he who writes or speaks so as to adapt all his words most effectually to these ends is the most eloquent man. Eloquence is no trick of speech; it is not the mere tinsel of words; it is not the art of varnishing weak arguments plausibly, or of speaking so as to please and tickle the ear. These are but counterfeits, and do not attain the end in view.

3. Genuine eloquence is always the offspring of deep feeling. A man who feels deeply, who is moved by strong passion, and who still acts under the influence of reason, utters loftier sentiments, conceives nobler designs, and exerts a far greater influence than he would otherwise be capable of. Hence a skeptical man, a cold man, or a cunning man, whose sincerity is suspected, can not be eloquent: hence labored declamation, and affected ornaments of style, gesture, or pronunciation, fail of their object, because they are not the faithful language of passion. He who is not in earnest need not hope to persuade others. Hence the foundation of that just and noted rule of the ancients: "If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself,"—or, as translated from Horace,

"If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows—feel your pain."

4. Eloquence is a more comprehensive term than oratory; for it embraces eloquent writers as well as eloquent speakers; and there is room for eloquence in history, and in philosophy, as well as in orations; and whether the object be to interest, to persuade, or to please. Its true basis is found

in the nature of man; for as man is an instrument moved by many different strings, the orator must play upon them all. Not only must he appeal to the reason to produce conviction', but he must paint to the fancy'; he must touch the heart'; he must address himself to the passions': in fine, he must use all the arts of logic and persuasion of which he can avail himself in the use of language—written, spoken, or acted.

5. Having thus explained the nature of eloquence, it remains to distinguish the three kinds or degrees of it. The first, or lowest, is that ornamental kind of eloquence which aims only to shine—to amuse, to entertain, to please the hearers. Such is the eloquence of panegyrics, of inaugural orations, and of most of the formal addresses on public occasions. Noble thoughts and useful sentiments may be, and generally are, mingled with it; but as it is not called forth by any great or noble object, its scope is a narrow one, and there is danger that the art of the orator may be strained into ostentation.

6. We advance a degree higher in the art, and the powers of the speaker are exerted, not merely to please', but also to inform', to instruct', to convince'. He aims, perhaps, to remove prejudices'; he defines his position'; he states his case with clearness'; he chooses the most proper arguments'; arranges them in the best order'; urges them with the greatest force', and leads captive the judgment by such an array of facts and arguments' as can not be gainsaid'. It is the mighty power of reason, employed with skill and effect.

7. But we must advance farther still if we would rise to a conception of the highest attainments of the art. True eloquence exerts a power beyond conviction,—a power by which we are deeply interested', agitated', and carried along with the speaker'; by which our passions are swayed at his will'; by which the mind is roused and kindled', so that we enter into all his emotions'; we love', we detest', we resent', as he inspires' us; and we are prompted to resolve, or to act, as he directs us. This latter is the true idea of the *Eloquence of Popular Assemblies*.

8. But, although eloquence is a high talent, requiring nat-

ural genius, it may not only be *greatly improved by art*, but it is believed that no one ever became a great orator without the most diligent application to study, with oratory in view. The timid, lisping Demosthenes, by study, persevering effort, and daily practice, brought himself to address, without embarrassment, and with complete success, the turbulent multitudes of the Athenian democracy. After Cicero had entered the Roman senate, he listened, and studied, and wrote upon rhetoric and oratory for seven years, before he once ventured to raise his voice in public.

9. It is said that probably no other man of genius, since the days of Cicero, ever submitted to an amount of drudgery in elocutionary training equal to that performed by the elder Pitt—Earl of Chatham; and that he spared no effort to add every thing that *art* could confer for his improvement as an orator. The whole soul of the younger Pitt, from boyhood, was absorbed in one idea—that of becoming a distinguished orator; and when he heard, at the age of seven, that his father had been raised to the peerage, he exclaimed, “Then I must take his place in the House of Commons.” His idea of becoming a great orator was based upon that other requisite—profound and extensive knowledge.

10. Habits of industry and perseverance in study were the most striking traits in the character of Burke, the great *philosophical* orator of the English language: his whole life was one of the severest mental labor; and he so disciplined his memory that it became a vast store-house of facts, principles, and illustrations, ready for use at a moment’s call. It is said of Fox, that his love of *argument* was the most striking trait of his character; and that, from boyhood, *discussion* formed the staple of all his thoughts. With such feelings, and with habits of the closest application to study, he rose, says Burke, “by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw.”

11. After Sheridan had made his first speech in the House of Commons, he went into the gallery, and with much anxiety asked Woodfall, the reporter, what he thought of his first attempt. “I am sorry to say,” replied Woodfall, “that I don’t think this is your line—you had better return to your

former pursuits." Sheridan rested his head on his hand for some minutes, and then exclaimed with vehemence, "It is *in* me, and it shall *come out* of me."—And his was the voice which afterward, in the language of Byron, "shook the nations,"

"Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised."

12. Percy, in his sketch of the Scotch jurist, Lord Mansfield, remarks, "It is yet the traditionary tale of the country that gave this great orator and lawyer birth, that almost in infancy he was accustomed to declaim upon his native mountains, and repeat to the winds the most celebrated speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero, not only in their original text, but in his own translations of them."

LESSON CVIII.

SHERIDAN'S RETORT UPON MR. PITT. 1783.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born in Dublin in 1751. He was early known as a dramatic writer, but at the age of twenty-nine was elected to Parliament, and for two-and-thirty years he pursued a splendid parliamentary career, during which he was unrivaled in wit, and had few equals in eloquence. Yet this highly gifted man, at one time the pride of England, died miserably poor, and a victim to intemperance—a melancholy example of brilliant talents sacrificed to a love of display and convivial indulgence.]

[WILLIAM PITT, second son of the great Earl of Chatham, was born in 1759. His father spared no pains to cultivate his talents, and especially to give him habits of self-possession and of public speaking. He was brought into Parliament at the age of twenty-three. He was Prime Minister of England from 1786 till 1801, and again from 1804 until his death in 1806.

1. MR. WILLIAM PITT, one of England's greatest orators and statesmen, coming into the ministry at the age of *twenty-three*, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, soon after undertook to put down Mr. Sheridan by a contemptuous allusion to the early theatrical pursuits of the latter.

2. "No man," said he, "admires more than I do the abilities of that right honorable gentleman—the elegant sallies of his wit, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic point. If they were reserved for the *proper* stage, they would no doubt receive the plaudits of the audience; and it would be the fortune of the right honorable gentleman to exult in the applause of his *own* theatre^a."

3. Mr. Sheridan, whose suavity of temper ever set at defiance all attempts to ruffle or discompose it, and who never for an instant lost either his presence of mind, his facility of expression, or his good-humor, replied to this insolent language with admirable adroitness, in the following words:

4. "On the particular sort of personality which the right honorable gentleman has thought proper to make use of, I need not comment. The propriety, the taste, and the *gentlemanly* point of it, must be obvious to this House. But let me assure the right honorable gentleman that I do now, and will, at any time he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most perfect good-humor. Nay, I will say more. Flattered and encouraged by the right honorable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if I ever engage again in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption, and attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the *Angry Boy*, in the *Alchemist*."

5. The effect of this allusion to a well-known character in one of Jonson's well-known plays, as applicable to Mr. Pitt's youthfulness, was irresistible. The House was convulsed with laughter; and Mr. Pitt came very near having the title of the *Angry Boy* fastened on him for the remainder of his life.

▪ "*Sui plausu gaudere theatri*," as Mr. Pitt spoke it.

LESSON CIX.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

EDMUND BURKE.

[EDMUND BURKE, the son of an Irish attorney, was born in Dublin, January 1, 1730. From early life he was a most diligent student; and it is said of him that he was *always working out trains of thought*. His *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* early established his reputation as a man of genius and a fine writer. His first entrance on political life was at the age of thirty-one; and five years later being elected to Parliament, he made his maiden speech in opposition to the Stamp Act, for which he was highly complimented by Lord Chatham, the greatest of English orators. Both as a writer and as an orator Burke ranks among the first of modern times. His writings and speeches are comprised in sixteen volumes octavo. He died in 1797.]

1. In the year 1787, Warren Hastings, late Governor General of India, was impeached by the English House of Com-

mons for high crimes and misdemeanors in his government of India; and in February, 1788, his trial began before the House of Lords, who held their sittings in Westminster Hall. The leading manager of the impeachment was Mr. Burke, who was assisted by Fox and Sheridan, the former of whom Macaulay designates as the English Demosthenes, and the latter the English Hy per'i dēs^b.

2. Mr. Burke, whom Macaulay describes as being "in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every other orator ancient or modern," opened the case in a speech which lasted four days—a speech which has been characterized as the greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain. "With an exuberance of thought," says Macaulay, "and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the East India Company and of the English Presidencies.

3. "Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and English law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant himself."

4. On the third day of his speech, when he described the cruelties inflicted upon the natives by Debi Sing, one of Mr. Hastings's agents, it is recorded that "a convulsive shudder ran through the whole assembly," and that "his descriptions were more vivid, more harrowing, more horrific, than human utterance, on either fact or fancy, perhaps ever formed before. Mr. Burke himself was so much overpowered at one time that he dropped his head upon his hands, and was unable to proceed. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion.

Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit."

5. The wonderful power of the orator is farther shown in the fact that even Mr. Hastings himself, who, not having ordered these inflictions, had always claimed that he was not involved in their guilt, was utterly overwhelmed. In describing the scene afterward, he said, "For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth. But at length I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

6. Unfortunately, we have no complete copy of this opening speech of Burke, for it was such that no reporter could adequately record it; and Mr. Burke never wrote it out for publication. We present here the closing periods only, as Macaulay sketches them, after the scene above described.

7. "At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.'"

8. The trial of Hastings, taken up in the House of Lords only in the intervals of other business, extended through a period of seven years; and it was during the darkest period of the French Revolution, in June, 1794, when the British Empire itself was rocked by the contending passions that grew out of that Revolution, that Mr. Burke made his closing speech in this famous trial. The concluding part of his speech on that occasion, wherein he refers to the dangers

which then threatened England, has a grandeur and solemnity every way worthy of the orator and the occasion.

* Under the head of "the Eloquence of Popular Assemblies" we must include those judicial orations that are delivered before the English House of Lords, and the Senate of the United States, in cases of trial by impeachment. Thus, in the important trial of Hastings, managed by the House of Commons, and argued before the House of Lords, and in the impeachment of President Johnson, the nature of the trials admitted a near approach to the eloquence of popular assemblies. In such cases the rules of strict law are inapplicable; the appeals of the speaker are made to the general principles of the constitution; and the decision is trusted, in a great measure, to the equity and common sense of the judges, whose numbers constitute them a *popular* assembly, although a very intelligent one.

^b An Athenian orator whom Cicero places immediately after Demosthenes, and almost on the same level.

* This verse is one of the finest examples of climax.

LESSON CX.

THE CONCLUSION OF BURKE'S FINAL SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

1. My Lords, I have done! The part of the Commons is concluded! With a trembling hand, we consign the product of these long, *long* labors to your charge. *Take it! TAKE IT!* It is a sacred trust! Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal!

2. My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call this world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarications; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, the vices, the exorbitant wealth, the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

3. A business which has so long occupied the councils and tribunals of Great Britain can not possibly be hurried over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great Revolutions that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it. The mean-

est of us will, by means of it, become more or less the concern of posterity.

4. My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands, a great edifice; but, let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in that state, that we appear every moment to be on the verge of some great mutation. There is one thing, and one thing only, that defies mutation—that which existed before the world itself. I mean JUSTICE; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others; and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

5. My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships. There is nothing sinister which can happen to you in which we are not involved. And if it should so happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood^a, amid the prelates, the nobles, the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony.

6. My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand—and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy; together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue; may you stand, and long stand, the terror of tyrants; may you stand, the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand, a sacred temple for the perpetual residence of inviolable JUSTICE.

^a In allusion to the atrocities of the French Revolution, and, especially, to the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, King and Queen of France.

LESSON CXI.

MR. SHERIDAN'S PART IN THE IMPEACHMENT AND TRIAL OF HASTINGS.

I. INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL.

1. IN the impeachment and trial of Hastings, Mr. Burke assigned to Sheridan the management of the charge of plundering the friendly province of Oude, and the exposure of the cruelties inflicted on the native princes to extort from them their treasures.

2. In February, 1787, Mr. Sheridan addressed the House in favor of impeachment. His speech on this occasion was so poorly reported that it is almost wholly lost; but according to the representations of all who heard it, it was an astonishing exhibition of eloquence. The whole assembly, at the conclusion, broke forth into expressions of tumultuous applause. Mr. Pitt followed in a few remarks, and concluded by saying that "an abler speech was probably *never delivered*."

3. A motion was made to adjourn, that the House might have time to recover their calmness and "collect their reason;" and Mr. Stanhope, in seconding this motion, declared that he had come to the House prepossessed in favor of Mr. Hastings, but that nothing less than a miracle could now prevent him from voting for impeachment. Twenty years later, Mr. Fox and Mr. Windham, two of the severest judges in England, spoke of this speech with undiminished admiration. The former declared it to be "the best speech ever made in the House of Commons;" and the latter, that it was "the greatest that had been delivered within the memory of man."

4. A curious anecdote concerning this speech is related by the historian Bissett. He says, "The late Mr. Logan, well known for his literary efforts, and author of a masterly defense of Mr. Hastings, went that day to the House, prepossessed for the accused and against the accuser. At the expiration of the first hour he said to a friend, 'All this is

declamatory assertion without proof;' when the second was finished, 'This is a wonderful oration;' at the close of the third, 'Mr. Hastings has acted unjustifiably;' the fourth, 'Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;' and at last, 'Of all the monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings^a.'"

5. When, a year later, Mr. Sheridan had assigned to him, on the trial, the management of this same charge against Hastings, the expectation of the public was wrought up to the highest pitch to hear him. During the four days on which he spoke, the great hall was crowded to suffocation; and such was the eagerness to obtain seats, that fifty guineas were in some instances paid for a single ticket. All who heard his speech agreed in pronouncing it one of astonishing power; but, like most of the speeches of that day, it was poorly reported. From what has been preserved, we give a couple of extracts, no doubt transmitted to us in a very imperfect state.

II. THE PLEA OF STATE NECESSITY.

1. "Driven from every other hold, the prisoner is obliged to resort, as a justification of his enormities, to the stale pretext of State Necessity! Of this last disguise it is my duty to strip him.

2. "I will venture to say, my Lords, that no one instance of real necessity can be adduced. The necessity which the prisoner alleges listens to whispers for the purpose of crimination, and deals in rumor to prove its own existence. *It is* a State Necessity! No, my Lords, that imperial tyrant, genuine *State Necessity*, is yet a generous despot—and when he acts he is bold in his demeanor, rapid in his decisions, though terrible in his grasp. What he does, my Lords, he dares avow; and avowing, scorns any other justification than the high motives which placed the iron sceptre in his hands.

3. "Even when its rigors are suffered, its apology is also known; and men learn to consider it in its true light, as a power which turns occasionally aside from just government, when its exercise is calculated to prevent greater evils than

it occasions. But a quibbling, prevaricating necessity, which tries to steal a pitiful justification from whispered accusations and fabricated rumors—no, my Lords, that is *no* State Necessity! Tear off the mask, and you see coarse, vulgar avarice lurking under the disguise.

4. “The State Necessity of Mr. Hastings is a juggle. It is a being that prowls in the dark. It is to be traced in the ravages which it commits, but never in benefits conferred or evils prevented. I can conceive justifiable occasions for the exercise even of outrage, where high public interests demand the sacrifice of private right. If any great man, in bearing the arms of his country—if any admiral, carrying the vengeance and the glory of Britain to distant coasts, should be driven to some rash acts of violence, in order, perhaps, to give food to those who are shedding their blood for their country—there is a State Necessity in such a case, grand, magnanimous, and all-commanding, which goes hand in hand with honor.

5. “If any great general, defending some fortress, barren, perhaps, itself, but a pledge of the pride and power of Britain—if such a man, fixed like an imperial eagle on the summit of a rock, should strip its sides of the verdure and foliage with which it might be clothed, while covered on the top with that cloud from which he was pouring down his thunders on the foe—would he be brought by the House of Commons to your bar^b? No, my Lords, never would his grateful and admiring countrymen think of questioning actions which, though accompanied by private wrong, yet were warranted by real necessity. But is the State Necessity which is pleaded by the prisoner, in defense of his conduct, of this description? I challenge him to produce a single instance in which any of his private acts were productive of public advantage, or averted impending evil.”

III. THE DESOLATION OF OUDE.

6. “If, my Lords, a stranger had at this time entered the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowlah—if, observing the wide and general desolation of fields unclothed and brown; of vegetation

burned up and extinguished; of villages depopulated and in ruin; of temples unroofed and perishing; of reservoirs broken down and dry—this stranger should ask, ‘What has thus laid waste this beautiful and opulent land’; what monstrous madness has ravaged it with wide-spread war’; what desolating foe’; what civil discords’; what disputed succession’; what religious zeal’; what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and, with malice and mortal enmity to man, withered by the grasp of death every growth of nature and humanity, all means of delight, and each original, simple principle of bare existence’? the answer would have been, not one of these causes.

7. “No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages! No desolating foreign foe! No domestic broils! No disputed succession! No religious zeal! No poisonous monster! No affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged us, cut off the sources of resuscitation! No! this damp of death is the mere effusion of British amity! We sink under the pressure of its support! We writhe under its perfidious gripe! It has embraced us with its protecting arms, and lo! these are the fruits of the alliance!”

8. The great success of Sheridan, in the part which he took in this famous trial, was celebrated by Byron in the following beautiful lines, the first verse of which, however, is quite as applicable to Burke as to Sheridan.

IV. FROM BYRON’S MONODY^c ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

9. When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven, in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod—
The wrath—the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips, and blazed
Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised.

* * * * *

10. While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
That humble harmonist of care on earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit’s proud pre-eminence,

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

^a A fine example of climax.

^b This glowing picture was probably suggested by Sir Gilbert Elliot's noble defense of the Rock of Gibraltar a few years before—in 1781.

^c A *monody*, among the Greeks, was a mournful funeral song, sung by a single person. The above monody was spoken at Drury-Lane Theatre, London, soon after the death of Sheridan.

LESSON CXII.

RESULT OF THE TRIAL.

1. Soon after the commencement of the trial, the Lords resolved that they would be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in inferior courts of the realm. A great amount of testimony, which the managers had expected to bring forward, was thereby excluded; and from that moment the acquittal of Hastings was assured. Added to this, "all the members of the House of Lords," as Macaulay says, "are politicians; and there is hardly one among them whose vote, on an impeachment, may not be confidently predicted before a witness has been examined." When the final vote was taken, out of twenty-nine peers who voted, only six declared him guilty.

2. But if Mr. Burke failed in the impeachment, he succeeded in the main object which he had in view, that of laying open to the indignant gaze of the public the enormities practiced under the British government in India; and his "long, long labors" in this cause became the means, though not so directly as he intended, of great and lasting benefits to a hundred and fifty millions of people. Of the true character of Hastings, we have the following summing up in the language of Macaulay:

3. "Those who look on his character without favor or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of all social virtue—in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy for their sufferings—he was deficient. His

principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But while we can not with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we can not regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect—his rare talents for command, for administration, and for controversy—his dauntless courage—his honorable poverty—his fervent zeal for the interests of the state—his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.”

LESSON CXIII.

THE GREAT FORENSIC CONTEST BETWEEN MR. WEBSTER,
OF MASS., AND MR. HAYNE, OF S. CAROLINA,

IN THE AMERICAN SENATE, JANUARY, 1830.

1. ON the 19th of January, 1830, Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate on the subject of the Public Lands, which had been for some time under discussion, denounced the policy of the government in holding the public lands for sale, instead of giving them away to emigrants: he wished the government to have no source of permanent revenue,—regarding a full treasury as tending to consolidate the government and corrupt the people.

2. In the course of his remarks he charged the Eastern States—and especially New England—with a narrow and selfish policy;—with endeavoring to restrain emigration to the West, and with a steady opposition to Western measures and Western interests; and this selfish New England policy he attributed to the “accursed tariff” on imported manufactures.

3. Mr. Webster, on the following day, replied to the speech of Mr. Hayne, taking exception to his views generally, and especially to those which deprecated the strengthening of the powers of the general government. Alluding to this part of the speech of the gentleman from South Carolina, Mr. Webster remarked:

4. "I wish to see no new powers drawn to the general government; but I confess I rejoice in whatever tends to strengthen the bond that unites us, and encourages the hope that our Union may be perpetual. And, therefore, I can not but feel regret at the expression of such opinions as the gentleman has avowed, because I think their obvious tendency is to weaken the bond of our Union.

5. "I know there are some persons in the part of the country from which the honorable member comes, who habitually speak of the Union in terms of indifference, or even of disparagement. The honorable member himself is not, I trust, and can never be, one of these. They significantly declare that *it is time to calculate the value of the Union*; and their aim seems to be to enumerate and to magnify all the evils, real and imaginary, which the government, under the Union, produces."

6. After deprecating and deploring the tone of thinking and acting indulged in by some Southern men, he continues:

"I am a *Unionist*, and, in this sense, a *National Republican*. I would strengthen the ties that hold us together. Far, indeed, in my wishes—very far distant, be the day, when our associated and fraternal stripes shall be severed asunder, and when that happy constellation under which we have risen to so much renown shall be broken up, and be seen sinking, star after star, into obscurity and night."

7. On the subject of the tariff, Mr. Webster showed that it had been, from the beginning, more a Southern than an Eastern measure; that the renowned ordinance of 1787, which lies at the foundation of the prosperity of the North-western States, and which excluded slavery from that vast region, was drawn up by a citizen of Massachusetts, and was a Northern measure, carried by the North, and by the North alone.

8. To these remarks of Mr. Webster, Mr. Hayne replied in a speech of considerable power, occupying two days in the delivery—a speech ranging through national and party politics, sectional jealousies, and the slavery question, in which the speaker took occasion to make a general assault on the opinions, politics, and parties of New England, but without

even a remote allusion to the public lands—the subject, nominally, under discussion.

He also took occasion to advance what he denominated “the South Carolina doctrine”—the doctrine of State Rights, popularly known as the doctrine of “nullification”—the right of the State Legislatures to interfere, whenever, in their judgment, the general government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws.

We give, in the next Lesson, sufficient extracts from the speech of Mr. Hayne to illustrate the bearings of Mr. Webster’s great argument in reply. The constitutional questions here discussed were at this time, as will be seen, already threatening the most serious dangers to our country; and thirty years later they culminated in what the South called “Civil War,” and the North “The Great Rebellion.”

LESSON CXIV.

FROM THE SECOND SPEECH OF MR. HAYNE,

JANUARY 25, 1830.

1. THE honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, while he exonerates me personally from the charge, intimates that there is a party in the country who are looking to disunion. Sir, if the gentleman had stopped there, the accusation would “have passed by me as the idle wind which I regard not.” But when he goes on to give to his accusation a local habitation and a name, by quoting the expression of a distinguished citizen of South Carolina (Dr. Cooper), “that it was time for the South to calculate the value of the Union,” and, in the language of the bitterest sarcasm, adds, “surely then the Union can not last longer than July, 1831”—it is impossible to mistake either the allusion or the object of the gentleman.

2. Now, Mr. President, I call upon every one who hears me to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember, that at the time this unprovoked and uncalled-for attack was

made upon the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New England, nor had I made the most distant allusion either to the senator from Massachusetts, or the state he represents.

3. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions.

4. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold. I will struggle while I have life for our altars and our firesides; and, if God gives me strength, I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop here. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemies' territory, and not consent to lay down my arms until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future."

5. It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. President, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty; be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity.

6. Mr. Hayne, after an able and eloquent defense of the conduct of the South during the War of the Revolution, and during the War of 1812—after dwelling at length upon the opposition to the war by the "peace party" of New England—reiterating the South Carolina doctrine of resistance to unconstitutional laws, and briefly treating of the tariff, of which the South complained, he thus closed his speech:

7. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No; but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which

it was demanded, would have made him a slave. Sir, if, in acting on these high motives—if, animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character—we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, “You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty.”

LESSON CXV.

INTRODUCTORY TO MR. WEBSTER'S SECOND SPEECH.

Adapted.

1. NEARLY half the members of the Senate had now participated in the discussion, and the speakers had gradually changed the subject of debate from the question of the public lands to the many points in controversy between the North and the South. The speech of Mr. Hayne—earnest, fervid, and profuse in illustration—though much of a personal character was mingled with it, created a deep impression, and was thought, at the time, to be overwhelming and unanswerable. It was regarded as the champion speech of the South; and with no little anxiety the whole country awaited Mr. Webster's reply.

2. On the morning of the day after Mr. Hayne had spoken, the Senate Chamber was so densely crowded, long before Mr. Webster arose to speak, that persons once in could neither get out nor change their position. Yet the very greatness of the hazard seemed to exhilarate the speaker. His spirits rose with the occasion. A confidence in his own resources, springing from no vain estimate of his power, but the legitimate offspring of previous severe mental discipline, sustained and excited him. He had gauged his opponents, his subject, and *himself*. His exordium was no less forcible than it was strikingly beautiful and appropriate.

MR. WEBSTER'S EXORDIUM.

3. Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in

thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate.

4. There wanted no more to enchain the attention. If among his hearers there were those who affected an indifference to his glowing thoughts and fervent periods, the difficult task was soon laid aside, and profound, undisguised, devoted attention followed. In the earlier part of his speech one of his principal opponents seemed deeply engrossed in the careful perusal of a newspaper he held before his face; but this, on nearer approach, proved to be *upside down*. In truth, all, sooner or later, involuntarily, or in spite of themselves, were wholly carried away by the eloquence of the orator.

5. The speech of Mr. Hayne necessarily led Mr. Webster through a very wide range of debate. The personalities of his opponent were to be referred to; the charges upon the long-established policy of the government in reference to the public lands were to be met and repelled; Massachusetts was to be defended against the attack made upon her, and her historical record vindicated; the subjects involved in the constitutional rights of slavery, in the policy of internal improvements, and of the tariff, were to be examined anew; and, finally, the true principles of the Constitution were to be defended against the South Carolina doctrine of Nullification.

In the following Lesson we give a small portion of Mr. Webster's remarks upon this latter subject.

LESSON CXVI.

FROM MR. WEBSTER'S SECOND SPEECH,

JANUARY 26-7, 1830.

1. AND now, Mr. President, let me run the honorable gentleman's doctrine a little into its practical application. Let

us look a little at his probable *modus operandi*. If a thing can be done, an ingenious man can tell *how* it is to be done.

2. Now, I wish to be informed *how* this state interference is to be put in practice without violence, bloodshed, and rebellion. We will take the existing case of the tariff law. South Carolina is said to have made up her opinion upon it. If we do not repeal it (as we probably shall not), she will then apply to the case the remedy of her doctrine. She will, we must suppose, pass a law of her Legislature declaring the several acts of Congress, usually called the tariff laws, null and void, so far as they respect South Carolina, or the citizens thereof. So far, all is a paper transaction, and easy enough.

3. But the collector at Charleston is collecting the duties imposed by these tariff laws; he, therefore, must be stopped. The collector will seize the goods if the tariff duties are not paid. The state authorities will undertake their rescue: the marshal, with his *posse*, will come to the collector's aid, and here the contest begins.

4. The militia of the state will be called out to sustain the nullifying act. They will march, sir, under a very gallant leader: for I believe the honorable member himself commands the militia of that part of the state. He will raise the NULLIFYING ACT on his standard, and spread it out as his banner! It will have a preamble bearing that the tariff laws are palpable, deliberate, and dangerous violations of the Constitution! He will proceed, with this banner flying, to the Custom-house in Charleston:

“All the while

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.”

5. Arrived at the Custom-house, he will tell the collector that he must collect no more duties under any of the tariff laws. This he will be somewhat puzzled to say, by the way, with a grave countenance, considering what hand South Carolina herself had in the tariff law of 1816. But, sir, the collector would, probably, not desist at his bidding.

6. Here would ensue a pause: for they say that a certain stillness precedes the tempest. Before this military array should fall on the Custom-house, collector, clerks, and all, it

is very probable some of those composing it would request, of their gallant commander-in-chief, to be informed a little upon the point of law; for they have, doubtless, a just respect for his opinions as a lawyer, as well as for his bravery as a soldier.

7. They know he has read Blackstone and the Constitution, as well as Turenne and Vauban. They would ask him, therefore, something concerning their rights in this matter. They would inquire whether it was not somewhat dangerous to resist a law of the United States. What would be the nature of their offense, they would wish to learn, if they, by military force and array, resisted the execution, in Carolina, of a law of the United States, and it should turn out, after all, that the law *was constitutional*?

8. He would answer, of course, treason. No lawyer could give any other answer. John Fries, he would tell them, had learned that some years ago. How, then, they would ask, do you propose to defend us? We are not afraid of bullets, but treason has a way of taking people off that we do not much relish. How do you propose to defend us? "Look at my floating banner," he would reply; "see there the *nub-lyfing law*!"

9. Is it your opinion, gallant commander, they would then say, that, if we should be indicted for treason, that same floating banner of yours would make a good plea in bar? "South Carolina is a sovereign state," he would reply. That is true; but would the judge admit our plea? "These tariff laws," he would repeat, "are unconstitutional—palpably, deliberately, dangerously." That all may be so; but if the tribunals should not happen to be of that opinion, shall we swing for it? We are ready to die for our country; but it is rather an awkward business, this dying without touching the ground! After all, that is a sort of *hemp* tax, worse than any part of the tariff.

10. The honorable gentleman would be in a dilemma like that of another great general: he would have a knot before him which he could not untie. He must cut it with his sword: he must say to his followers, Defend yourselves with your bayonets!—*and this is war*—CIVIL WAR.

LESSON CXVII.

THE IMPRESSION MADE BY MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

His Peroration. From March's *Réminiscences of Congress*.

1. No one who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one who was can give an adequate description of it. No word-painting can convey the deep, intense enthusiasm, the reverential attention, of that vast assembly, nor limner transfer to canvas their earnest, eager, awe-struck countenances. Though language were as subtle and flexible as thought, it still would be impossible to represent the full idea of the scene. There is something intangible in an emotion which can not be transferred. The nicer shades of feeling elude pursuit. Every description, therefore, of the occasion seems to the narrator himself most tame, spiritless, unjust.

2. Much of the instantaneous effect of the speech arose, of course, from the orator's delivery—the tones of his voice, his countenance, and manner. These die mostly with the occasion that calls them forth: the impression is lost in the attempt at transmission from one mind to another. They can only be described in general terms. "Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner in many parts," says Mr. Everett, "it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard any thing else which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown."

3. The exulting rush of feeling with which he uttered the now famous peroration of that speech, threw a glow over his countenance like inspiration. Eye, brow, each feature, every line of the face, seemed touched as with a celestial fire. The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the spell-bound audience, in deep and melodious cadence, as waves upon the shore of the "far resounding" sea. The Miltonic

grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his thought, and raised his hearers up to his theme. His voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess or corner of the Senate—penetrated even the anterooms and stairways, as he pronounced, in deepest tones of pathos, these words of solemn significance :

MR. WEBSTER'S PERORATION.

4. "I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder.

5. "I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

6. "While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that, on my vision, never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood !

7. "Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth ? nor those other words of delusion and folly,

Liberty first, and Union afterward: but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

LESSON CXVIII.

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

SHERIDAN.

1. IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! And yet the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator, and the importance of the subject is for a while superseded by admiration for his talents.

2. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! Not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies.

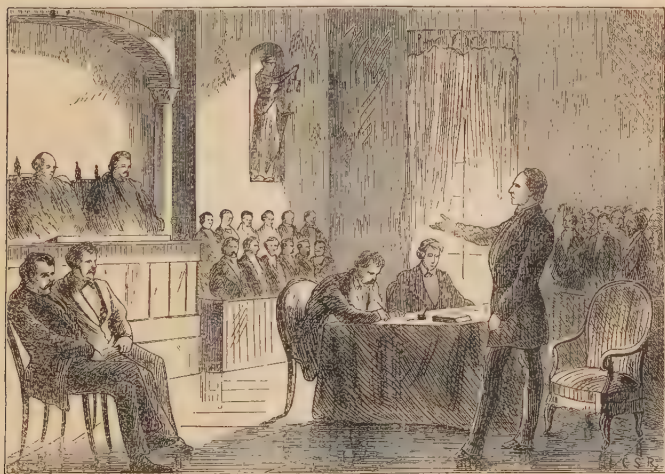
3. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted;—not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is, *Let us march against Philip! let us fight for our liberties! let us conquer or die!*

XXI. ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

LESSON CXIX.

NATURE OF THE SUBJECT, AND REQUISITES FOR A GOOD LAWYER.

[*Analysis.*—1. Eloquence of the Bar compared with that of Popular Assemblies.—2. The aims of the popular orator.—3. The aims and objects of the eloquence of the Bar. Requisites for success.—4. Advice of the ancient rhetoricians. The practice adopted by Cicero.—5. Wherein the advocate may still fail. The advantages of *eloquence* to the lawyer.—6. Management of the pleadings in a criminal case:—What the ancients advise in relation thereto. The point at which the prosecutor aims.—7. The business of the defending attorney:—the points at which he aims.—8. Subjects of controversy in civil cases. The more extensive field which is here opened to the lawyer.—9. Treatment of the arguments of an adversary.—10. Policy of Mr. Fox in this respect. Mr. Butler's description of him.—11. The degree of zeal appropriate to an advocate.—12. Policy to be observed in the management of odious and unjust causes.—13. Concluding remarks. Nature of the field that is open to the advocate. His advantages. His success.]



1. Much of what is peculiar to the eloquence of popular assemblies is also applicable to the eloquence of the Bar: but there is, nevertheless, a broad distinction between the

ends at which they severally aim. In the former, the great object is to persuade; in the latter, to convince.

2. Where the end is persuasion, the orator aims to influence his hearers to some choice of conduct, as good, fit, or useful; and hence he applies himself to all the principles of action in our nature. Although he would convince the understanding, yet he aims, also, to move the feelings, and to excite, or appease, and sway the passions to his will, because through their influence human conduct is controlled.

3. Where the end is to convince—to prove or to disprove a charge or an accusation, the speaker's business is not to persuade judges or jury to what is good, or useful, or expedient, but to show them what is just and true—what is equity and law. Hence the eloquence of the Bar is to be chiefly, if not solely, addressed to the understanding. *Facts*, and the best mode of using them, are here the great instruments of the orator's power; and the foundation of his reputation and success must always be laid in a knowledge of his own profession.

4. The ancient rhetoricians not only urge upon the young lawyer a profound knowledge of the law, but they dwell at great length upon the importance of making himself fully acquainted with all the circumstances of every case presented to him. Thus Cicero tells us that he always conversed at great length with every client in private; that he was wont to start every objection, and to plead the cause of the adverse party with him, that he might come at the whole truth, and be fully prepared on every point that might arise; and that, after his client had retired, he would balance all the facts with himself, from three different positions:—from his own view of the case, from that of the judge, and from that of the advocate on the opposite side.

5. But, although an advocate be well grounded in a knowledge of the law in general, and with its application to the case in hand, yet, if opposed by a wily adversary, he may still fail, even with a good cause, if he can not present his case fairly and forcibly to the judge and jury. In an intricate case, much will depend upon the clearness with which all the points, on either side, are presented; and here the

truly eloquent man, who pleads a cause with elegance, order, strength, and yet with modesty, and with a manner that carries conviction of his sincerity, will have all the advantage; and he who fails as a speaker will often fail in doing justice to his client.

6. The ancients, whom the moderns have wisely copied, dwell at length upon the proper management of the pleadings in a criminal case when it comes to trial. They advise that the prosecutor should first clearly define and explain the nature of the charge or accusation; that he should next consider the *motives* that may have led to the crime,—such as avarice, an old grudge, resentment of an injury, or a desire of revenge; that he should, in the third place, consider if the accused *could* have committed the deed—that is, if the place, the time, and the circumstances were favorable to it; and, fourthly, that he should weigh well all the circumstances and bearings of the evidence, and see if they be such as to fix upon the accused positively, or beyond a rational doubt, the commission of the crime. From such topics the prosecutor takes his arguments; and from a large circle of facts and probabilities brings every thing to bear upon the one point, conviction, according to the law and the testimony, which are the square and the compass by which his pleadings are measured.

7. The business of the defending attorney is to invalidate the positions and arguments of the prosecutor, and thus refute the charge brought against his client. He therefore endeavors to show that the alleged *motives* were wanting, or so weak as to merit very little regard: he perhaps endeavors to prove that his client had neither the opportunity nor the ability to commit the deed,—that neither the place nor the time was suitable, or that the accused was in another place when the deed was committed. In like manner he will endeavor to explain away the *circumstances*, if they can not be directly denied; or he may attribute them to other causes; or he may charge the crime upon some other person; and, finally, he may caution against conviction upon doubtful, unreliable, or false testimony.

8. In civil cases, the chief subjects of controversy are writ-

ten laws', wills', contracts', and other legal documents'; and here the field is still wider than in the department of criminal law. Inquiries into the true meaning and proper application of either statutory or common law'; the resolving of ambiguities in wills and contracts'; the reconciling or explaining of conflicting judicial decisions, and of disagreements between the words and supposed intentions of parties'; and inferences to be drawn from the general spirit of the law', will ever continue to be fruitful topics of litigation', and keep open the broadest arena for the display of genius', learning', and eloquence', on the part of those who make the law their profession.

9. When, in either civil or criminal cases, the pleader comes to set forth the arguments employed by his adversary in order to refute them, he should be on his guard not to do them injustice by disguising them, or placing them in a false light. Deceit in this matter, as it will not fail to be discovered, will tend to impress judge and jury with distrust of the speaker's discernment or fairness; whereas, when they see that he states with accuracy and candor the arguments of his adversary, they are naturally led to think that he has a clear and full conception of all that can be said on both sides of the case, and entire confidence in the goodness of his own cause.

10. It was a peculiarity of the English orator, Mr. Fox, that he always did full justice to his opponent, and abated nothing from the force with which he had stated his case. "The moment of his grandeur," says Mr. Butler, "was when, after he had stated the argument of his adversary with much greater strength than his adversary had done, and with much greater than any of his hearers had thought possible, he seized it with the strength of a giant, tore it in pieces, and trampled on it to destruction."

11. While a degree of warmth is always appropriate, inasmuch as the advocate stands in the place of his client, yet he should beware of engaging with equal, and, consequently, frequently assumed zeal, in every cause intrusted to him. There is a dignity of character which it is of the utmost importance for him to maintain'; for there is no instrument

of persuasion more powerful with judge and jury than their favorable opinion of the probity and honor of him who pleads a case before them.

12. Hence the lawyer who prizes, as he should, all legitimate means of permanent success in his profession, will always decline, both on moral grounds and from motives of policy, to embark in causes that are odious and manifestly unjust; and, when he supports a doubtful cause, he will lay the chief stress upon such arguments as appear to his own judgment the most tenable, reserving his zeal and his indignation for cases where injustice and iniquity are flagrant.

13. In conclusion we may remark, that the very widest field is open to the honest advocate for the study of human nature', for the analysis of character', for tracing effects to their causes', for aiding the oppressed', and for enforcing the claims of justice^{18, b.}. Of all the liberal professions, none gives fairer play to genius and abilities than that of the advocate. He is far less exposed than the politician to suffer by the arts of rivalry, or popular prejudice, or secret intrigue. His subjects are always new; he is sure of coming forward according to his merit; he enters the lists boldly with his competitors; and every appearance which he makes is an appeal to the public, whose decision seldom fails of being just, because it is impartial. His success is in his own hands; and he may rest assured that the multitude of clients will never fail to resort to him who gives the most approved specimens of his knowledge, his eloquence, his tact, his industry, and his integrity.

LESSON CXX.

THE ISSUE BETWEEN PARTIES AT LAW, AND THE MANAGEMENT OF A CASE.

1. In all suits at law there must be what is called an *issue* between the parties, which arises from a charge, accusation, or claim, on the one side, and its denial on the other; and the issue, or point in dispute, is naturally reached as soon as the charge of the plaintiff has been answered by the de-

fendant. The burden of proof may rest with either party, according to the nature of the case.

2. Thus, in that celebrated case in which Cicero is supposed^a to have delivered his beautiful and happily-arranged oration in defense of Milo, who is accused of killing Clodius, the plea of Milo, in answer to the charge, is, *I killed him ; but the killing was in self-defense, and hence justifiable in the eyes of the law.*

3. Here the accused, admitting the deed, declares the killing justifiable, which the other party denies ; and this declaration on the one side, and denial on the other, constitute the *issue* which is to be tried at law ; and, in this case, as the burden of proof is thrown upon the defense, it is the business of Cicero to demonstrate the lawfulness of Milo's action.

4. But, besides the main question in dispute, there are often many subordinate ones, which are brought in, on the one side or on the other, to contribute toward its elucidation ; and these, also, are often made matters of issue between the parties. Thus Milo says, *I killed Clodius because he attempted to assassinate me ;* and this is met by a denial.

5. Often circumstantial evidence, in the absence of direct testimony, has to be weighed. The witnesses on which parties rely are to be produced ; their admissibility is perhaps to be argued before the court ; and, after they have been examined and cross-examined, the credibility of their testimony is to be weighed by judge and jury, in the light of the character which the witnesses sustain for truth and veracity, their personal interest in the case, and their friendship or enmity toward the parties. And, finally, in criminal cases, as in that against Milo for the killing of Clodius, the characters of the two principal parties naturally come up for investigation ; and we find that Cicero uses all the embellishments of oratory to set forth the virtues of his client on the one hand, and to contrast with them the gross vices which stained the character of Clodius.

6. It is of the greatest importance to the advocate that, in all his arguments, and episodes, and embellishments, he

^a This oration, as we now have it, was written out by Cicero after the trial.

keep clearly in view the main question in dispute, that he may make every thing bear to that end; otherwise he will be very liable to wander from the point, and bewilder both himself and his hearers. And no less important is this clearness of perception and discrimination to judge and jury, who sometimes find it no easy matter, amid the multitude of arguments and agreeable digressions of a skillful advocate, to separate that which is offered in proof from that which is only brought in for illustration.

LESSON CXXI.

THE TRIAL OF ROBERT EMMET.

[In the month of September, 1803, Robert Emmet, then only twenty-three years of age, was brought to trial in the city of Dublin on a charge of high treason, for plotting and instigating a rebellion against the British government. He was found guilty of taking an active part in an attack upon the castle and arsenals of Dublin, and was condemned, and executed for the crime.

We give, first, the closing part of the speech of the Attorney General in the case, which is admirable for the just and noble sentiments which it conveys.]

FROM THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S SPEECH.

1. *Gentlemen of the Jury*.—If I have said any thing to incite within you an additional indignation against the crime of treason, I am not sorry for having done so; but I do not mean, in expressing my horror of the crime, to prejudice you against the criminal. On the contrary, in proportion to the enormity of the crime, should the presumption be that he has not committed it.

2. I must also request, if you have heard, before this day, any thing unfavorable to the prisoner, that you will endeavor to forget it. Popular rumor should be entirely forgotten; that which may have been matter of idle conversation should not work against the prisoner at the awful moment of trial. In the weighing of evidence, every former feeling of your minds against the prisoner must be forgotten; and you must give him the full benefit of any defense which he may make, and dispassionately consider the nature of his vindication. You have the life of a fellow-subject in your hands, and, by the peculiar benignity of our

laws, he is presumed to be innocent until your verdict shall find him guilty.

3. But, in leaning against a bias, you must not take a direction the other way. You must bear in mind that you have a most solemn duty to discharge to your country and to your God; and if it shall appear that the prisoner was the prime mover of this rebellion—that he was the spring which gave it life and activity, then, I say, as you regard the obligation of the oaths which you have taken, and the solemn responsibilities which they devolve upon you, you must give a truthful verdict. It is not for you to separate punishment from guilt; and you must not allow any false feeling of pity for the man to warp your judgment against the claims of public justice.

LESSON CXXII.

EXTRACT FROM EMMET'S SPEECH.

[After hearing the evidence, which was full and decisive against the prisoner, and listening to the charge of the judge, Lord Norbury, the jury, without leaving their seats, pronounced the prisoner guilty. When asked what he had to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against him according to law, he arose, and, standing forward in the dock in front of the bench, made an impromptu address. Of his speech, which occupies seven octavo pages in the original, only brief extracts can here be given.]

It was his country's degradation, and the sufferings of her people from British misrule, that touched the heart of the noble-minded Emmet; and, although the insurrection, which he seems to have planned, was insane in the last degree, yet the eloquence and pathos evinced in his dying speech, and the courage with which he met his fate, have won universal admiration.]

1. *My Lords*:—What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. Were I only to suffer death after being adjudged guilty

by *your tribunal*, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

3. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defense of their country and virtue—this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High. (Here he was interrupted and severely rebuked by the judge.)

4. My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial by charging him with ambition, and with attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? (Here he was told to proceed.)

5. I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

6. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters? No; but for ambition! Oh my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my

country's oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

7. No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, and whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

8. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen.

9. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No: Heaven forbid!

10. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life! (Here he was again interrupted by the judge.)

11. My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven—Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

12. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written!

LESSON CXXIII.

PATRICK HENRY'S FIRST SPEECH.

WILLIAM WIRT.

[By an early law of Virginia, each minister of the Established Church (Episcopalian) was entitled to receive an annual stipend of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. For a long time the price of tobacco remained at twopence a pound: but a season of scarcity coming on, the Legislature passed an act allowing the people to pay in money, at the rate of twopence a pound. The clergy demurred: the king and council declared the act null and void; and the courts had already decided in favor of the clergy, when Patrick Henry undertook to argue the final case for the people, on a *writ of inquiry as to the amount of damages*. It was the occasion of his first speech in public; and, what added to his embarrassment, his father sat as one of the judges in the case.]

1. AND now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with one another; and Henry's father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat.

2. But these feelings were of short duration, and they soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. As his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the clown seemed to pass away.

3. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description.

4. They can only say that it struck upon the ear, and upon the heart, *in a manner which language can not tell*. Add to all these his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, "he made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end."

5. It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this extraordinary man to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account the court-house of Hanover County must have exhibited, on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has ever been witnessed in real life.

6. They say that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more.

7. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

8. The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered that they lost sight of the admitted law in the case; and they had scarcely left the bar when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; but the court, too, had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote.

9. The verdict, and judgment overruling the motion, were followed by redoubled acclamations, from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed, than they seized him at the bar, and, in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of "order" from the sheriffs and the court, raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard in a kind of electioneering triumph.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

THE first great speech of Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was at the age of twenty-seven; at the same age Demosthenes, the greatest of Grecian orators, first distinguished himself in the assembly of the Athenians; and it was precisely in the same year of his life that Patrick Henry's talents became known to himself and to the world. Mr. Jefferson said of the latter, "*He was the greatest orator that ever lived.*"

LESSON CXXIV.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.

WILLIAM WIRT.

[In the year 1806, Colonel Aaron Burr, a distinguished politician, lawyer, and orator, who had been Vice-President of the United States during Jefferson's administration, and who had recently acquired an odious notoriety by having caused the death of Alexander Hamilton in a duel, was detected in a conspiracy, the design of which was to form, in the great Valley of the Mississippi, an independent empire, of which he was to be the ruler, and New Orleans the capital;—or, failing in this, it was his design to march upon Mexico, and establish an empire there. He was arrested, and brought to trial in 1807 on the charge of treason. When it was found, on the trial, that Colonel Burr could not be connected with any overt acts of treason, a motion was made to exclude further testimony in the case; and it was on this motion that Mr. Wirt made that famous speech from which the following extracts are taken. The object here is to prove that Colonel Burr was the principal plotter of treason, and Mr. Blennerhassett, one of his associates, only an accessory.]

1. LET us put the case between Burr and Blennerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save much troublesome ceremony hereafter.

2. Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen in part already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurements which he can contrive, men of all ranks and professions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank, and titles, and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste.

3. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, will produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806 he goes forth, for the last time, to apply the match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhassett.

4. Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to

find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone^a might have envied, blooms around him; music, which might have charmed Calypso^b and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of Nature; peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is only a faint picture of the real life.

5. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes—he comes to turn this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating powers of his address.

6. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast; every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection.

7. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his for-

mer delights relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort and crucible are thrown aside; his shrubby blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

8. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility; he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and in a few months we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately “permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly”—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

9. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory! Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason.

^a WILLIAM SHENSTONE, an admired English poet, born in 1714, having come into possession of a considerable estate, soon rendered it an object of so much picturesque beauty, that it became highly celebrated, and attracted numerous visitors from all quarters. Unfortunately, he spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably occasioned, in 1763, by his anxieties.

^b CALYPSO, a fabled Grecian goddess, who dwelt, with her attendant nymphs, on an island of most wonderful sylvan beauty.

LESSON CXXV.

SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[On the morning of the 7th day of April, 1830, Joseph White, an aged and wealthy merchant of Salem, Mass., was found murdered in his bed, in his own house. By a curious chain of circumstances, suspicion at length fell upon the brothers Joseph J. and John F. Knapp, who were distantly related by marriage to the deceased, and Richard and George Crowninshield. Joseph J. Knapp made a confession of the circumstances of the crime, implicating Richard Crowninshield as the actual doer of the deed, "for mere pay," and showing that the object of the brothers Knapp was to destroy a will of Mr. White, and prevent the possibility of his making another. Richard Crowninshield committed suicide in prison; and the two Knapps, tried at different times, were both convicted and executed.]

The following is the opening of Mr. Webster's speech for the prosecution on the trial of John Francis Knapp.]

I. THE OPENING.

1. I AM little accustomed, gentlemen, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned on the part of the government in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

2. But I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary, by the counsel for the prisoner, to suggest to you, that I am brought here to "hurry you against the law, and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and, were I to make such an attempt, I am sure that, in this court, nothing can be carried against the law; and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence.

3. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I might be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best, and my utmost, to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

4. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the

smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

5. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent any where; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

6. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of a murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye, emitting livid fires of malice.

7. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose* rather than in *action*; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature—a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character.

8. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances—now clearly in evidence—spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen

on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof: a healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

9. The assassin enters^a, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

10. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard!

11. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retr. ats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and he is safe!

12. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from

^a Here, by the aid of the *historical present*—representing things as happening *now*, in the presence of the judge and jury—the figure of *Vision* is used with great effect. (See page 236.) Although most of the description is in the narrative style, yet the transition from the past to the present in those passages which admit it, has the effect of *painting* the scene to the eyes of the hearers with all the vividness of the reality.

detection even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery.

13. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

14. Meantime the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

15. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no assistance or sympathy either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts.

16. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from within begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and *suicide is confession*.

[The *Argument*, which embraces nine tenths of the entire speech, is here wholly omitted.]

The following are the closing remarks of Mr. Webster in his address to the jury. They will compare favorably with those of the public prosecutor in the case of Robert Emmet. See page 294.]

II. CLOSING REMARKS.

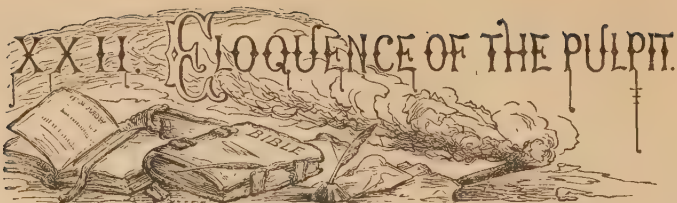
1. Gentlemen, your whole concern should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life; but then it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you will acquit him.

2. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You can not presume to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straightforward one. Doubtless we would all judge him in mercy. Toward him, as an individual, the law inculcates no hostility; but toward him, if proved to be a murderer, the law, and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

3. With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we can not either face, or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea^a, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery.

4. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are with us^a. We can not escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, they will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty—to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

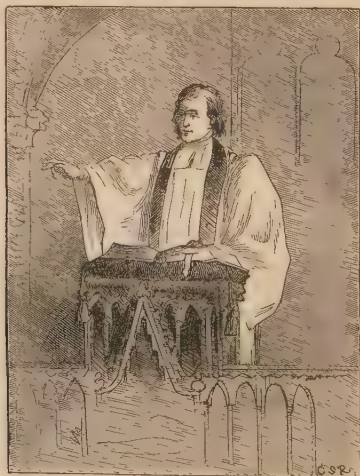
^a Here Mr. Webster makes a beautiful application of the language of the Psalmist. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee: but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."—*Psalm cxxxix*.



LESSON CXXVI.

NATURE OF THE SUBJECT.

[*Analysis.*—1. Dignity and importance of the subjects to which the preacher of the Gospel devotes himself. What they admit.—2. Importance of eloquence here. What is required in the eloquence of the pulpit.—3. Sincerity and goodness required in the preacher.—4. Advantages of the preacher.—5. The difficulties with which they are attended.—6. The preacher's vocation antithetically compared with that of other popular speakers.—7. Peculiarity of the position of the preacher.—8. The demands of good men upon him.—9. The different advantages of different kinds of public speaking.—10. In regard to the *subject*. A remark of Bruyère.]



1. THERE is no other department of knowledge in which mankind ought to be so deeply interested as in that which relates to the Creator and Ruler of the universe, his attributes, government, and laws, the origin and nature of man, and his final destiny. The subjects, therefore, to which the preacher of the Gospel devotes himself, far exceed, in dignity and importance, those which engage the attention of the

Senate and the Bar; and they are such as admit the highest embellishments in describing, and the greatest vehemence and warmth in enforcing them.

2. True eloquence, which is the art of placing truth in the light most advantageous for conviction and persuasion, is, therefore, even more appropriate and more important in the pulpit than at the bar or in the forum. The object of the preacher is to make his hearers better;—not so much to discuss abstract points of doctrine, or inform them of something which they never heard before, as to give them clear ideas and persuasive impressions of religious truth. The eloquence of the pulpit, then, should be of that popular kind which, while it reasons soundly, also takes hold of the heart, and moves the feelings, so that, like the preaching of Paul, it may *persuade* men to be Christians.

3. If it is important for the advocate to impress his hearers with a belief in his sincerity, of still greater importance is it to the preacher. The latter, in order to be successful, must not only be a *good* man, but he must impress others with a firm belief in his goodness; and he must not only believe in the truth of the principles which he preaches, but he must also deeply *feel* their importance. Then he will ever carry with him that spirit of true piety which, even with ordinary talent, will make his discourses solid, cogent, and useful, and give to them an earnestness and strength superior, in their effects, to all the arts of studied eloquence.

4. The preacher is generally thought to have some advantages over the senator and advocate in treating his subjects. He chooses his theme at leisure; he speaks to a large assembly, who go expressly to hear him; he is secure from interruption; and he is obliged to make no replies, or extemporaneous efforts. He has the whole field to himself, and he plans and executes without opposition.

5. But if, sometimes, these be advantages, they are attended, likewise, with peculiar difficulties. The subjects of pulpit oratory, however important, are trite and familiar; and nothing is more difficult than to bestow, on what is common, the grace of novelty. And if the preacher has no trouble in contending with an adversary, so, likewise, he has

none of the advantages of debate, and of that conflict of mind with mind which excites attention and enlivens genius.

6. Moreover, the preacher is confined, mostly, to the *qualities* of actions—to virtues and vices in the abstract; while other popular speakers treat more of *persons*. The preacher's business is to make you detest the crime; the pleader's, to make you detest the criminal; and hence it is the pleader who most easily secures your attention and rouses your indignation. The audience that listens to the preacher is apt to consider, very much, *who speaks*; those addressed from the bar, or in the senate, consider more *what is spoken*.

7. Hence it follows that many a character which the world would think nowise unsuitable for the bar, or the senate, would be deemed wholly unbecoming the pulpit. In this particular the position of the preacher is peculiar. He has a character to sustain, which is more easily injured than that of the senator or the lawyer; for he who is an authorized censor of others can expect no indulgence with regard to his own failings.

8. It is also exceedingly difficult for the preacher to meet the demands of all good men; for while too much lenity on his part, in reproving the faults, and vices, the follies, and errors of the times, will expose him to the charge of lukewarmness in the cause of virtue, too much severity, on the other hand, will stigmatize him as a stranger to the spirit of the Gospel.

9. It will thus be seen that the different kinds of public speaking have different advantages in respect to eloquence. In regard to the *character of the speaker*, the preacher has by far the most difficult part to sustain. In regard to the *persons addressed*, inasmuch as the more mixed is the auditory, the greater is the difficulty of interesting them in what is said, therefore the pleader who addresses a select few has, in this respect, the simplest and easiest task of all.

10. In regard to the *subject*, it will be found that the matters deliberated upon by public assemblies are better adapted to eloquence than those which form the topics of pleadings at the bar; and that discourses from the pulpit, from the august nature of the subject, have an advantage over

both. And, in conclusion, the inference drawn by the famous French writer, M. Bruyère, is probably very just: that "it is much easier to preach than to plead a cause at the bar; but it is more difficult to be a *good* preacher than a good advocate." Successful lawyers are abundant; great preachers are rare.

LESSON CXXVII.

THE SAINTS' REST.

A Vision of Future Bliss.—RICHARD BAXTER.

[RICHARD BAXTER, the most eminent of the non-conformist^a divines of England; born in 1615; died in 1691. No less than a hundred and forty-five treatises were produced by his pen. Of these, the most read at the present day are *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and *A Call to the Unconverted*.

The following selection, admirable of its kind, and excellent as a reading exercise, presents many fine examples of antithesis, and numerous illustrations of the Rules of Inflection. See also Division VI., page 99.]

1. REST¹⁰! how sweet the sound! It is melody to my ears¹⁰! It lies as a reviving cordial at my heart⁴, and thence sends forth lively spirits which beat through all the pulses of my soul! Rest⁻, not as the stone that rests on the earth¹, nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave¹, nor such a rest as the carnal world desires¹! O blessed rest¹⁰! when we rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" when we shall rest from sin¹, but not from worship⁶; from suffering and sorrow¹, but not from joy¹⁶! O blessed day⁻! when I shall rest with God¹! when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord¹! when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God¹!

2. This is that joy¹ which was procured by sorrow⁴; that crown² which was procured by the Cross¹. My Lord wept², that now my tears might be wiped away¹; he bled², that I might now rejoice¹; he was forsaken², that I might *not* be¹; he died¹, that I might live¹. O free mercy, that can exalt so vile a wretch¹⁰! Free to me, though dear to Christ; free grace⁻ that hath chosen me, when thousands were forsaken.

3. O sweet reconciliation¹! happy union¹⁰! Now the Gospel shall no more be dishonored through our folly. No

more, my soul', shalt thou lament the sufferings of the saints', or the Church's ruins', or mourn thy suffering friends', nor weep over their dying beds' or their graves'⁸. Thou shalt never suffer thy old temptations from Satan, the world, or thy own flesh. Thy pains and sickness are all cured'; thy body shall no more burden thee with weakness and weariness'; thy aching head and heart', thy hunger and thirst', thy sleep and labor', are all gone'.

4. O what a mighty change is this'! From persecuting sinners', to praising saints'⁶! From a vile body', to this which shines as the brightness of the firmament'! From a sense of God's displeasure', to the perfect enjoyment of him in love'! From all my fearful thoughts of death', to this joyful life'! Blessed change'! Farewell sin and sorrow forever'; farewell my rocky⁻, proud⁻, unbelieving heart'; my worldly⁻, sensual⁻, carnal⁻ heart; and welcome my most holy, heavenly nature. Farewell repentance, faith, and hope; and welcome love, and joy, and praise.

5. I shall now have my harvest' without plowing or sowing'; my joy' without a preacher⁻ or a promise'; even all from the face of God himself. Whatever mixture is in the streams, there is nothing but pure joy in the fountain. Here⁻ shall I be encircled with eternity', and ever live⁻, and ever⁻, ever praise the Lord. My face will not wrinkle', nor my hair be gray'; for this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality; death shall be swallowed up in victory. O death! where is now thy sting'³? O grave! where is thy victory'³?

6. The date of my lease will no more expire, nor shall I trouble myself with thoughts of death, nor lose my joys through *fear* of losing them. When millions of ages are past, my glory is but beginning; and when millions more are past', it is no nearer ending'. Every day is all noon', every month is harvest', every year is a jubilee', every age is a full manhood', and all this' is one eternity'^{8, a}. O blessed eternity'! the glory of my glory, the perfection of my perfection.

* The *non-conformist* divines in England were those who refused to conform to the Established (Episcopal) Church at the restoration of Charles II.

LESSON CXXVIII.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

A Descriptive Poem. Iambic Measure.—GOLDSMITH.

[A beautiful simile is pictured in the last four lines.]

1. NEAR yonder cōpse^a, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
2. A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
3. His house was known to all the vagrant^b train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed:
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sate^c by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.
4. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side:
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

- He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
5. Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last^a faltering accents^b whispered praise.
6. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, returned to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
7. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:—
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

^a CÖPSE, or CÖP'RICE; a wood of small growth.

^b VÄ'GRANT, wandering; unsettled; as, a *vagrant* beggar.

^c SÄTE (sät), old imp. of *sit*, for *sat*.

LESSON CXXIX.

THE COOL PREACHER.

BULWER.

1. SOME people think it is something disreputable to be too eloquent: the aristocratic world does not like either clergymen or women to make *too much noise*! A *very* popular preacher, who should, in the pulpit, be carried away by his fervor for the souls of his flock, who should use an extemporaneous figure of speech, or too vehement a gesticula-

tion, would, by some, be considered as betraying the dignity of his profession! With such people Bossuet^a would have lost his character, and St. Paul would have run the danger of being laughed at as a mountebank! Walk into that sacred and well-filled edifice—it is a fashionable church: you observe how well cleaned and well painted it is; how fresh the brass nails and the red cloth seem in the gentlefolks' pews; how respectable the clerk looks—the curate^b, too, is considered a very gentlemanlike young man. The rector^c is going to begin the sermon: he is a very learned man—people say he will be a bishop one of these days, for he edited a Greek play, and was private tutor to Lord Glitter.

2. Now observe him—his voice⁻, how monotonous[']!—his manner⁻, how cold[']!—his face⁻, how composed[']! yet what are his words[']?—"Fly the wrath that is to come. Think of your immortal souls. Remember, oh remember! how terrible is the responsibility of life!—how strict the account!—how suddenly it may be demanded!" Are *these* his words[']? They are certainly of passionate import, but they are doled forth in the tone of a lazy man saying, "John', how long is it to dinner[']?"

3. Why, if the calmest man in the world were to ask a gamekeeper not to shoot his favorite dog, he would speak with a thousand times more energy; and yet this preacher is endeavoring to save the souls of a whole parish—of all his acquaintances—all his friends—all his relations—his wife (the lady in the purple bonnet, whose sins no man doubtless knows better) and his six children, whose immortal welfare must be still dearer to him than their temporal advancement; and yet what a wonderful command over his emotions[']! I never saw a man so cool in my life. "But, my dear sir," says the fashionable purist, "that coolness is decorum; it is the proper characteristic of a clergyman of the Established Church." Alas! Dr. Young did not think so, when, finding he could not impress his audience sufficiently, he stopped short and burst into tears.

^a BOSSUET, pronounced bōs sū ā', almost bōs swā'.

^b CŪ'RATE, in England, a minister, one usually employed as assistant to the rector.

^c REC'TOR, in England, the clergyman, or pastor, who, having the legal care of a parish, has the tithes.

LESSON CXXX.

BOURDALOUE BEFORE THE KING.

BUTLER.

[LOUIS BOURDALOUE (Boor dā loo'), a Roman Catholic preacher of great eloquence; born in France in 1632; died, universally regretted, in 1804. He was the favorite preacher of the king, Louis XIV. The latter part of his life was spent in visiting the sick and the prisons, and in other works of charity.]

1. WHEN we recollect before whom Bourdaloue preached; that he had, for his auditors, the most luxurious court in Europe, and a monarch abandoned to ambition and pleasure, we shall find it impossible not to honor the preacher for the dignified simplicity with which he uniformly held up to his audience the severity of the Gospel, and the scandal of the cross.

2. In one of the sermons which he preached before the monarch, he described, with matchless eloquence, the horrors of a licentious life, its abomination in the eye of God, its scandal to man, and the public and private evils which attend it; but he managed his discourse with so much address that he kept the king from suspecting that the thunder of the preacher was ultimately to fall upon him.

3. In general, Bourdaloue spoke in a level tone of voice, with no gesticulation, and with his eyes almost shut. On this occasion, having wound up the attention of the monarch and the audience to the highest pitch, he paused. The audience expected something terrible, and seemed to fear the next word. The pause continued for some time; at length, the preacher, fixing his eyes directly on his royal hearer, and in a tone of voice equally expressive of horror and concern, said, in the words of the prophet, "*Thou art the man!*" then, leaving these words to their effect, he concluded with a mild and general prayer to Heaven for the conversion of all sinners.

4. A miserable courtier observed, in a whisper, to the monarch, that the boldness of the preacher exceeded all bounds, and should be checked. "No, sir," replied the monarch, "the preacher has done *his* duty, let us do *ours*." When

the service was concluded, the monarch walked slowly from the church, and ordered Bourdaloue into his presence. He remarked to him his general protection of religion, the kindness which he had ever shown to the Society of Jesus, his particular attention to Bourdaloue and his friends. He then reproached him with the strong language of the sermon, and asked him what could be his motive for insulting him thus publicly before his subjects?

5. Bourdaloue fell on his knees: "God is my witness," said he, "that it was not my wish to insult your majesty; but I am a minister of God, and must not disguise his truths. What I said in my sermon is my morning and evening prayer:—May God, in his infinite mercy, grant me to see the day when the greatest of kings shall be the holiest." The monarch was affected, and silently dismissed the preacher; but, from this time, the court began to observe that change which afterward, and at no distant period, led Louis to a life of regularity and virtue.

LESSON CXXXI.

WHO SHALL BE SAVED?

MASSILLON.

[JOHN BAPTIST MASSILLON, one of the most celebrated of Roman Catholic pulpit orators; born in France in 1663, died in 1742. He was not only great as a preacher, but his many virtues rendered him universally beloved. The following extract from one of his sermons has been extolled by Voltaire as equal to any thing of which either ancient or modern times can boast. Voltaire informs us that when the orator pronounced the following passages, the whole assembly, by a sort of involuntary motion, started up from their seats; and that such murmurs of surprise and acclamations arose as disconcerted the speaker, though they increased the effect of his discourse. Although something may be lost in the translation, yet much of the effect must have been due—as in all cases of impassioned oratory—to the *manner* of the speaker, by which he carried the hearts of his hearers with him.]

1. THERE is not, perhaps, a person present who can not say of himself, "I live as the multitude—those of my own rank, my own age and condition in life; and am I lost if I die thus'?" What more proper to alarm a soul which has any concern for its own salvation? Nevertheless, it is the multitude that tremble not, and feel no alarm. It is only a small number of *just persons*, who work out alone their salvation with fear and trembling: all the rest are calm and

unconcerned. Convinced that the impenitent multitude must die in their sins, each individual flatters himself that, after having lived *with* the multitude, he shall be distinguished *from* them at death: he puts himself in the case of a preposterous exception, and dreams that for *him* all will be safe.

2. It is for this reason, my brethren, that I address myself to you who are here assembled. I speak not of the rest of mankind, but direct my view to you alone, as if you were the only beings on earth. Behold the thought which occupies and appals my spirit. I fancy that your final hour has come, and the end of the world—that the heavens are about to open above your heads—Jesus Christ to appear in glory in this temple—and that you are here assembled but to await, as trembling criminals, his sentence of pardon, or eternal death; for it is in vain to flatter yourselves—such as you are to-day, such you will die.

3. Those desires of change which now amuse, will continue to amuse you to the bed of death; it is the experience of all ages. All of change that you will then find will be an account somewhat larger, perhaps, than you would have to render to-day. By what you *would be*, were you to be judged this very moment, you may almost certainly decide what *will be* your final doom.

4. I ask you, then—struck with dismay I ask it, not separating my own lot from yours, but placing myself in the same predicament—I ask you, if Jesus Christ were to appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, in judgment, and separate the sheep from the goats, think you the larger portion of us here present would be placed on the right? Think you there would be *half*? Do you believe there would be simply *ten* righteous, which God once did not find in five entire cities? I ask you—you know not. I too am ignorant: thou only, O God! knowest who are thine.

5. But if we know not who belong to God, we are at least certain that the wicked do not. Who, then, are the righteous in this assembly? Titles, and rank, and riches must be reckoned as nothing; you will all be stripped of them in

the presence of Jesus Christ. Who, then, are here? Many sinners who will not be converted; a still larger number who would, but delay their conversion; some who repent but to relapse again into sin; and many who think they have no need of conversion. These are the classes of the reprobate. Retrench these four sorts of sinners from this assembly—they *will be* retrenched at the great day of accounts. Stand forth now, ye righteous! Where are ye? Remnant of Israel, pass to the right! Wheat of the Lord, separate from this chaff, destined to unquenchable fire! O my God! where are thine elect, and what remains for thy portion!

LESSON CXXXII.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

WILLIAM WIET.

1. It was one Sunday, as I was traveling through the county of Orange, in Virginia, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times. I had thought it exhausted long ago.

4. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar—a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

5. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.

6. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

7. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

8. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down

from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

9. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau:—"Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God." I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*.

10. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to call to mind the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, as he begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher," then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice as he continues, "but Jesus Christ like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

11. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart with a sensation which I can not describe—a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been

transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Savior as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"a God!"

12. This blind preacher has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy.

LESSON CXXXIII.

THE PULPIT ORATOR.

MRS. WELBY.

1. IN stature majestic, apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love;
Yet the heart-glowing rapture that beamed from those
 eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrow, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold,
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.
2. Such language as his I may never recall;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all!
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole; [tongue.
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.
3. O God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;

A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
 On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven;
 How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
 As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
 With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
 Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

4. There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
 That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
 'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
 By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
 The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,
 The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes—
 The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone,—
 Oh, such was the charm of that eloquent one!

LESSON CXXXIV.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D.D.—born at Newport, R. I., in 1780; died in 1842.

[The following is a fine example of the Rhetorical Figure called *Repetition*. See p. 245. No better illustrations could be found of the 5th Elocutionary Rule. See p. xxi.]

1. *I call that mind free*, which masters the senses'; which protects itself against animal appetites'; which penetrates beneath the body, and recognizes its own reality and greatness; which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink', but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

2. *I call that mind free*, which escapes the bondage of matter'; which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison-wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which it every where bears of the Infinite Spirit', helps to its own spiritual enlargement'.

3. *I call that mind free*, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers'; which calls no man master'; which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith'; which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come'; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven;

which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede', but to quicken and exalt its own energies'.

4. *I call that mind free*, which sets no bounds to its love'; which is not imprisoned in itself, or in a sect'; which recognizes in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children'; which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering wherever it is seen'; which conquers pride, anger, and sloth', and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind'.

5. *I call that mind free*, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances'; which is not swept away by the torrents of events'; which is not the creature of accidental impulse'; but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring', from immutable principles' which it has deliberately espoused'.

6. *I call that mind free*, which protects itself against the usurpations of society'; which does not cower to human opinion'; which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's'; which respects a higher law than fashion'; which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many' or the few'.

7. *I call that mind free*, which, through confidence in God, and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing'; which no menace or peril can enthrall'; which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself', though all else be lost'.

8. *I call that mind free*, which resists the bondage of habit'; which does not mechanically repeat itself, and copy the past'; which does not live on its old virtues'; which does not enslave itself to precise rules'; but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience', and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions'.

9. *I call that mind free*, which is jealous of its own freedom'; which guards itself from being merged in others'; which guards its empire over itself' as nobler than the empire of the world'.

10. In fine, *I call that mind free*, which, conscious of its af-

finity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers'; which passes the bounds of time and death'; which hopes to advance forever'; and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering', in the prospect of immortality'.

LESSON CXXXV.

WHITFIELD'S PREACHING.

[GEORGE WHITFIELD, a celebrated divine, the founder of the Calvinistic Methodists; born in England in 1714; died at Newburyport, New England, in 1770. He resided in Georgia at different times, and founded there an orphan house, through collections obtained by his preaching.]

1. DR. FRANKLIN, in his *Memoirs*, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitfield's preaching in America, and relates an anecdote equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself. "I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the *copper*. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the *silver*; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, *gold and all*."

2. "At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home: toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any *other* time, Friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not *now*, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.'"

LESSON CXXXVI.

I. AFFECTATION IN THE PULPIT.

IN man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! will a man play tricks?—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with trôpes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.

COWPER.

II. MASSILLON AT THE FUNERAL OF LOUIS XIV.

1. The beginning of Massillon's funeral oration upon Louis the Fourteenth produced a wonderful effect. The church was hung with black; a magnificent mausolëum was raised over the bier; the edifice was filled with trôphies and other memorials of the monarch's past glories; daylight was excluded, but innumerable tapers supplied its place, and the ceremony was attended by the most illustrious persons in the kingdom.

2. Massillon ascended the pulpit, contemplated, for some moments, the scene before him, then raised his arms to heaven, looked down on the scene beneath, and, after a short pause, slowly said, in a solemn, subdued tone, "GOD ONLY IS GREAT!" With one impulse all the auditory rose from their seats, turned to the altar, and slowly and reverently bowed.



LESSON CXXXVII.

THE NATURE AND KINDS OF POETRY.

[*Analysis*.—1. How **POETRY** may be described. Its two leading divisions, *Rhyme* and *Blank Verse*.—2, 3, 4. Examples of each from Young and Pope.—5. In what respects these examples are alike. How poetry is a guide to the pronunciation of proper names. (Illustrations.)—6. The metrical principles on which English poetry is based. (Extended illustrations in note.) Poetic pauses.—7. Where the principal cæsū'ral pause falls.—8. Illustrations of the cæsū'ral pause.—9. Variety of rhyming poetry in our language. In other languages.—10. The most important classification of poetry.—11. Pastoral Poetry described.—12. Lyric Poetry.—13. An Epic Poem.—14. Dramatic Poetry.]

1. **POETRY** may be described as measured or *metrical* language—that which is governed by certain rules for the combination of accented and unaccented syllables. Of the two leading divisions of poetry, *Rhyme* is that form in which there is not only a measured arrangement of words and syllables, but also a recurrence of similar sounds at the end of certain lines; while *Blank Verse* is that poetry which depends upon measure alone to distinguish it from prose, each line being composed of ten alternate short and long syllables—the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth being accented.

2. In the two following examples, taken from two eminent poets, it would be difficult to say which is the more poetical, although one is in blank verse, and the other in rhyme.

TIME PRESENT, TIME PAST, AND TIME TO COME.

3. The bell strikes one. We take no note of time—
But from its loss': to give it then a tongue—
Is wise in man.—As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours!
Where are' they? With the years beyond the flood.

It is the signal that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done' ! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what' ? A fathomless abyss' !
 A dread eternity' ! how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to me',
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour' ?—YOUNG.

PRIDE PERSONIFIED.

4. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine' ;
 Earth for whose use' : Pride' answers', " 'Tis for mine' .
 For *me* kind Nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
 Annual, for me, the grape⁻, the rose⁻, renew
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew' :
 For *me* the mine a thousand treasures brings' ;
 For *me* health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 Seas roll to waft me', suns to light me rise',
 My footstool⁻ earth', my canopy⁻ the skies' ."—POPE.

5. In both of these examples there are ten syllables to a line, when read in poetic measure—the same number in the blank verse as in the rhyming poetry ; and in both cases, with one or two minor exceptions, the lines are composed of alternate unaccented and accented syllables. All poetry has a regular system of accentuation, differing, in rhyming poetry, according to the different kinds of verse ; and as none of it can be read with ease or elegance without giving it the right metre or rhythm, it follows that, when proper names are contained in it, their correct pronunciation is easily determined, inasmuch as all great poets are supposed so to arrange all such words that each will receive the right accentuation^a.

^a Thus, from the following examples, it will be seen that we must pronounce Gĕn'ô ä (ġĕn'wä), Gra nă'dă, Ga li'tia, Ar is toph'a nĕs, Men e lâ'us, Ie'a rus, etc. :

"How quick they carved their victims, and how well,
 Let Saxony, let injured *Genoa* tell."—MOORE.

"*Granada* caught it in her Moorish hall,
Galicia bade her children fight or fall."—SCOTT.

"The Muses, seeking for a shrine
 Whose glories ne'er should cease,

6. In English poetry all syllables may be regarded as being accented or unaccented; each line contains a certain number of poetic *feet*^b, the divisions of which correspond to bars in music; a certain number of connected syllables

Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of *Aristophanes*.”—MERIVALE.

“The hero ceased, and silence still prevailed,
Till warlike *Menelaus* thus replied.”—COWPER’S *Iliad*.

“Here hapless *Icarus* had found his part,
Had not the father’s grief restrained his art.”—DRYDEN.

^b The different kinds of verse are named according to the arrangement of long and short syllables in a line, and their divisions into what are called *poetic feet*. They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice steps through the verse in a measured pace. All syllables are either accented or unaccented. The different poetic feet, which are either of two or of three syllables, may be represented by the marks for the long and short sounds; the former denoting the accented, and the latter the unaccented syllables.

I am’bus, — — as, bū trāy.	Dae’tyl, — — — as, rēg ũ lār.
Tro’ehēe, — — “ bōld nēss.	An’a pest, — — — “ ĩn tēr vēne.
Spon’dēe, — — “ pāle sūns.	Am’phī brach, — — — “ dŭ tēr mīne.
Pyr’rhic, — — “ ōn ĩt.	Tri’braeh, — — — “ meas-ũ rā blē.

Of these several poetic feet, those most used in English are the Iam’bus, the Tro’ehēe, the Dae’tyl, and the An’apest, but each is found in lines of different length. The several kinds are not always kept pure and distinct. It is only of one or more of these four kinds that a poem of any length can be wholly or in great part formed; and according as either may prevail, the verse is called *I am’bic*, *Tro chē’ic*, *Anapest’ic*, or *Dac tyl’ic*.

I. PURE IAM’BIC VERSE.

2 Syllables.	Hōw bright Thē light,	As sēen At night !	
4 Syllables.	Thēir lōve ānd āwe Sūppl’y thŭ lāw.	ũnhēard, ũnknōwn, Hē mākes his moān.	
6 Syllables.	Blūe light nīngs tīnge thē wāve, Ānd thūn dēr rēnds thŭ rōck.		
8 Syllables.	Thē jōys ābōve āre ũn dērstōod, Ānd rēl ſhed ōn l’y b’y thē gōod.		
10 Syllables.	With sōl ſmn ād ōrā tīon dōwn thēy cāst Thēir crōwns, ĩnwōve with ām ārānth ānd gōld.	} English } Heroic Verse.	
12 Syllables.	Thy rēalm fōr ēv ēr lāsts, thy ōwn Mēssī āh rēigns.		
14 Syllables.	Thē Lōrd dēscēn dēd frōm ābōve, ānd bōw’d thē Heav ēus hīgh.		

II. PURE TROCHA’IC VERSE.

4 Syllables.	Fānc’y vīēwīng, Jōys ēn sūīng.	Childrēn chōose ĩt, Dōn’t rē fūse ĩt.
6 Syllables.	Sīngīng thrōugh thē fōrēsts, Rāttlīng ōvēr rīdgēs,	Shōotīng āndūr ārchēs, Rūmblīng ōvēr brīdgēs.
8 Syllables.	Whīlē I nōddēd, nēārly nāppīng, Sāddēn ly thēre cāme ā tāppīng, Ās ōf sōme ōne gēntly rāppīng.	
10 Syllables.	Vīrtūe’s brīght nīng rāy shāl bēām fōr ēvēr.	
12 Syllables.	Ōn ā mōuntāīn, strētch’d bū nēath ā hōārly wīllōw, Lāy ā shēphērd swāīn, ānd vīēw’d thē rōllīng bēllōw.	

forming a foot in the one, as a certain number of notes make a bar in the other. In each line, also, are certain poetic pauses, which the good reader naturally makes without instruction, because he finds them necessary for preserving the melody. These pauses are the *final* pause, which is a slight pause at the end of a line, whether the sense require it or not; and one or more slight *cæsū'ral* pauses in the harmonic divisions of the line.

7. The principal cæsū'ral pause in English heroic verse

III. PURE DACTYLIC VERSE.

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| 3 Syllables. | Fearfūllŷ,
Tearfūllŷ. | | Scōrnfūllŷ,
Mōurnfūllŷ. |
| 6 Syllables. | Frēe frōm sū tiētŷ,
Cāre ānd ānx tētŷ. | } | Bird ōf thē wīldērnēss,
Blithesōme ānd cūmbērlēss. |
| 9 Syllables. | Evēr sing mērrilŷ mērrilŷ. | | |
| 12 Syllables. | Boys will ān ticipāte, lāvish ānd dissipāte | | |
| 2d and 4th
lines def-
icient in the
last foot. | { | All thāt yōur būsŷ pāte hōardēd with cāre; | |
| And in thēir fōolishnēss, pāssion, ānd mūlishnēss,
Chārgē yōu with chārlishnēss, spurning yōur prāy'r. | | | |

DACTYLIC HEXAMETER.

Each line has five dactyls, with a spondee at the end: 17 syllables.

This is thē | fōrēst pri|mōvīl; bŷt | whēre āre thē | hēarts thāt bē|nēath it
Lēap'd like thē | rōe whēn it | hēars in thē | wōodlānd thē | vōice ōf thē | hūntsmān ?
LONGFELLOW.

IV. PURE ANAPESTIC VERSE.

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 3 Syllables. | { Ōn thē lānd
Lēt mē.stānd. |
| 6 Syllables. | { Whēn i lōok ōn mŷ bōys,
Thēy rēnēw āll mŷ jōys. |
| 9 Syllables. | { i ām mōn ārch ōf āll i sārvcŷ,
1st ft. of 2d
line defic't. { Mŷ rīght thēre is nōne tō dīspūte. |
| 12 Syllables. | { With ā lēap ānd ā bōund thē swift ān āpēsts thrōng.
Thēre is sōmē thīng thāt's mŷte, thēre's ā sī lōnce thāt spēaks,
{ Thēre is sōmē thīng thāt cān nōt bē tōld.
{ At thē clōse ōf thē dāy, whēn thē hām lēt is still. |

In any of the foregoing species of poetry, a line may have, from a deficiency in some one metrical foot, a syllable more or a syllable less than the requisite number. Spon'cees, pyr'hics, am'phibraels, and tri'brachs are also sometimes brought in, in irregular forms of poetry; but when we pass beyond the four established kinds of poetic measure, the verse becomes difficult of execution, and is generally inharmonious. But see exception in "*Alexander's Feast*," 336, which is mainly, however, in iambic measure. The following is a good specimen of verse that is mostly *amphibrach'ic*:

Third line } irregular.	"Bŷt vāinlŷ thōu wārrēst;
	Fōr this is ālōne in
	Thŷ pōwer tō dēclāre,
	Thāt in thē dīm fōrēst
	Thōu hēard't ā lōw mōanīng,
	And sāv'st ā brīght lādŷ sŷrpāssīng lŷ fālr."

—COLERIDGE.

falls, most melodiously, after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllable; and it is found that the farther the pause is removed, the more is the melody changed, from a brisk and spirited movement, to one of constantly increasing gravity. A good poet will strive so to construct his verse that the pause of melody will always coincide with the pause of sense.

8. The following philosophical verse, in Iambic measure, happily illustrates the several positions of the principal cæsural pause, which requires only a *very slight* suspension of the voice. Here it falls twice after the ninth syllable:

NATURE'S CONTROLLING POWER.

“Nature to all things | fix’d the limits fit,
And wisely curb’d | proud man’s pretending wit:
As on the land | while here the ocean gains,
In other parts | it leaves wide sandy plains:
Thus in the soul, | while memory prevails,
The solid pow’r of understanding | fails;
Where beams of warm imagination | play,
The memory’s soft figures | melt away.”—POPE.

9. The variety of rhyming poetry in our language is very great. Sometimes the rhyming lines are in couplets; sometimes the first and third, and the second and fourth lines, rhyme; and sometimes the rhyming lines are at a considerable distance from each other. In Greek and Latin, rhyme is almost unknown; in French and Italian, there is hardly such a thing as blank verse; while in English, both forms are nearly alike prevalent.

10. It has often been said that there may be poetry which is neither in blank verse nor in rhyme; and we sometimes find prose so measured in its cadence, and so much raised in its tone, as to contain nearly all the essentials of poetry—as in the English translation of Ossian. Beautiful thoughts, and elevated and refined sentiments, are also often spoken of as of the essence of true poetry; and in this sense there is much truth in the following views, so happily expressed by our own poet Willis:

11. “There is poetry that is not written. It is living in

the hearts of many to whom rhyme is a mystery. As I here use it, it is a delicate perception; something which is in the nature, enabling one man to detect harmony, and know forms of beauty, better than another. It is like a peculiar gift of vision, not creating a new world, but making the world we live in more visible; enabling us to combine, and separate, and arrange elements of beauty into the fair proportions of a picture. The poet hears music in common sounds, and sees loveliness by the wayside. There is not a change in the sky, nor a noise of the water, nor a sweet human voice, which does not bring him pleasure. He sees all the light and hears all the music about him—and this is poetry.”

12. The most practically important classification of poetry is that which is based upon the character of the subjects of which it treats. These, beginning with the most simple and natural forms, and ascending to those that are the most dignified, are pastoral, lyric, epic, and dramatic poetry, in addition to narrative, descriptive, and didactic, which have already been referred to.

13. PASTORAL POETRY, from the Latin word *pastor*, a shepherd, originally meant that poetry in which the scenes and objects of a shepherd's life are celebrated or described; but the term is now generally applied to all poetry descriptive of rural objects and scenes—such as are commonly the delight of childhood and youth; and to which, in more advanced years, most people recur with pleasure. Nothing seems to flow more readily into poetic numbers than descriptions of rivers and mountains, meadows and hills, flocks and trees, and the quiet joys of country life. The best specimens of pastoral poetry are the *Bucolics* of Virgil, Thomson's *Seasons*, and most of Walter Scott's poems.

14. LYRIC POETRY, so called from the *lyre*, an important musical instrument of the ancients, embraces all poetry intended to be set, or that might readily be set to music. The subjects of which it treats may be extremely various, consisting, however, of sentiments rather than of actions; and it is written in a more bold and passionate strain than would be suitable in simple narration. It includes the bal-

lad, songs, odes, sonnets, psalms, hymns, etc. The Psalms of David, the odes of Anac'reon and Horace, and many of the shorter poems of modern poets, are examples of this kind of composition. As it expresses all varieties of sentiment and feeling, it employs, for its varied purposes, all kinds of poetic measure.

15. AN EPIC POEM is the recital of some great enterprise in a poetical form, in which some distinguished hero bears a conspicuous part; and its object is to excite admiration by great and noble deeds, and thereby inspire a love of virtue, bravery, justice, fidelity, and truth. In an Epic poem we look for every thing that is sublime in description, tender in sentiment, and noble in action. The great Epic poems of the world are the *Il'iad* and *Od'yssey* of Homer, the *Ænē'id* of Virgil, the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, and the *Paradise Lost* of Milton.

16. DRAMATIC POETRY, which is always founded upon a regular plot or story, contains no narrative on the part of the poet; but every thing is supposed to be spoken or performed on the stage, by the several actors or characters who are introduced. Hence it is always in the form of dialogue or soliloquy. Of this poetry there are two divisions, *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, both designed as an exhibition of men and manners; but while the former treats, principally, of the loftier passions, and the greater vices, successes, and distresses of mankind, the latter is limited to an exhibition of their whims, fancies, foibles, and follies. Shakspeare is considered the greatest of dramatic writers.

LESSON CXXXVIII.

DIFFERENT MEASURES OF POETRY.

1. THE effects produced upon the ear by different kinds of poetic measure are well illustrated in the following extract, in which the short-stepping, firm, and abrupt movement of the words of one and two syllables in the first four lines, is happily contrasted by the sprightly, graceful, and *galloping* movement of those of three or more syllables in

the last half of the verse. In reading this poetic illustration of poetic measures, the voice can hardly fail to give the true expression to the rhythmical character of the lines.

2. "Now clear, pure, bright, and one by one, like to hail-stones,
Short words fall from the lips, fast as the first of a shower;
Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along:
Now with a sprightlier sprightliness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;
Now their voluminous coil, intertangling like huge anacondas,
Rolls overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian^a words."—W. W. STORY.

3. The following description of the leading English measures of poetry illustrates the same principles as the foregoing, and shows that each kind of movement has a character of its own, adapted to particular kinds of poetic composition. English heroic verse^b, and nearly all Pastoral, Epic, and Dramatic poetry, are written in lines of Iambic measure, with only an occasional variation, by the seemingly chance introduction of a foot of some other measure.

[English Heroic Verse. Iambic Measure.]

4. The proud heroic^b, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals, clashing as they meet;
The sweet Spenserian^c, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth^d billow melts along the shore.
5. The lonely spirit of the mournful lay^e,
Which lives immortal in the verse of GRAY,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of song;

The glittering lyric^f bounds elastic by,
 With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
 While every image, in her airy whirl,
 Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl.

O. W. HOLMES.

^a SÉSEQUIPÉNALIAN, measuring a foot and a half; sometimes humorously applied, as in this case, to long words.

^b English *heroic* verse consists of ten syllables to the line, most generally wholly of Iambic measure, with, rarely, a line of eleven syllables. Sometimes, also, when the subject is such that a degree of pomp and solemnity is proper, the verse closes with a line of twelve syllables, called an *Alexandrine line*: so named because it was the metre in which the heroic deeds of Alexander the Great were celebrated.

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."—POPE.

In the following two lines of heroic verse, the first foot in each is a *trochee*, while all the rest are iambics:

Fâvours | tō nōne, | tō āll | ahē smiles | ēxtēnds,
 Oft ahē | rējects, | būt nēv | ēr ōnce | ōffēnds.

^c The *Spenserian stanza*, which derives its name from that form of verse in which Spenser's *Faëry Queen* was written, consists of nine Iambic lines, the first eight being Heroics, and the ninth an Alexandrine. It is the form adopted by Thomson, and Beattie, and by Byron in his *Childe Harold*, etc.

^d The ninth and closing line of the stanza.

^e A song: a species of narrative poetry; as, "The *Lay* of the Last Minstrel," by Scott.

^f See *Lyric Poetry*, page 332.

LESSON CXXXIX.

OPENING STANZAS OF "THE MINSTREL."

Spenserian Stanza. Iambic Measure.—BEATTIE.

[JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D. (Scotch pron. Bā'tī), a much admired poet, and a distinguished moral philosopher, born in Scotland in 1735; died in 1803. His principal works are an "Essay on Truth," "Evidences of Christianity," "Elements of Moral Science," and his celebrated didactic poem, "The Minstrel," from which the following extract is taken.]

1. AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
 Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,—
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

2. And yet the languor of inglorious days
 Not equally oppressive is to all;
 Him who ne'er listened to the voice of praise
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
 There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
 Supremely bless'd if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace. No higher aim
 Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

LESSON CXL.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

DRYDEN.

[JOHN DRYDEN, one of the most celebrated of English poets, born in 1631; died in 1700. He wrote numerous plays and fables; as a prose writer he excelled in criticism; he was unequalled in satire; while the spirit, freedom, grace, and melody of his versification remain almost, if not wholly, without a rival. His description of "Alexander's Feast," which is designed to illustrate the power of music, is based on the following historic facts:]

1. WHILE Alexander was engaged in his fourth campaign for the conquest of Asia (331 B.C.), the city of Persep'olis fell into his hands, an event which he celebrated by a feast, at which the great musician Timotheus of Thebes performed on the flute and the lyre, accompanied by a chorus of singers. Such was the wonderful power of his music, which seems to have been extemporized for the occasion, in the manner of the modern Troubadours, that the whole company are said to have been swayed by it, at the will of the performer, to feelings of love, or hate, or revenge, as if by the wand of a magician.

2. The poet Dryden has pictured forth this musical scene in what has by some been called "the lyric masterpiece of English poetry," and by others "an inspired ode." The metre of the poem is constantly changing through a wide range of iambs, trochees, anapests, pyrrhics, dactyls, and spondees; and while the poet sings *the triumph of music*, his poetry is also a complete triumph of poetical skill.

3. "Although there are scarcely two lines alike in accentuation, yet the whole seems as spontaneous as the cries of alarm and consternation excited by the bacchanal orgies described." Only partial extracts from this poem can here be given, but they are sufficient to show the wonderful *variety* of harmonious versification of which the English language is capable in the hands of a master. We have divided each line into *the metre in which it should be read*, and this marking will furnish the pupil a good exercise in pointing out the numerous kinds of metrical feet which the poem contains.

(I.)

4. 'Twās āt | thē rōy|āl fēast, | fōr Pēr|sia wōn
 Bȳ Phīl|ip's wār|like sōn :
 Ālōft | in āw|fūl stāte
 Thē | gōdlike | hērō | sāt|
 Ōn hīs | impē|riāl thrōne :
 Hīs vāl|iānt pēers | wēre plāced | āround,
 Thēir brōws | with rō|sēs ānd | with mȳr|tlēs bōunh
 (Sō shoūld | dēsērt | in ārms | bē crōwned).
 Thē lōve|ly Thāis^c, | bȳ hīs sīde, |
 Sāt like | ā blōom|ing Ēast|ērn brīde,
 In flōwer | ōf yōuth | ānd beaū|tȳ's prīde.
 Hāppȳ', | hāppȳ⁻, | hāppȳ' | pāir' !
 Nōne | būt thē *brāve*^a,
Nōne^a | būt thē brāve,
 Nōne *būt*^a | thē brāve' | dēsērvē |⁻ thē fāir'.

5. Here, and also at the close of each musical recitation, the company of singers join in the song, and repeat the last four lines in chorus. In the second division of the poem, Timotheus is represented as singing the praises of Jupiter, when the crowd, carried away by the enthusiasm with which the music had inspired them, proclaim Alexander a deity! The monarch accepts the adoration of his subjects, and "assumes to be the god."

6. Thē līst'|ning crōwd | ādmīre | thē lōf|tȳ sōund :
 "Ā prēsēnt | dēitȳ !" | thēy shōut | āround :
 "Ā prēsēnt | dēitȳ !" | thē vāult|ēd rōofs | rēbōund.
 With rāv|ished ēars
 Thē mōn|ārch hēars,
 Āssūmes | thē gōd,
 Affēcts | tō nōd^b,
 And sēems | tō shāke | thē sphēres.

7. The praises of Bacchus and the joys of wine being next sung to the sound of trumpets and the beat of drums, the effects upon the king are described; and when the martial strains had fired his soul almost to madness, the master musician adroitly changes the spirit and measure of his song, and as successfully allays the tempest of passion which his skill had raised. This soothing measure and its effects are thus described in the fourth division of the poem.

(IV.)

8. Soōthed | with thē sōund, | thē kīng | grēw vāin ;
 Fōught āll | hīs bāt|tlēs ō'er | āgāin ;
 Ānd thrice | hē rōut|ēd āll | hīs fōes ;| ānd thrice | hē
 slēw | thē slāin.

Thě mās|těr sāw | thě mād|næss rīse ;
 Hīs glōw|īng chēeks, | hīs ār|dēnt ēyes ;
 Ānd, while | hě Hēaven | ānd Ēarth | dēfīed,
 Chānged | hīs hānd, | ānd chēcked | hīs prīde.
 Hě chōse | ā mōurn|fūl Mūse,
 Sōft pīt|y tō | īnfūse :
 Hě sūng | Dārī|ūs, grēāt | ānd gōod,
 Bȳ tōo | sēvēre | ā fāte,
 Fällēn', | fällēn', | fällēn', | fällēn',
 Fällēn' | frōm hīs | hīgh | ěstāte,
 Ānd wēlt'rīng | īn hīs blōod ;
 Dēsērt|ēd, āt | hīs ūt|mōst nēed,
 Bȳ thōse | hīs fōr|mēr bōun|tȳ fēd ;
 Ōn thě | bāre ēarth | ěxpōsed | hě lies,
 With nōt | ā friēnd | tō clōse | hīs ēyes.
 With dōwn|cāst lōoks | thě jōy|lēss vīc|tōr sāt,
 Rēvōlv|īng īn | hīs āl|tēred sōul
 Thě vār|rīōūs tūrns | ōf Chānce | bēlōw ;
 Ānd, nōw | ānd thēn, | ā sīgh | hě stōle,
 Ānd tēars | bēgān | tō flōw.

9. The next theme of the musician is *love*, which is nearly allied to, and which naturally follows pity ; and under the soothing influence of the "softly sweet" "Lydian measures," the monarch sinks into a slumber, from which a change in the music to a discordant strain arouses him to feelings of revenge, as the singer draws a picture of the Furies, and of the Greeks "that in battle were slain."

(VI.)

10. Nōw strīke | thě gōld|ēn lȳre | āgāin ;
 Ā lōud|ēr yēt, | ānd yēt | ā lōud|ēr strāin.
 Brēak hīs | bānds ōf | slēep ā|sūndēr,
 Ānd rōuse hīm | līke ā rāt|tlīng pēal | ōf thūn|dēr.
 Hārk ! hārk ! | thě hōr|rīd sōund
 Hās rāised | ūp hīs hēad,
 Ās āwāked | frōm thě dēad,
 Ānd, āmāzed, | hě stāres | ārōund.
 Rēvēnge ! | rēvēnge ! | Tīmō|theūs crīes,
 Sēe thě Fū|rīēs ārīse !
 Sēe thě snākes | thāt thěy rēar !
 Hōw thěy hīss | īn thēir hāir,

And the spār|klēs thāt flāsh | frōm theīr eȳes !
 Bēhōld | ā ghāst|lȳ bānd,
 Ēach ā tōrch | in hīs hānd !
 Thēse āre Grē|ciān ghōsts, | thāt in bāt|tlē wēre slāin,
 And ūnbūr|iēd rēmāin,
 Īnglō|riōūs ōn | the plāin :
 Gīve the vēngelānce dūe
 Tō the vāl|iānt crēw.
 Bēhōld | hōw theȳ tōss | theīr tōrch|lēš ōn hīgh !
 Hōw theȳ pōint | tō the Pēr|siān ābōdes,
 And glīt|tēring | tēmplēs | ōf theīr hōs|tile gōds !
 The prīn|cēs āplāud, | with ā fū|riōūs jōy ;
 And the kīng sēized ā flām|beaū with zēal | tō dēstrōy ;
 Thā|is lēd | the wāy,
 Tō light hīm | tō hīs prēy,
 And, like | ānōth|ēr Hēl|ēn, fired | ānōth|ēr Trōy^e !

11. The seventh and last division of the poem, dropping the description of the musical scene at the feast, draws a contrast between ancient and modern musical art.

(VII.)

[Wholly iambic.]

12. Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timo'theus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame^d ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He⁻ raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She⁻ drew an angel down.

* While in Latin the quantity of all syllables is fixed, in English, *monosyllables* may generally be pronounced either long or short ; that is, either accented or unaccented. Many dissyllables, also, may be either long or short ; but in words of three or more

syllables the quantity (accent) is for the most part invariable. The article *the* is one of the few monosyllables that is invariably short; and when the metre requires it to be accented, it is better to sacrifice the metre than to violate the more important principle of accent or quantity. Thus, in the following example of heroic verse from Pope, if we consider that the metre is strictly iambic, and give the accent accordingly, we shall falsely accent *the* and *and* in the second and third lines, thus:

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Mân's err[ing] jûdgmênt *ând* | misguide | thê mind,
Whât *thê* | wêak hêad | with strông[est] bi[ll]âs rûles,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools."

It is better to adhere to the sense, and change the metre thus:

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Mân's err[ing] jûdgmênt *ând* | misguide | thê mind,
Whât thê | wêak hêad | with strông[est] bi[ll]âs rûles,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools."

In reading English verse, the correct pauses and accents are of much greater importance than an arbitrary preservation of the metre: and, as a general rule, every word in poetry should have the same accent that it has in prose. But where the true metre of the verse may be favored without departing too widely from general usage, it should be done; as the accent may often be *compromised* between two or more syllables of a word, as in the following iambic line, in which the proper accent of *supreme* may be changed, to preserve the metre.

"Thêy sât | âs prin[cês, whôm | thê sú|prême kîng."

But care should be taken, in reading verse, not to make the accent too conspicuous on the smaller and usually unaccented words, merely because the metrical accent falls upon them. Thus, in the following line,

"'Twâs ât | thê rôi[al] fêast, | fôr Pêr[s]â wôn,"

the word *at* should take a lighter accent than the first syllable in *roy'al*.

^b Jupiter often indicated his will by a *nod*, at which Olympus shook to its base; and here Alexander affects to act the god!

^c THÛ'IS was a celebrated Athenian beauty, who accompanied Alexander in his expedition. She is said to have instigated him, on this occasion, to set fire to the palace of Persepolis, intending to burn the entire city; and the skill of the poet is here shown in comparing her to Helen, whose fatal beauty caused the downfall of Troy 852 years before.

^d An allusion to the report that Cecilia was the inventress of the organ.

LESSON CXLI.

SCENE FROM "THE CLOUDS."

An extract from the great Athenian comic poet Ar is tōph'a nēs, who was born about 444 years before Christ.

1. In the "Address to the Clouds," given on the next page, is pictured a series of the most sublime images, colored with all the rainbow hues of the poet's fancy. We are led, in imagination, to behold the dread clouds, at first sitting, in glorious majesty, upon the time-honored crest of snowy Olympus, the seat of the gods—then in the soft dance beguiling the nymphs "'mid the stately expanse of old Ocean"—then bearing away, in their pitchers of sunlight and gold, "the

mystical waves of the Nile," to refresh and fertilize other lands; at one time sporting on the foam of Lake Mæ o'tis, and at another playing around the wintry summits of Mi'mas, a mountain range of Ionia.

2. In the response which they make, in grand chorus, the Eye of the Ether—the Spirit of the Air—is here represented as beaming upon the Clouds, which have come up, over night, from the Ocean, and down from the mountain summits, to rest upon the plain; and as the morning sun, in all his glory, breaks upon them, they sail away heavenward, "with their garments of dew," to gaze upon the scene of beauty below. The whole picture is one of unmistakable grandeur and sublimity.

I. ADDRESS TO THE CLOUDS.

[In this apostrophe to the Clouds, the poetry is mainly of the smoothly-gliding, dancing, *anapestic* measure, interspersed with iambs and spondees to give it force and variety. The translation, which is anonymous, corresponds with the original Greek. It is put in small type, to bring the lines in entire.]

Come forth, come forth, ye dread Clouds, and to earth your glorious majesty show:
Whether lightly ye rest on the time-honored crest of Olympus envired in snow,
Or tread the soft dance 'mid the stately expanse of old Ocean, the nymphs to beguile,
Or stoop to enfold, with your pitchers of gold, the mystical waves of the Nile,
Or around the white foam of Mæ o'tis ye roam, or Mi'mas all wintry and bare,
O! hear while we pray, and turn not away from the rites which your servants prepare.

II. IN A CHORUS THE CLOUDS REPLY.

[Personification, with fine examples of Repetition.]

Clouds of all hue,

Now rise we aloft with our garments of dew.
We come from old Ocean's unchangeable bed,
We come, till the mountain's green summits we tread,
We come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
We gaze on the earth with her harvests of gold,
We gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
We gaze on the lordly, invincible sea,
We come, for the Eye of the Ether is beaming,
We come, for all Nature is flashing and free.
Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
From our members eternally new,
And sail upward the wide world to view.
Come away! Come away!

LESSON CXLII.

THE PATRIOTIC DEAD.

A Lyric. Iambic measure.—COLLINS.

[WILLIAM COLLINS, born in England in 1720; died in 1756. At the age of twenty-four he went to London, a literary adventurer; but his poverty was greatly in the way of his success. To the disgrace of the age, his Odes were utterly neglected. He was at length relieved by a legacy; but he languished some years under great mental depression, and was for a time an inmate of a lunatic asylum. The following, among his odes, is unsurpassed in vivid imagination, and high poetic feeling and diction.]

1. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 With all their country's wishes blessed!
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould',
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung',
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung';
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay';
 And Freedom shall a while repair—
 To dwell—, a weeping hermit, there.

[Commentary.]

3. What a quantity of thought is here condensed in the compass of twelve lines, like a cluster of rock-crystals, sparkling and distinct, yet receiving and reflecting lustre by their combination. The stanzas themselves are almost unrivaled in the association of poetry' with picture', pathos' with fancy', grandeur' with simplicity', and romance' with reality'. The melody of the verse leaves nothing for the ear to desire except a continuance of the strain, or, rather, the repetition of a strain which can not tire by repetition.

4. The imagery is of the most delicate and exquisite character: *Spring* decking the turfy sod, *Fancy's* feet treading upon the flowers there, *fairy hands* ringing the knell, *unseen forms* singing the dirge of the glorious dead; but, above all, and never to be surpassed in picturesque and imaginative

beauty, *Honor*, as an old broken soldier, coming on a far pilgrimage to visit the shrines where his companions in arms are laid to rest; and *Freedom*, in whose cause they fought and fell, hastening to the spot, and dwelling (but only for "a while"), "a weeping hermit there^a."—MONTGOMERY.

^a These are among the most beautiful and striking examples of *personification* that can any where be found.

LESSON CXLIII.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (I.).

At Balaklava, October 25th, 1854.—RUSSELL.

[It was on the 25th of October, 1854, during the "Crimean War," while the opposing Russian armies on the one side, and the French and English on the other, were encamped near the village of Balaklava, a Russian port on the northern shore of the Black Sea, that the events commemorated in the following four lessons took place. Of 630 men composing the brigade, only 150 returned from the charge. First we have the original account of the "Charge," as written on the ground by Russell, of the London Times; and then the poetic versions by Tennyson and Hope, followed by the "Moral," as drawn by Archbishop Trench, of Dublin.]

1. It appears that the quartermaster general, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan.

2. When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them," or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death.

3. It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous," and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all; and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

4. At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

5. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death.

6. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken^a—it is joined by the second—they never halt, or check their speed an instant—with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy—with a halo of flashing steel above their heads—and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view

the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcases of horses.

7. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabers flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. To our delight, we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying toward us told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

8. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

9. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven, not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of the Russian guns.

^a The "historic present," which is here introduced, is always of the nature of *vision*. (See page 236.) It is far more impressive than narrative in the past tense. See the fine use which is made of this figure by Webster, page 305. It should be employed sparingly, and only in excited narrative.

LESSON CXLIV.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (II.).

Dactylic Measure.—TENNYSON.

[The leading measure here is *dactylic*, which, in its movement, is specially adapted to the events described. Thus, nothing could be more naturally suggestive of the regular gallop of cavalry than the imitative measure of the first two lines of the first verse, and of the first four lines of the third and fifth verses.]

1. HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns^a!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
2. “Forward, the Light Brigade^a!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do— and die:—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.
4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,

Sab'ring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Rûssian
 Reeled from the saber-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade!
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

* The historic present, which is used only twice in this piece.

LESSON CXLV.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (III.).

Trochaic Measure.—JAMES BARRON HOPE.

[Here another author, in describing the same scenes, uses the *trochæic* measure, which, moving steadily forward with the strength always indicated by abrupt force, seems adapted to trample down all opposing obstacles; but it is wanting in that graceful galloping movement which is characteristic of the dactylic. The historic

present is here used more than the historic past. Let the pupil point out the several changes from the one to the other.]

1. DASHING onward, Captain Nolan
Spurring furiously is seen—
And although the road meanders,
His no heavy steed of Flanders,
But one fit for the commanders
Of her Majesty the Queen.
2. Halting where the noble squadrons
Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief dispatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches,
At a glance their meaning catches—
They are ordered to the fray.
3. Brightly gleam six hundred sabers,
And the brazen trumpets ring:
Steeds are gathered—spurs are driven—
And the heavens wildly riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.
4. Onward! on! the chargers trample,
Quicker falls each iron heel,
And the headlong pace grows faster;
Noble steed, and noble master!
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal!
5. In the van rides Captain Nolan,
Wide his flying tresses wave,
And his heavy broad-sword flashes
As upon the foe he dashes—
Ah! his face turns pale as ashes,
He has ridden to his grave.
6. Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
Without motion, without breath;

Never more at trumpet to waken—
He, the very first one taken
From that bough so sorely shaken
In that vintage-time of death.

7. In a moment, in a twinkling,
He was gathered to his rest,
In the time for which he'd waited;
With his gallant heart elated,
Down went Nolan—decorated—
With a death-wound in his breast.

8. Onward still the squadrons thunder,
Knightly hearts were theirs, and brave!
Men and horses without number
All the furrow'd ground encumber,
Falling fast to their last slumber—
Bloody slumber—bloody grave!

9. Here a noble charger stiffens,
There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his saber, lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy
Trampled ground, which, darkly ruddy,
Shows the blood that he has spilt.

10. And the sleepers—ah! the sleepers
Made a Westminster that day,
'Mid the seething battle's lava;
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription, *Balaklava*,
Which shall never fade away.

11. Of that charge at Balaklava—
In its chivalry sublime—
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages;
Poets, painters, hoary sages
Shall record it for all time.

LESSON CXLVI.

THE LESSON TAUGHT

BY THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Trochaic Measure.—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

[The charge of the Light Brigade was evidently a blunder—a reckless, and, in a military point of view, a useless waste of life; but the following reflections are designed to show that “the offering was not in vain,” and that an exalted moral lesson is taught by this noble example of unquestioning obedience to duty.]

1. MANY a deed of faithful daring may obtain no record here,
Wrought where none could see or note it, save the one Almighty seer.
2. Many a deed a while remembered, out of memory needs must fall,
Covered, as the years roll onward, by oblivion's creeping pall :
3. But there are which never, never to oblivion can give room,
Till in flame earth's records perish—till the thunder-peal of doom :
4. And of these, through all the ages married to immortal fame,
One is linked, and linked forever, Balaklava, with thy name.
5. O our brothers that are sleeping, weary with your great day's strife
On that black Crimean headland, noble prodigals of life—
6. Eyes which ne'er beheld you living, these have dearly mourned you dead,
All your squandered wealth of valor, all the lavish blood ye shed.
7. In our eyes the tears are springing, but we bid them back again ;
None shall say, to see us weeping, that we hold your offering vain :
8. That for nothing, in our sentence, did that holocaust arise,
With a battle-field for altar, and with you for sacrifice.
9. Not for naught ; to more than warriors armed as you for mortal fray,
Unto each that in life's battle waits his Captain's word, ye say :—
10. *“What by duty's voice is bidden, there where duty's star may guide,
Thither follow, that accomplish, whatsoever else betide.”*
11. This ye taught : and this your lesson, solemnly, in blood ye sealed ;
Heroes, martyrs, are the harvest Balaklava's heights shall yield.

OUR DUTY.

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions change,
And passion holds a fluctuating seat ;
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty remains.—WORDSWORTH.



LESSON CXLVII.

EPIGRAMMATIC SELECTIONS.

I. THE THREE INITIALS.

WHEN it was rumored that the old Duke of Wellington was about to marry the young and rich heiress, Miss Angelina Burdett Coutts, some wag wrote the following :

“The duke must in his second childhood be,
Since in his doting age he turns to A B C.”

II. AN ANAGRAM.

The following very happy anagram was written by William Oldys himself, the well-known bibliographer, and found among his manuscripts after his death :

“In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.”

III. JOHNSON'S STYLE.

Dr. Johnson is noted for the high-sounding words which he used, and the pompous style of all his writings. Goldsmith remarked to him one day, “Doctor, if you were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make them all talk like whales.”

IV. LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham was noted for the satirical, waspish manner with which he treated his opponents in debate. Sydney Smith, on seeing his carriage go past, having on the panel the letter B, surrounded by a coronet, remarked to a friend, “There goes a carriage with a B outside, and a *wasp* within.”

V. BLUE INK.

You ask me, Edward, what I think
Of this new fashionable ink'?

I'll answer briefly, Ned.
Methinks it will be always blue;
At all events, when used by you,
It never will be *red*.

VI. MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

In England, rivers are all males—
For instance, Father Thames:
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'amselles or dames.

Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye;
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri.

VII. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,
O'er Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,
"I feel for the bridge," whisper'd Dick, with a shiver;
"Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."
Quoth Tom, a crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears;
As a bridge, it can only be tried by its *piers*."

VIII. A SUBLIME PUN.

The following anecdote, although a pun upon words, is sublime in thought and language:

A gentleman had been engaged in a duel: the ball of his antagonist struck his watch, and remained there. The watch was afterward exhibited, with the ball remaining in it, in a company where Judge Parsons was present. It was remarked by several that it was a valuable watch. "Yes," said Parsons, "very excellent; *it has kept Time from Eternity.*"

LESSON CXLVIII.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

I. GOD'S LOVE TO US.—GRIFFIN.

Declarative: Repetition.

THERE'S not a flower that decks the vale,
 There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
 There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
 There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
 There's not a hue that paints the rose,
 There's not a leaf around us lying,
 But in its use or beauty shows
 God's love to us, and love undying!

II. HE LIVES LONG WHO LIVES WELL.—RANDOLPH.

Wouldst thou live long? The only means are these,
 'Bove Gálen's diet, or Hippoc'ratēs':
 Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
 And rather count thy actions than thy days;
 Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here;
 For every day well spent I count a year.
 Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
 Thou art of age to claim eternity.
 But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
 To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,
 If he his life to slōth and sin doth give,—
 I say he only WAS—he did not LIVE.

III. "NOW" AND "THEN."

Declarative: Repetition.

"*Now*" is the syllable ever ticking from the clock of time. "*Now*" is the watchword of the wise. "*Now*" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever any thing presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, let us do it with all our might, remembering that "*Now*" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the

world by putting off a duty till to-morrow, saying, "*Then*" I will do it." No! this will never answer. "*Now*" is ours; "*then*" may never be.

IV. CONSCIENCE.

FROM JUVENAL.

He that commits a sin, shall quickly find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind:
Though bribes or favor should assert his cause,
Pronounce him guiltless, and elude the laws:
None quits *himself*: his own immortal thought
Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

V. CONSOLATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

Apostrophe. Interrogation and Exclamation.—A. ALEXANDER.

Oh, precious Gospel! Will any merciless hand endeavor to tear away from our hearts this last, this sweetest consolation? Would you darken the only avenue through which one ray of hope can enter? Would you tear from the aged and infirm poor the only prop on which their souls can repose in peace? Would you deprive the dying of their only source of consolation? Would you rob the world of its richest treasure? Would you let loose the flood-gates of every vice, and bring back upon the earth the horrors of superstition, or the atrocities of atheism? Then endeavor to subvert the Gospel; throw around you the fire-brands of infidelity; laugh at religion, and make a mockery of futurity; but be assured that for all these things *God will bring you into judgment*.

VI. THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Apostrophe. Interrogation and Exclamation.—DEWEY.

Oh death! dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief—death!—what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer; great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery; hour of release from life's bur-

den ; hour of reunion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee ! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night beneath the silent stars ; what dread emotions of curiosity ; what deep meditations of joy ; what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee ! Oh death ! the Christian's death ! what art thou but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity !

LESSON CXLIX.

NOTHING AT ALL IN THE PAPER TO-DAY.

[The predominance of the *anapestic* measure in this poem gives it its light, sing-song movement, like that in Lesson XIII., p. 55.

The poem consists of seemingly cool and careless, but really *ironical* reflections upon the numerous crimes with which our newspapers teem,—now become so common that they almost fail to strike us as any thing “out of the way ;” and it is only when some great catastrophe occurs, or some crime comes nearer home to us than usual (like that alluded to by the writer at the close of the poem), that we are startled out of our apathy.]

1. NOTHING at all in the paper to-day !

Only a murder somewhere or other,
That nobody thinks is out of the way,—
Only a man killing his brother ;
Or a drunken husband beating a wife,
With the neighbors lying awake to listen,
Scarce aware he has taken a life,
Till in at the window the dawn-rays glisten :—
But that is all in the regular way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

2. Nothing at all in the paper to-day !

To be sure there's a woman died of starvation,
Fell down in the street—as so many may
In this very prosperous Christian nation :
Or two young girls, with some inward grief
Maddened, have plunged in the inky waters ;
Or a father has learned that his son's a thief—
Or a mother been robbed of one of her daughters :

Things that occur in the regular way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

3. There's nothing at all in the paper to-day,
Unless you care about things in the city—
How great rich rogues for their crimes must pay
(Though all gentility cries out "pity!")
Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till.
There's a case to-day, if I'm not forgetting,
The lad only "borrowed," as such lads will—
To pay some money he lost in betting.
But there's nothing in this that's out of the way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

4. Nothing at all in the paper to-day
But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and mar-
But life's events in the old survey, [riages,—
With Virtue begging, and Vice in carriages;
And kindly hearts under ermine gowns,
And wicked breasts under hodden gray;
For goodness belongs not only to clowns,
And o'er others than lords does sin bear sway—
But what do I read'?"—"Drowned'! wrecked'!" Did I say
There was nothing at all in the paper to-day'?

LESSON CL.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A Narrative Poem. Iambic measure.

[The yearnings of parental affection are beautifully portrayed in the following touching story, in which a father and mother, struggling in poverty to support a family of seven children, are represented as receiving, considering, and rejecting the tempting offer of a house and land, if they will give away one child, which they may select, out of the seven. For a similar story, with a like moral, see *Fifth Reader*, p. 166.]

1. "WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:

"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, list'ning, bent my head.
"This is his letter:

2. "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for äye is given." "
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

3. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her—not her."

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

5. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:

"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

6. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, he who gave
Bid us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
7. Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee:"
The while my heart beat audibly.
8. Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I can not, will not let him go."
9. And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

THERE is, in earth, no blessing like affection:
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.—L. E. LONDON.

LESSON CII.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Mostly Dactyl'ic.

A notable example of *Allusion*. See p. 128.—THOMAS HOOD."Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet*.

[*"Bridge of Sighs"* is the name popularly given to the covered passage-way which connects the doge's palace, in Venice, with the public prisons, from the circumstance, that the condemned prisoners were transported over this bridge from the hall of judgment to the place of execution. To them it was truly a *bridge of sighs*, for their passage over it was the extinction of all earthly hopes. Hood, in using the name as the title of the following poem, would heighten the coloring of the picture by associating, in our minds, the sad fate of the unknown "unfortunate" with that of the condemned criminals of Venice. The "allusion" here is a fine example of the *implied* simile. See p. 128. To the reader of Shakspeare, the quotation from *Hamlet*, recalling, as it does, the like manner of the death of the gentle Ophelia, is also a happy allusion.]

1. One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
2. Look at her garments
Clinging like cêrements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.
3. Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.
4. Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

- Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.
5. Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home'?
6. Who was her father' ?
Who was her mother' ?
Had she a sister' ?
Had she a brother' ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other' ?
7. Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.
8. Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:

- Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence,
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.
9. Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.
10. The bleak winds of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled
 Any where, any where
 Out of the world!
11. In she plunged boldly—
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran—
 Over the brink of it!
 Picture it—think of it!
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it—drink of it,
 Then, if you can.
12. Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!
13. Ere her limbs, frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently—kindly—
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes—close them,
 Staring so blindly!
 Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As if with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.
14. Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity
 Burning insanity
 Into her rest!
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Savior!

LESSON CLII.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

Iambic Measure.—ANDREW MARVEL.

[This celebrated poem, which was long attributed to Addison, on account of its having been published anonymously in "The Spectator," which was edited by Addison, was written by Andrew Marvel. He was born at Hull, Eng., in 1620; died in 1678.]

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's powers display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

LESSON CLIII.

TIME: AN ALLEGORY.

[Here Morning, Noon, and Night are personified, and made allegorical of the three seasons of life—Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. Let the pupil show why the piece, as a whole, is neither a simile nor a metaphor.

What are meant by "golden meadows," and "flowery store," in the first verse? What picture of life is presented in the second verse? What is meant by the "flickering light" in the third verse? By "Night calls him?" etc.]

1. MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save playing,
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with the flowery store,
Deems not that morn returns no more.

2. Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
 Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
 One young, fair face from bower of jasmine glowing,
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
 So noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
 And man forgets that noon returns no more.
3. Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
 With the thin firelight flickering faint and low,
 By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
 Of pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go.
 Night calls him, and he leaves his door
 Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

LESSON CLIV.

DESCRIPTIVE AND DIDACTIC.

I. PESTILENCE AND CONTAGION PERSONIFIED.

“At dead of night,
 In sullen silence stalks forth PESTILENCE:
 CONTAGION, close behind, taints all her steps
 With poisonous dew: no smiting hand is seen;
 No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
 Is marked with desolation: heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge near:
 All, all is false and treacherous around,
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is DEATH!”

II. DIFFERENT CONDITIONS IN LIFE.

Antithetic. Didactic.

The *high'* and the *low'*, the *rich'* and the *poor'*, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. Providence never intended that any state here should be either completely *happy'* or entirely *miserable'*. If the feelings of *pleasure'* are more numerous and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of *pain'*. If greatness flatters our *van-*

ity', it multiplies our *dangers*'. If opulence increases our *gratifications*', it increases, in the same proportion, our *desires* and *demands*'. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.

III. SECURITY OF THE POOR.

Antithetic. From JUVENAL.

The traveler, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
E'en then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trôlls his song.

IV. A CONTRAST.

Soliloquy. Interrogation and Exclamation.

1. "Alas!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human science'!—how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion'! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know'! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature', the more I am bewildered and benighted'. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion or conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

2. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance'? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

3. "Well," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished!—indeed, it would be strange if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily, my school-days are over now, and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments."

V. DETRACTION.—HORACE, by CREECH.

The man who vilifies an absent friend,
 Or hears him scandalized, and don't defend';
 Who, much desiring to be thought a wit,
 Will have his jest, regardless whom he hit';
 Who, what he never saw, proclaims for true,
 And vends for secrets what he never knew';
 Who blabs whate'er is whispered in his ear,
 And, fond of talk, does all he knows declare';—
 That man's a wretch':—of him—be sure—beware.

VI. THE TRULY GREAT.—MARTIAL, by WATTS.

Milo, forbear to call him bless'd
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the East
 Meet, and conspire to make him great.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.

VII. ADDRESS TO DEITY.—BOWRING.

Thou breathest;—and the obedient storm is still:
 Thou speakest;—silent the submissive wave:
 Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill;
 And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
 Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee,
 Life is a shadowy, momentary dream;
 And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
 Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

VIII. WOODLAND MUSIC.

A Description.—J. TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

[The following bit of description is very fine of its kind, while the little incident mentioned at the close is a pretty touch of nature that vividly mirrors forth the whole scene to the eye of fancy. It is one of those beauties of description mentioned in ver. 4, p. 44.]

The butterfly and humble-bee
 Come to the pleasant woods with me;

Quickly before me runs the quail ;
 Her chickens skulk behind the rail ;
 High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
 And the woodpecker pecks, and flits.
 Sweet woodland music sinks and swells ;
 The brooklet rings its tinkling bells ;
 The swarming insects drone and hum ;
 The partridge beats his throbbing drum.
 The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
 And chatters in his leafy house :
 The oriole flashes by ; and, look !
 Into the mirror of the brook,
 Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
 Two tiny feathers fall and float.

LESSON CLV.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WORDSWORTH.

1. THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight
 To me did seem
 Appareled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it has been of yore ;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

2. The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LESSON CLVI.

PATRIOTISM: LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

I. THE SHIP OF STATE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[The Constitution and Laws are here personified, and addressed as *The Ship of State*.]

SAIL on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a fōrge and what a heat
Were fōrged the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock, and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

II. OUR COUNTRY.—GRIMKE.

We can not honor our country with too deep a reverence'; we can not love her with an affection too pure and fervent'; we can not serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what *is* our country'? It is not the *East*', with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores'. It is not the *North*', with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the

ocean. It is not the West', with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio, and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South', opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY?*

III. LOVE OF COUNTRY.—WALTER SCOTT.

1. Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?

2. If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

IV. LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.—MONTGOMERY.

1. There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense screener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

2. In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely bless'd,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
3. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found'?"
Art thou a man'?—a patriot'?—look around;
Oh thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land—**THY COUNTRY'**, and that spot—**THY HOME'**!

V. OUR COUNTRY! 'TIS A GLORIOUS LAND.—W. J. PARODIE.

1. Our country!—'tis a glorious land,
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes!
2. Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birthright of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

VI. UNION AND LIBERTY.—GRIMKE.

1. Who would sever Freedom's shrine' ?
 Who would draw th' invidious line' ?
 Though, by birth, one spot be mine',
 Dear is all the rest' !
 Dear to me the South's fair land',
 Dear the central mountain band',
 Dear New England's rocky strand',
 Dear the prairied West' !

2. By our altars pure and free',
 By our law's deep-rooted tree',
 By the Past's dread memory',
 By our WASHINGTON' !—
 By our common kindred tongue',
 By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young',
 By the ties of country strong—
 We will still be one' !

3. Fathers, have ye bled in vain' ?
 Ages, must ye droop again' ?
 MAKER ! shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by Thee' ?
 No ! Receive our solemn vow,
 While before Thy throne we bow,
 Ever to maintain, as now,
 Union and Liberty !

VII. THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.—ARNDT.

1. Where is the German's fatherland' ?
 Is't Prussia' ? Swabia' ? Is't the strand
 Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine' ?
 Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine' ?
 No : yet more great, and far more grand
 Must be the German's fatherland !

2. The poet, after naming, in like manner, through five successive verses, all the great divisions of the old Germanic Confederation, celebrating the

praises of each, and receiving, for all, the same reply—"No: these are not the German's land," thus proceeds, in the following three verses, in the true love of country and of home, to answer the question, and invoke the blessings of Heaven upon *his fatherland*.

3. Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now, at last, that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There', gallant brother', take thy stand!
That is the German's fatherland!
4. That is his land', the land of lands',
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where valor lights the flashing eye,
Where love and truth in deep hearts lie,
And zeal enkindles freedom's brand—
That is the German's fatherland!
5. That is the German's fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish, while existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their universal fatherland!



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